

Summary: On his 16 birthday Harry, who is still coping with the loss of Sirius who he believes is dead because of him finds out that his parents have been alive all this time. And he's not happy about this at all.

It was two weeks into the summer vacation and Harry Potter was sitting up in his small bedroom at his relatives' home. He just sat there staring out the window with tears in his eyes as he kept replaying the events at the Department of Mysteries and how it had led to his Godfather's death. He knew somewhere in the back of his mind that it hadn't been his fault that the occurrence happened and that Bellatrix LeStrange and Voldemort were the ones. However he couldn't shake the knowledge that if hadn't believed the stupid vision Sirius would be there right now.

It had been like this since he arrived back, just sitting at the window allowing the tears to fall. The Dursley's, having been thoroughly frightened by members of the Order chose to leave him alone. But that didn't mean that they expected him to do nothing. As his Uncle had said, "You will still do your chores and be of some use around here." This hadn't bothered him in the least since they just left him alone.

His Aunt had begun to allow him to have food everyday but he had refused to eat any. In his mind he believed that he deserved not to eat as a fitting punishment for his recklessness. In a twisted sense of irony he thought that if didn't eat that he would die and then be with his parents and Godfather like he always wanted. But that wouldn't happen as his magic was growing and feeding him to sustain his life.

Another issue that was weighing heavily on his mind was the prophecy that Dumbledore had told him. It didn't make any sense to him once he had calmed down and allowed it to sink in. He couldn't see how a child let alone a baby would have some strange power that would destroy a Dark Lord, a Dark Lord that had already cheated death once and had many followers who were willing to do his bidding. That was what did not make any sense how someone could determine another's future, especially one who had yet to be born.

The more he dwelled on the prophecy the more he began to get suspicious that there was a piece he was missing. And it was a piece that he needed if he were to make any sense of it. That train of thought would also lead to other questions, ones that involved Dumbledore and others. In the end his questions would only lead to more questions and more confusion.

He wished that there was someone out there that he could talk to about all of this. Someone who could take all of his jumbled thoughts and put them into perspective for him. But the person that could have done that was now dead and all because of his foolishness in believing that his vision had been true.

Sitting there at his window his mind on all of his thoughts failed to see the brown barn owl that was winging its way to his room. The owl swooped in through the opened window and settled on his old beat up desk. With several blinks of its large eyes it watched the young broken boy for a few minutes before finally giving a loud hoot. This brought Harry out of his musings and he turned to see the owl perched there with a letter in his claw.

Harry's normally vibrant green eyes now looked lifeless and had deep dark black circles under them. It would be obvious to anyone that he hadn't slept properly in weeks. This added to the visible lines of worry on his face would lead someone to believe that he was suffering from severe depression. And they would have been correct in their assumption.

Harry took the letter from the owl before it flew over to Hedwig's cage to get some water and food. He looked at the letter briefly with deadened eyes not quite grasping the idea that he needed to open it. Blinking once his mind told him to open it. So slowly he opened it and began to read the contents.

Dear Mr. Potter,

I would like to first offer my condolences for the death of Sirius Black. We here at Gringott's always enjoyed his exuberance whenever he would come in. We were deeply saddened and angered when he was

sent to Azkaban. We here at Gringott's never truly believed that he was guilty of betraying your parents.

So with deep saddens I inform you that Sirius Black left a will here with us just a week prior to his untimely death. There are many things in his will that we need to discuss with you, please come to the bank at your earliest convenience. We have set the reading of the will for July 15 at 1 P.M. We require your attendance at the reading and hope that you will come.

Again I would like to give you my condolences.

Garek,

Head of Inheritances

This was it; he now knew that Sirius was truly gone. A fresh wave of tears began spilling from his eyes as he just sat there staring at the letter.

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Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Harry there was a meeting that was taking place at Grimmauld Place. Albus Dumbledore had called this meeting after having made a decision the night before. He just hoped that this decision would not cause problems. Of course he couldn't see the damage that it would cause or the irreparable harm that he would do to a young boy.

In the bleak kitchen there the members were all sitting around the table talking among themselves and awaiting their leader to begin. Many of them confused in regards to the meeting as they were not aware of any new attacks by the Dark Lord. There weren't even any threats that they knew of.

Albus Dumbledore strolled into the kitchen with the air of a powerful and respected wizard with two other people. These strangers were wearing long cloaks with hoods that were pulled up over their heads to mask their faces. Many of the Order members noticed them

immediately and began wondering who they were. They voiced their confusion in many ways as they stared at the strangers.

“Please, if everyone would calm down, I shall explain to all of you who these strangers are,” Dumbledore said with a small wave towards the two.

His words brought those in attendance to a quiet as they turned their heads away from the strangers and looked at him expectantly.

“Now as you are all aware of what happened in Godric's Hollow those many years ago. However, what you did not know was that it was all a lie.” This sudden revelation caused the room to break out into chaos as many shouted at him to explain or that it couldn't be true. With a wave of his hand he got their attention once again. “If you will allow me to explain I do believe everything will become clear.”

Albus chose at this point to sit down instead of standing to explain the situation fully. He was aware that he had their undivided attention but could see that many of them were wary or suspicious. He took a deep breath and slowly let it out before starting to speak again.

“I had received word earlier in the day that there would be an attack by Voldemort himself on the Potters that very evening. I quickly came up with a plan that would save them and hopefully destroy Voldemort in the process. Since I knew where they were at because I had helped to put the Fidelius Charm up, I immediately apparated to their location so that I could warn them.

Upon my arrival I spoke with James and Lilly about this sudden event and what we should do about it. I suggested that we replace them with Golems except for Harry that is. Then at that point the two could disappear safely into hiding until the time was right for them to make their appearance.”

“Albus how could you,” Minerva McGonagall asked her voice filled with disdain.

“It was the only possible solution at the time. We did not have much time to come up with a different plan.”

"Albus, I do not know what you thought with this, especially leaving a baby like that with Golems and the knowledge that the Dark Lord would be attacking them later that evening," Kingsley Shacklebolt spoke up.

"You allowed a child to be sacrificed to a madman. You knew that he would try to kill Harry. How could you do that," Molly spoke up, anger evident in her voice.

"Yes, I am afraid I did."

"So these two strangers are the Potters," Tonks said.

At this point the two cloaked figures removed their hoods. The one was strikingly similar to Harry, only he was older and had brown eyes instead of green. His black hair was just as unruly as Harry's hair. The woman had red flowing hair, green eyes and looked like the picture of an angel. Only she looked sad and forlorn as if she had seen too many horrible things in her life.

"All I can say is that I do hope that Harry will take this easy. However I fear Albus that you have made a grave error. An error that is sure to come back to haunt you," Remus said.

Dumbledore could only nod knowing full aware that Harry wasn't going to take this easy and understand what happened and that it was needed. No, he was afraid that this would be the final crack that would destroy completely what little trust Harry had in him. All he could do was to hope, hope that he would still be able to control him. After all, it was Harry who would end this terrible war.

Remus just sat there looking at his former friends that he had believed to have been killed. He couldn't decide if he wanted to hug them or kill them for what they did. It was the latter that seem to be taking control as he thought of all of the horrible things they allowed to happen over these many years. Ones like allowing Sirius to go to Azkaban when they could have saved him from that fate. Also, having saved Harry from the lonely and horrible life that he was living at the Dursley's when he could have had the family he so desperately

wanted all these years. Yes the anger and want to hurt them was growing and he knew that he had to get out of there.

Standing up abruptly he didn't give another look to his former friends. He could feel the wolf starting to take over and he wasn't going to allow that. Without another word to anyone he turned and headed out of the kitchen. He was going out where he could calm down and try to make some semblance of the chaos that was now taking place. He just couldn't deal with this now, no not after having lost Sirius a few weeks ago.

Remus had just reached the door when he heard a voice from the past call his name. Stopping in his tracks, he silently shook with anger at having been betrayed in more ways than he would have ever expected. No, he wasn't going to turn around to look at the man who, at one time he had called brother and wept for when he had assumed that the man had been killed nearly fifteen years ago. The man that had allowed his own son to be sent to people that disliked him, and to send their other best friend to Azkaban when he could have just spoke up.

"Remus," James said again. He had seen Remus look and new that the man was angry. But he wanted to sit down and talk to his old friend. He wanted to explain his side and why he and Lilly had done what they did. He needed his friend now more then ever.

"I do not know what you want nor do I wish to. Now if you will leave I would like to go out," Remus replied through clenched teeth.

"Moony please we need to talk," James tried again.

That was the last straw that Remus needed and spun back around to face James. His eyes now had taken on an amber look that said the wolf inside was starting to come out. He clenched his fists tightly as he glared at the stranger who he once called friend and brother.

"There is nothing to talk about. From this point on I do not want anything to do with you. I do not want to see your face near me. Bloody hell, I don't even know who you are! Surely, you aren't the friend that I thought you were. I hope that Harry can be more forgiving

then me, because frankly I will never forgive you for this James. And you know what James; I don't think Harry will be forgiving. I just hope that I am there that day because after this revelation I hope you finally get what you deserve." With that Remus turned back opened the door and stormed out of the house leaving one shell shocked and extremely hurt James Potter behind him.

Well, here it is and I hope you liked it. I believe this is going to be a fun story to write. Please Review and let me know how it was.

Remus began walking down the street lost in a world of thoughts about the past. Back then life had been much less complicated than it was to today. He and his fellow Marauders only had to worry about getting caught for their pranks or dealing with the full moon. It had been a time of fun and dreams for the future. But that had all been taken away from him.

The night the James and Lily had been killed and Sirius becoming known as the betrayer was the night that Remus nearly lost it. All his friends, his family, and the ones that he would have walked through fire for were taken from, leaving a broken man. His thoughts from then on had been about what might have been if things had gone as they should have.

The past year and a half, things seemed to get better for him. He found that one of his best friends had been innocent and in the end had actually forgiven him for his thoughts. The two had slowly begun to rebuild their friendship, the one that they had had since the first year in school. But then that too once again had been taken from him just a few weeks ago. Once again he found himself lost and lonely and wishing that the future wasn't as bleak as it looked. However, even through his depressing thoughts of the future there had been one shining light. That shining light had been Harry.

He had decided just the night before that he would be there for Harry. He would try to be the Uncle that he had been many years ago. No matter how depressing his life was he would always be there for the boy. The one he knew needed a loving role model. But now that once again was changing and being taken from him.

Remus turned the corner that would lead him towards the large park where he could sit alone and think about all of the occurrences that had taken place over the last few weeks. He couldn't believe what he had just found out. Maybe it wasn't that he couldn't but more like refused to.

It had been just too much for the man to lose his last friend and then have another return from the dead. At first he had thought it was all a figment of his imagination but that turned out to be far from the truth. Once he had listened to everything that Dumbledore had said,

explaining why the Potters had disappeared he became angry. Not only had he become angry but the wolf inside had also gotten angry. No, he was no longer in denial about his friend having returned instead his mind became angry, almost to a dangerous level. All he could think about was killing James Potter for having put his son and Sirius through hell for the last fifteen years.

Sitting down on one of the park benches he allowed himself to cry. This had been the first time he had cried since the day after the Potters had been killed. He allowed the anguish and heart break roll off him. He allowed it to take over as he wished that life was better. The man now completely and utterly broken began to wish for death, a death that would allow him finally to rid himself of all these horrible things that he had seen and been involved in.

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The meeting was still taking place as more and more questions were thrown at the Headmaster. James had come back into the kitchen, his face pale and sadness clearly visible in his eyes. He knew his friend would take it hard that he had been alive all this time but not that he would say what he had. He couldn't help beginning to wonder if they had done the right thing all those years ago. Still he had to admit that it had been for the best. He was brought out of his musings when he heard a question directed at him.

He looked up trying to figure out which member asked him a question.

"I asked you Potter if you are happy with yourself," Snape asked snidely.

“And just what does that mean Snivillus,” James asked.

“I asked if you were happy with what you did to your spoiled son. Did you not want him because he reminded you too much of yourself. Or, maybe it was that you were as always being the selfish prat you are.”

“How dare you say I’m selfish, you greasy haired git,” James yelled as he started towards the Potions Master.

“Enough,” Albus said his voice brooking no argument. “I have put up with your childish behavior for far too long and it will stop now.”

Both men turned to the Headmaster and gave him a curt nod before turning back to one another and glaring at the other.

“I apologize, Albus, but for once I actually agree with Snape. I would also like to know if they had done this purely for selfish reasons,” the gruff voice of Moody said.

This caused everyone in the room to look at Moody as if he had grown an extra head. None of them could ever recall when they heard the paranoid Auror ever agree with Snape. It had always been the other way around, and they were the ones having to defend the Potions Professor and Spy, especially from Mad Eyes' paranoia.

"We didn't do it for selfish reasons Moody," Lilly replied in her usual calm voice even though there was a hint of sadness in it.

"I don't think it is us that you need to be asking for forgiveness from. You will have to just hope that you can explain this all to Harry and that he will forgive him. However, I don't believe that will be easy, because he has always wanted parents," Arthur said.

Soon the meeting was ended and everyone left to go back to what they had been doing. Albus, James, and Lilly all left to go to the Ministry. Many things had to be cleared up there before the Potters could officially come out of hiding. That is, if they wanted to take Harry back as their child, like they should have done all those years ago, instead of leaving him behind. Little did any of them know that a dangerous and nasty battle would be taking place shortly? One that none of them would like and it could possible changes everything that they ever wanted.

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The day of the will reading came, and Harry was trying to come up with a plan that would allow him to go. He had gratefully thanked the

Ten minutes later he was shown into the office where the will would be read. Taking a seat across from the Goblin, his heart beat even faster now and a lump started forming in his throat. He wasn't sure if he could talk if he had to. His mind was beginning to fill with memories of last year when he was with Sirius over the Christmas break and how wonderful it had felt to be with someone who he knew without a doubt loved him. Tears were starting to form in his eyes and he fought to keep them from falling. He knew this was not the time for tears if he were to get through this.

“Mr. Potter, I would like to give you my condolences for the loss of Mr. Black. He was a very kind man to us goblins and respected our beliefs.”

All Harry could do was to give a slight nod of his head as he knew that his voice would only come out cracked and hoarse.

“Very well, now let us get onto the will. The first question you may have is why are you the only one here. There is a simple reason for that. Mr. Black requested that we read the will in front of you only. I am not sure as to why, but that was his last wish. And that wish is what we will do.”

“I, Sirius Orion Black, being of sound body and mind have written this will to be read in case of my death. Now isn't that a laugh, me being of sound body and mind. Well my body might but I know my mind isn't. It's always filled with pranks and jokes to play on anyone. But that's enough of that. I guess it's time I become serious for a few minutes.

The first think I would like to say is that I know Harry Potter; my Godson is sitting there wondering just what I left him. But he is also sitting there feeling guilty for my death. For that all I can say is you had best get your head out of your arse Harry because in no way was my death your fault. There was and is nothing you could have done to stop this happening. We all have to go at sometime but you should know that at last I can be with your parents watching over you.

So onto what I am giving everyone. This is the good part and I know you like it.

I hereby give Nymphadora Tonks my niece fifty thousand galleons to spend however she wants.

I hereby give Remus Lupin Three hundred thousand galleons. There you go Moony, now you can get yourself some decent clothes and even a small cottage. I know you have always wanted a place to call your own. So there you have it.

Now, as to everything else, I hereby leave all of the Black estates, vaults, and anything else that my so called loving family ever had to one Harry James Potter. Harry, I want you to have some fun with it, go shopping or anything else you want to do. This money is not for serious things, you need to relax and have fun. You can only be a teenager once.

Again I am sorry that I couldn't be there with you Harry but I am now in peace and will be watching over you. If you ever get scared or lonely, just remember that all you have to do is to look at the Dog Star and I will be there. Goodbye Harry I love you as if you were my on son.

Oh and Harry I have left you huge surprise. The Goblins will tell you all about it, when they have finished the reading. I do hope you will enjoy this because I am pleased to be able to this to you as you so rightfully deserve it."

By the time the reading of the will was finished reading Harry was crying no longer strong enough to keep his tears in. He couldn't believe that Sirius had left him everything like that, especially since he didn't deserve it. Even though Sirius had said that he shouldn't feel guilty about his death, he couldn't stop it as it filled every ounce of his body. He couldn't care less what Sirius said, since he knew it was his fault and that there was nothing he could about it.

"Now Mr. Potter as Mr. Black stated he left you a surprise. I have some papers that you need to sign." Seeing the odd look on Harry's face the Goblin immediately went into the explanation. "These papers will allow you to become emancipated. I assure you that it is all legal and above aboard. Once you sign them you will become an adult and

therefore will be afforded all of the rights that an adult has. You will be allowed to live wherever you wish and practice magic. You will no longer have anyone to account to for your actions. That is not anyone but the Wizengamot. Of course you will still have to account to them since you will be an adult."

Harry sat there stunned just staring at the Goblin. He couldn't believe what he had been told. His brain was having a hard time assimilating the words. Once he did he was so relieved that he would no longer have to live with the Dursleys and he could finally do what he wanted. He could live anywhere, do anything he ever wanted. It was like every Birthday and Christmas that he had never gotten all wrapped in one nice package.

“Does, does this really mean I’m an adult,” Harry asked shakily.

"Yes, Mr. Potter it does."

Suddenly, Harry's face broke out into a huge smile and eagerly leaned forward so that he could sign his name. He wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to finally be himself. For once in his horrible life he was actually being given a choice, and one that he wasn't going to miss.

Once that had been completed he asked to be taken to his vault since he needed to get some money. He had asked if they could find him a nice home somewhere that he could live in. He asked if they could look at his properties that he now owned specifically. This was because he thought that Sirius would have liked him to live in one.

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A little while later he had a pouch full of money and the address to a small home in the Highlands of Scotland. He was going to go shopping for many things today including new clothes. Now that he was free of his rotten family he wanted some decent things.

Stepping out into the alley he headed towards Flourish and Blotts. He assumed that he should get some books that might help him in his

training. That is, if he ever expected to fulfill the stupid prophecy. He was just about to enter the shop when he heard the well known drawl of his most hated rival.

"Well, well what do we have here? Potter not with his parents yet," Draco drawled as he walked up to Harry, who had by now turned around, and was facing the blond.

"Malfoy I think you had better leave before I do something that we will both regret," Harry replied through clenched teeth. This was definitely not something he wanted to deal with now.

"Oh come on Scarhead, I thought you be with your parents by now. Why don't you get a brain and for once understand me.'

"What in the bloody hell are going about? My parents are dead and I will not be seeing them for a while. That is not until I have finally killed the rotten half-blood who killed my parents. So why don't you go and join your father in Azkaban where you belong."

"Why you rotten little," Draco shouted. "You will pay for that remark one day," he shouted and spun on his heel leaving Harry standing there fuming.

As he walked into the shop he couldn't help but thinking about the audacity that Malfoy had for saying that about him and his parents. That had always been his dream but now knew that would not come true in quite sometime.

Over an hour later He came out of the store with a bag full of books on various things. He was beginning to look forward to the rest of summer. For once in his life it would actually turn out to be a good summer, he thought.

Turning down the street towards the Apothecary he mused that he should get more ingredients if he was to learn how to make potions. He had made a quick decision while in the book store about learning the art of potion making on his own. After all, there was no way he would ever learn from Snape, especially since the man hated him so.

"Harry is that you,' a voice asked.

Harry turning around saw his friend Neville striding up to him. He gave the boy a smile, noting that the usually timid boy seemed to have lost some weight and had an air of confidence around him.

"Harry what you are doing here in Diagon Alley. I thought you would be with your parents,' Neville asked just as he reached Harry's side.

Harry's smile turned into a frown as he stared at his friend. He couldn't believe that Neville of all people would ask him that. He knew that his parents had been killed by Voldemort, just as his own had been tortured by the evil man's henchman. Closing his eyes and taking several deep breaths to reign in his mounting anger, he opened them and looked directly at Neville.

"Neville, I don't understand you. You know my parents were killed. Why would you say something like that? I thought you were my friend," Harry replied trying to keep his emotions in check.

Neville was taken back by Harry's words. He had thought that Harry knew, I mean everyone else did. "Harry, I thought you knew," Neville said clearly sounding confused.

"Knew what Neville?"

"Harry your parents are alive. They have been for a long time now. They never died that night."

"What," Harry screamed causing all those in the vicinity to turn and look at him.

"You mean, you mean you don't know,' Neville asked now quite shocked.

"No I didn't know. How the hell can this be?"

"Well, Let's go get an ice cream and I will explain everything," Neville said.

By the time Neville was finished telling Harry about what had happened in the last week. He could see that Harry was now fuming. You could almost see smoke rising from his ears as he took it all in. His parents were alive all this time and he had been forced to live with Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon. They had abandoned him to life of hell.

“Neville do you know where they are at the moment,” Harry asked a plan forming in his head. If they thought he was going to be the nice little lonely, grateful, Gryffindor, they were sadly mistaken.

“I believe that they are at the headquarters. Yes, I know all about from my Gran. She told me all about it a few weeks ago. After the Department of Mysteries she decided to join.”

“Thanks Neville for telling me this. I have a few people to confront. And they aren't going to like it,” Harry said a devious smirk filled his face.

He stood up and headed towards the Leaky Cauldron. He was about to have some fun and for once like Sirius said he was going to enjoy it. If they thought he was the heart of a true Gryffindor, then they were going to see what a Slytherin could. One who was clearly pissed beyond belief?

A/N Well, here is the next chapter and I hope you all like it. Please review and let me know.

Harry stepped off the bus and stood there looking at the empty place where #12 was hidden under the Fidelius. He was still fuming at what he learned from Neville about his parents being alive all this time. He wasn't sure if he was angrier at them or at Dumbledore for this little secret. After all, he was aware that Dumbledore was manipulative, and was only looking at him as a weapon.

He had been thinking about this for a while now and even more on the bus. By the time he had stepped off he had come to the above mentioned conclusion. And now he was thoroughly pissed at the man who he once believed to be a mentor and only looking out for his safety.

He slowly concentrated on the house and with a smirk that would have rivaled Snape's, he watched as the house became apparent. This was going to be good and for once he was actually looking forward to blowing up. He was going to give the man and his supposed parents a piece of mind without fear of any retribution. He gave a silent thank you to Sirius before he started up the path towards the door.

Unbeknownst to Harry there were three teens sitting upstairs discussing the revelations that had taken place earlier. They had all been in shock to see the Potters as they had believed like everyone the two were killed the night that Voldemort had attacked. They also knew that Harry had always wanted a family because of how he was treated by the Dursleys. At the end of last year that had had a meeting in which they all vowed to help their friend through anything and be there for him no matter what his attitude was.

They knew that their friend had been hurting ever since the death of his Godfather. They had tried on the train to get him to talk but he had withdrawn into himself again. This is what had led them to make this decision. And now they were discussing everything that had taken place over the last five years and were beginning to suspect something that they really didn't like. They were also trying to decide how to let Harry know what was happening since they had been once again banned from writing their friend. This at the time had made them quite angry but now they were just plain furious.

They were all getting tired of being treated as little children as if they all fragile pieces of glass. Hell they were just plain sick of it, especially after what they had been through in June in the Department of Mysteries. They all believed that not only should they know what was going on but also be respected for what they have done and will have do in the future.

"What are we going to do," Ron asked.

"I honestly don't know Ron. But we have to get a message to Harry about this before it is thrown on him. You know that he hates surprises, especially ones that involve his life,' Hermione replied, sitting on the floor of Ron's bedroom.

"I don't about the two of you but I am going to write a letter to him. He has to know before walking back into this house," Ginny said and stood up to leave the room.

"Gin, you know we can't do that. They'll have our heads if we get caught," Ron said sounding a little surprised at the anger that was in his sister's words.

"Fine you can all sit back and come up with some other way, but I am going to write a letter. There is more going on then any of us know and I am beginning to understand how Harry feels," Ginny said vehemently as she wrenched the door open and stormed out.

Ron and Hermione glanced at one another before they too got up and ran out of the room to follow Ginny. Neither one was going to allow the younger girl to get in trouble without them.

The three had just started down the stairs when the front door burst open with a bang. They all stopped in shock and drew their wands expecting trouble. But what they hadn't expected was to see Harry step into the house, looking angrier then they had ever seen. Giving each other, a knowing glance about why he looked like a thundercloud, they ran down the rest of the stairs to their friend. This was not going to be good and they knew it.

They had not been the only ones to have heard the door slam open. The entire order or at least those who were in attendance came running out of the kitchen, also with their wands drawn.

Harry looked at each of those who were there seeking out the three that he was looking for. Once he found them his angry look became one that was nastier than anything Snape could ever have pulled off. Those who noticed saw that his green eyes were now looking furious as if there was some strange fire burning in them. No one dared say anything as they saw this afraid of what this boy would do. None of them knew quite why they felt like that but they just did.

"How the hell you could you do this old man," Harry shouted as he calmly but deliberately walked towards the Headmaster.

"Harry, my dear boy, I think we need to talk," Dumbledore replied calmly hoping to placate Harry's anger.

"Oh yes you've got that right Old Man."

"Very well follow me and your parents into the kitchen where we can talk privately."

"Oh no, we will talk in front of everyone. I think it's about time that the others all learn about your manipulations," Harry said still sounding furious.

"My boy, I don't believe--"

"Don't ever call me that again. And yes I do believe they all should hear," Harry replied cutting off the man and lowering his voice a little.

Dumbledore quickly tried to come up with a way to diffuse what would be a very explosive encounter but at the moment he couldn't think of any. So instead he gave a slight nod in agreement and ushered everyone back to the kitchen.

Once they had all returned to the kitchen and sat back down, they all looked at the now furious Harry Potter. Harry was standing near the table, refusing to sit down, with his arms folded across his chest.

"How dare you keep this from me, especially after the prophecy!"

He heard everyone in the room gasp except for three people and he knew which three that was. Harry, inwardly smirked at their surprise. It was obvious to him that they didn't know anything about what the damn prophecy said. He couldn't help, thinking that this was going to be fun.

"Harry this is not the time to discuss that," Dumbledore said, his voice stern.

"Not the time Headmaster, oh I think it is the perfect time. I also think it's time that you and them..." he said as he pointed in the direction of his parents. "...finally learn you don't piss me off."

"Harry, the prophecy was destroyed." Arthur said.

"Yes, the prophecy was destroyed, but someone did hear it. Albus Dumbledore heard it and he told me what it said." Harry told the man.

"This is not the time to be talking about it Harry. You know it's not safe." Dumbledore spoke, his voice sterner than anyone had ever heard, and it sounded as if there was a hint of anger in it as well.

"I am sorry Old Man but you are wrong. All these people need to understand what you have done and why. That is if they truly are going to follow you," Harry sneered.

"Harry James Potter, you will not talk like that to Albus Dumbledore," his father said.

"Do not and I mean do not ever call me that. You are no longer my parents and it is obvious never were. Now, I suggest you shut up and listen to what I have to say," he replied in a very cold tone.

"Now, where were we, oh yea, the prophecy. Right after the battle at the ministry and seeing Sirius fall through the veil, I was portkeyed to the Headmaster's office." Harry stated, his voice slightly choked up about the thought of Sirius falling through the veil. "When

Dumbledore returned, he sat me down and then proceeded to tell me that he knew what the prophecy said. He took me into his penseive and showed me that night when he heard it.”

“What did it say?” Someone asked.

‘The prophecy stated, The Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...”

“That is enough Harry. You have said more then you should have.” Dumbledore spoke in an angry tone, after having stood up.”

“I haven't even begun. Now shut up and sit back down. These people here need to hear all of it, and I intend to do just that.” Harry replied in a cold tone.

“How dare you disobey a direct order from Albus!” James said, his face red with anger.

“I will not listen to him any longer. So, shut the hell up and sit down!” Harry roared back, and taking everyone by surprise at the anger that he obviously had. James looked at his son with the usual look which says, you are in big trouble. But, he did sit back down, knowing that he really couldn't anything here or it would look bad.

Harry then continued. “...and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other lives...The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies.”

The entire room fell silent and several gasps were heard as they realized just what this meant. Molly looked like she would burst into tears at any moment. Dumbledore looked sad, yet at the same time like he was going to attack Harry for telling everyone about the prophecy. James looked the same way, but Lily had a different look. She looked more like she was just sad and hurt.

“Harry, you should have not told them. It is not safe for them to know,” he replied in a chastising manner.

"We didn't need to know. How dare you Albus," Minerva shouted, standing up and causing her chair to fall backwards. "You have condemned a child for some prophecy. How could you do that!"

"Harry...Harry, you said there were other things to tell us." Charlie asked, unsure if he really wanted to know anymore.

"Yes, I did. There's a lot more and it all has to do with what they did to me, especially by leaving me with the Dursleys.

"What about the Dursleys?" Arthur asked.

"Well, where should I start? How about, for the first ten years of my life, I was forced to live in a cupboard under the stairs or how I was only given food once in a while and then that was usually only given after I had completed all of my chores? Then there's the fact that all of the chores that were done in the house, including the gardening was done by me. Then, there's my cousin Dudley and his gang. They made sure that I didn't have any friends in school, while they enjoyed beating me up. They actually made a game out of it, they called it, 'Harry Hunting. Dudley would even push me down the stairs at the house or do something that he made sure I was the one to be blamed for it. I was never called by my name, to them I was just boy or freak.

I did finally get the smallest bedroom in the house, with its beat up desk and bed. I got that after my letter came. They were afraid that they were being watched by wizards and witches. However, that still didn't stop them from making me do everything for them. The Weasley kids know that the summer before my second year, the Dursleys put bars on my window so that I couldn't get letters from my only friends. They had to come and rescue me, or I would never have gone back to Hogwarts that year."

The entire room had fallen silent at this shocking revelation. They had always been told that Harry was fine at the Dursleys. The Weasleys knew that it wasn't as nice as the Headmaster told them, but they didn't know that it was as bad as it was.

"Were any of you aware that I asked every year to stay at Hogwarts or at the Burrow because I didn't want to go back there with how they

treated me? Each time I was told that I had to go back there for my own good. That is the biggest crock that I have ever heard, especially after fourth year. I mean if old Voldemort has my blood he could get beyond the wards that supposedly protected me. I can't see how I was supposed to be safe there after that."

"It was for your own good," Dumbledore said sternly. He was very angry at Harry for what he was telling the Order, and made it known with the tone of voice he was now using.

James was looking furious at his son, but it was indistinguishable if he was angry at Harry or at the Dursleys. Lily looked as if she would cry because of the treatment he had received living with her sister.

"For my own good? How dare you say that when you have no idea what they put me through," Harry shouted at the man his anger now raised one again.

"Now we come to the last and most important issue of all. I do not believe that my parents have returned from the dead. Everyone here knows that you can't bring back the dead. I suspect you have kept my parents away from me all these years. You have done nothing but manipulate me with all the problems at school and other things. You have continuously tried to push me down under your thumb. Well guess again Old Man, because that isn't happening anymore. You will not have any control over me from this day forward. You will stay away from me, except when I am in school. You will then and only then will you tell me what I can and cannot do and it had better have something to do with school," Harry said his voice now cold and calculating as Snape's ever was.

"I can't allow that Harry. Now that your parents are out of hiding, you will have to live with them," Dumbledore said. He knew that he couldn't try and tell the now furious teen that his parents had returned from the dead, nor could he do anything else. It was obvious that Harry wouldn't listen to a word he said.

Harry began to laugh at this, and he laughed so much that his sides were beginning to hurt. This caused everyone to look at him warily. It

looked like he was beginning to crack with the way he went from being angry to laughing hysterically.

Finally, after catching his breath he looked directly at Dumbledore. "That is where you are wrong, just like you've been wrong about everything else. I will not be going anywhere with those, those things that you say are my parents. They left me behind and because of that, they are no longer my parents."

"What do you mean Harry," Remus asked.

"Like I said Moony I am not going anywhere with them."

"We are you parents and you have no say in the matter. You are still underage." James suddenly spoke up.

"That is where you are wrong , and it's all thanks to Sirius."

"Sirius isn't here, thanks to you. You were the one that got him killed." James said harshly.

"Don't ever say anything about Sirius or me having got him killed. I know that I did and I will regret that for the rest of my life. And with what you have done, especially to him, you no longer have the right to speak his name. And yes thanks to him I don't have to do anything you tell me," Harry stated a sudden glint appeared in his green eyes.

"I have every right to speak his name , he was my best friend after all, and so you can't do anything about it. Besides, there is nothing he could do since we are alive now is there," James smirked.

"Wow, Snape was right; you are just as arrogant as he said."

James was about to spring from his seat at that comment but was held down by his wife. Instead he settled for giving his son a very nasty look, one that promised he would pay for that remark."

"Harry, we love you and we want you to be with us," Lily said softly, hoping to calm her now enraged son down.

"You love me; I cannot believe you just said that. I wonder if that was for my benefit or for yours," Harry said absentmindedly.

"Harry they do love you and always have," Dumbledore said calmly.

"Shut it since I don't wish to hear anymore of your lies. Now where was I, oh yea I remember. Sirius did one thing that means a lot more than anything in the world could. What he did was to have me emancipated," Harry replied, a smug look now on his face.

"He what! I can't believe that he did that!" Rang out from various members of the audience.

"Then we will just have to void it since we are alive," James said with a smug look on his face as well.

"You will do no such thing Potter! That is if you don't want me going to the Fudge with all this information. You see, I still hold all of the cards. And one last one that none of you are expecting. You all remember what I said about the Prophecy." He saw them all nod. "Good because you all can see I am the only one who can defeat Voldemort. So if I choose now that I am an adult I will leave this country and let him have full reign. I will let him know that I don't wish to fight him and, if he leaves me alone, then he can do whatever he wants."

"Why you little bastard," James shouted now standing up, his wand out and trained on his son.

Harry stood stock still, anger now boiling over him. Everyone in the room sat stock still watching this. No one dared interrupt and get in the middle of this. Several of those that were assembled noticed that not only was there anger radiating from the young man but also power, power that they were unsure of.

James stalked right up to Harry and with his free hand grabbed him by the arm. Suddenly, there was a blinding light that momentarily blind everyone in there. Those that could still see watched in horror as James Potter went flying across the room, landing hard against

the wall. He slumped down to the floor in a heap and was clearly unconscious.

"Hum, I wonder what the Minister would think of that," Harry mused, a sneer on his face.

Turning around he started for the door before stopping. Inclining his head back a little he said, "If any of you try to come near me or try anything I will leave this country. Don't think of it as a threat because it's not. It is indeed a promise and one that I will make sure comes true." And with that said he stalked out of the room and headed for the front door.

The other teens ran after him, trying to catch him before he left. However, they were just a second too late. And they watched as he stormed out the door, once again setting off Mrs. Black's portrait. They looked at one another, with a look that said; we need to talk, before they raced back up the stairs, leaving the screaming painting behind.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen Lilly was helping her husband back into his chair with tears falling down her face. No one had yet spoken as they sat there shocked not only at the news that they received from Harry but also at the show of power he had displayed.

Dumbledore however was quietly fuming at the recent turn of events. This was not what he had expected nor wanted to have happen. He expected Harry would be happy that his parents were alive and welcome them with open arms. However, that didn't happen, and somehow, he was now an adult, and didn't want anything to do with them. He had to do something quick if he wanted Harry to fulfill his duty, but how to do that was the problem.

"Albus, what do we do now," Lilly asked her voice strained with pain.

"I believe that we need to make a trip to the Ministry. We need to see if we can break the emancipation and then have you talk Harry home."

"How dare you Albus," Remus screamed as he shot up like a rocket. "You all make me sick. James, Lilly I once called you friends but not after today. Not only did you hurt Harry, who is one of my pack but you also hurt Sirius. You hurt all of us by your cowardice of hiding away and making us believe you were dead. I thought Peter was a coward and a betrayer. Well I guess he wasn't the only one. I am quitting the Order as it's obvious it's a joke and I want nothing to do with any of you." With that said Remus stormed out of the room and out of the house. He was determined to find Harry and talk with him.

Arthur and Molly also stood up and quit the order before leaving to gather their children and head back to the Burrow. This was too much for them as they had been fighting to have Harry come and live with them and had always been blocked by Dumbledore. Both of them were feeling betrayed and were hurting because of everything that had happened to the boy they thought as another son.

Tonks was the next to stand up and quit. She too was disgusted and angry at having been betrayed. But she was more disgusted by the actions of those who supposedly cared for Harry.

"What are we going to do, Albus," McGonagall asked.

"We will have to do everything in our power to get Harry back. There is no other way. He is needed if we are to win this war."

"Is that all he is to you, just a tool for this war," McGonagall said, her lips pursing together.

"I am afraid he is Minerva."

"Then if that is how you feel, you can also have my resignation from the Order. I will not be a part of a group who sees that is acceptable to hurt innocent children." And with that said she also stormed out of the home.

"When I get that boy back I am going to teach him some respect," James said through clenched teeth.

Well I hope you liked it. Please let me know if it was good. I tried to make it as explosive as I can with the fight but am unsure if I did. I also noticed that not much of the plot came out and will add more of it to the next one. Harry will indeed have some extra powers but he will not be super or even overly powerful.

Upstairs in Grimmauld Place in the bedroom of Ron, the kids were all sitting around discussing the latest revelations that had come out downstairs in the impromptu meeting. None of them knew exactly what to say, all thinking their own ideas as to how they felt. Out of the three the one who seemed to be the angriest was Hermione as her face was bright red and she seemed to be silently fuming. Ginny on the other hand was showing her anger by continually slamming her fist against the floor and muttering curses under her breath. Ron on the other hand just sat there on his bed, pale and shaking slightly.

Ron may not be the brightest guy there is or the calmest of the three when it came to voicing his jealousy or anger about Harry, but this time it seemed as if he didn't have anything to say. Another thing that was obvious was that he wasn't showing his jealousy in anyway as he sat there staring off into space waiting for one of the others to speak up.

The strange thing was that none of them could fathom how Harry had found out. They had all been under the impression that he was still trapped at his relatives. Oh they all knew that he hated there and should never have been in the first place, but they were young and unable to do anything to help him. But now it looked as if they might actually for once in their young lives be able to help the young man that they all loved in their own unique way.

"I cannot believe they did that to Harry," Ron burst out suddenly.

"I know Ron. I mean he did tell us some things about his home life, but not all of it. Now I can see why he didn't," Hermione said quietly not looking at Ron.

"I wish I could hex them and show them my Bat Bogey Hex," Ginny ground out. "That would teach them."

"No Gin you can't do that. Besides why are you so angry anyway," Ron asked his sister.

Ginny looked up at Ron, who visibly gulped at the sheer anger and fury which was showing in her eyes. Instinctively he slid back a little, afraid of what his little sister would do to him.

“And what did you mean by that Ron,” She said, her voice a deadly calm tone.

"It's, it's just that I thought you were over your crush. I mean you sound as if you are still in love with him when you said that," Ron replied his voice now shaky.

“Oh yes my little crush. Well let me tell you something Ron, I may have gotten over my crush on him but after last year I found that I still have one. Even if nothing ever comes of it, I will always have it. So you had better get over it now or else.”

“Yes, Gin, I’m sorry. It’s just you sounded pissed and I wondered why.’

“You got that right, I am pissed and I plan on doing something about it.”

“What are you planning Ginny,” Hermione looked up at the younger girl.

“I am going to get a hold of Harry and at least talk to him. Somehow I am going to let him know that I am still there for him.”

"You know that's a great idea, Ginny. I think we all should," Hermione said. "But that still doesn't answer what we are going to do about his parents. I for one don't relish the idea of him going to live with them. I mean how they could do that to their own son."

“Then I guess we better come up with something because Harry’s going to need all of the friends he can get at the moment,” Ginny replied.

With that said the three began trying to come up with ways they could help their friend. The only thing that they were certain about at the moment was that they weren't going to abandon their friend.

[illegible]

Remus and Tonks walked out of the house intent on looking for Harry. They were afraid that he would end up hurting himself over this. Both of them unable to comprehend how parents could actually willingly hurt someone who was as loving and caring as Harry was.

The two both cared rather deeply for the boy, but in different ways that they were unable to put into words.

Remus cared and loved Harry as a son. Like a child that needed a parent to keep himself from becoming lost in a world of despair and hurt. Also, there was of course the fact that he, being a werewolf could not have a child in any form, including custody as a Godparent. Remus also had come to respect the boy for his strong character and willing to help anyone out, even if he didn't know them. That had always reminded him of himself when he was a younger man around the same age as Harry. Of course there was also the simple fact that the wolf inside had somehow chosen to adopt him and consider him part of his pack.

That wolf at the moment was furious and was fighting to surface. It was even more furious than Remus at what had happened to its cub. It felt betrayed by a man who he at one time considered part of his pack, a best friend, a friend that he had grieved for, for many years after his sudden death. It was getting harder for Remus to keep the wolf at bay at the present, especially since the full moon was only two nights away.

Tonks on the other hand was fuming at the sheer audacity that Dumbledore and the Potters had. 'How could anyone do such a thing to a loveable brat like Harry?' Tonks since having met Harry last summer had begun to think of him as a younger brother, one that she had always wanted. She enjoyed changing her looks for him, since he always laughed and found it to be quite amusing.

She had privately felt bad for Harry knowing what he had been through in his young life. She didn't believe that any kid should have to go through the things he had already, let alone dealing with the death of Sirius.

At the present time she wished that she was an Auror so she could go back in there and hex those idiots for what they had done. She had felt bad for that Sirius had been killed but worse for Harry as she knew from what she had learned that he was blaming himself for it. But if the truth be told the only person she blamed was herself as she had been the one originally battling her insane cousin. She had yet to voice this as she like Harry didn't want the pity people would give her.

“Remus, how are we going to find him,” she asked.

"I'm not sure Tonks but all I know is that we have to. I want to rip James' head off so bad right now," Remus replied through clenched teeth.

All Tonks could do was nod in agreement knowing that the wolf was surfacing and she didn't relish having to deal with that part of Remus,

The two had reached the corner of the street when they saw Harry standing there. Both could see he was still furiously pissed about what had taken place. Without a second thought they started running towards him. However, just as they reached the halfway mark they saw the purple Knight Bus appear and Harry step up inside. They both shouted for Harry to stop but either he hadn't heard them or was ignoring them.

“Damn it Tonks we’ve missed him,” Remus growled.

[illegible]

The rest of the Weasley's had gone into the parlor where they could talk privately. They needed a plan to get in contact with Harry. They had to let him know that they were unaware of what had happened and that they were with him. Just like all of the others they were as angry at the Potters and Dumbledore for doing this to a boy that they had taken in and thought of as either another son or brother.

Arthur began to pace the room lost in thought, a dark cloud over hung over him. This was unusual for the man as he was normally a soft

spoken and kind man. But at the moment that part of him was gone only to leave the furious person in its wake.

Molly had fallen into one of the chairs and buried her hands in her face. Tears were flowing from her eyes as she thought of the horrible things that her adopted son had gone through and was now going through. Unlike the usual strong willed, battle axe of a woman that she was, she seemed broken like someone had ripped apart of her soul out of her.

The boys were all sitting on the couches all looking pissed and ready to duel. Bill and Charlie though not as angry or sad as the others were just angry since they had meet Harry a few times and new how their parents and siblings felt about the boy. When they had met him they had found him to be a very polite and fun person to be around. He was nothing like they would expect someone who was supposed to be their savior and this warmed their hearts. Now just as the others had begun to think of him as the unofficial Weasley, enjoying his company whenever they were home.

The twins on the hand sat having what looked like a silent conversation between them. Unlike the others either looking furious or angry, their expressions where that of someone who would be planning an evil scheme to take over the world. This however wasn't far from the truth as they were having this silent talk which of course would be due to them being twins. But instead of plotting to take over the world, they were plotting revenge on the Potters and Dumbledore. They were going to make their lives hell and they knew just how they were going to do it.

"Arthur we have got to find Harry, he needs us," Molly said quietly.

"Yes dear I know and we will. I think maybe I can pop over to the Ministry and see if there is any way I can get some help there."

"Wouldn't he go back to the Dursley's, Dad," Charlie asked.

"No Charlie I don't. You all heard what he said, he was now emancipated."

“Then where would he go,” Molly whined a little.

"I would guess one of the homes that Sirius left him," Arthur replied.

"How are we going to find out where," Bill asked.

"Well if the emancipation records have been filled then they would have a current address. I will have to go and see if I can find out."

Arthur was about to walk out of the room when Dumbledore and the Potters walked in. Dumbledore had an expression that was a cross between sadness and anger. The Weasley's just looked at him not sure what to say.

“Arthur, Molly I must request that you gather your belongings and leave this house,” Dumbledore spoke.

“What, why must we leave,” Molly cried indignantly.

“Seeing as you have quit the Order and this is the Headquarters, you are no longer wanted or needed here,” Dumbledore said his voice stern and brooking no argument.

“Now you see here Albus this maybe the headquarters but you do not own it and therefore the only person who can kick us out is the rightful owner,” Arthur said his voice rising.

“That is where you are wrong Arthur. Sirius allowed this house to be used and his will stated that it was to go to the Order. Therefore you are to leave soon.”

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After the Knight Bus had dropped him off at the park near Privet Drive Harry walked with a new determination back to the house that he always thought of as hell. He had to get his things and tell of his relatives before heading to his new home. He was for once looking forward to having a decent summer or at least he had been up until a couple of hours ago. Right now however he had other things to think

about, especially about what Dumbledore and his oh so loving parents would do.

Reaching the door of the house he saw that his Uncle was home from work. This caused a devilish smile to appear on his face as he walked up to the door. 'Oh yea I am going to really enjoy this. I can at least get rid of some of my anger on them,' he thought.

Stepping inside he heard his uncle bellowing for him as he always did. Instead of going upstairs right away as he would have done he strolled into the dinning room and stopped directly in front of his uncle who was sitting down at the table.

"Where have you been boy? We didn't take you in to have you running around like a freak," his uncle ranted.

"Where I was is of no concern to you my dear Uncle Vernon," Harry sneered.

"Don't you dare take that tone with me, you worthless freak." Vernon stood up and started to take a step towards Harry but was stopped in his tracks as he saw Harry's wand trained on him. "Boy you can't do magic outside of your freak school or you will get expelled and then I can throw you out," Vernon said sounding quite pleased with himself.

"That is where you are wrong Vernon. As of today I am an adult thanks to my Godfather. Oh you remember him, the mass murder," Harry said sounding very smug.

Vernon's face visibly paled at this but soon became purple with rage as he lunged for his nephew. Harry having anticipated this stepped sideways faster then even he had expected, causing his uncle to fall flat on his face. Petunia screamed and stood up. Dudley now clearly angry decided to go after Harry like he always did. He stepped forward and threw a punch only to find his hand hitting something solid and invisible. He cried out in pain and clutched his hand.

"I told you that I can do magic and I will do more if you don't shut up," Harry shouted. At this outburst he saw all of the parties shut up quickly and give him either furious looks or scared looks depending

on who you were looking at. "Good, for once I can see you worthless pieces of shit can actually shut up for once. Now as I said I have been emancipated and therefore am an adult. I have another place to live, which I will be going to once I have gathered my belongings. I do not ever want to hear from any of you again. You have done nothing but persecute me ever since I got her. You treated me like filth as if I was your slave. Well that is going to stop as of today. You will never hear from again and I will never hear from you, is that clear," he said his voice having lowered to a cold tone.

He watched as they all nodded their agreement before he turned and stormed up the stairs to get his belongings. He knew he didn't have much time before someone came looking for him and he wasn't about to be here for that. As he was quickly using his magic to put everything in his trunk, a wicked smile came to his lips. A great idea came to his mind and it was one he knew would not only drive Dumbledore mad but everyone else including the Ministry.

Once he was done he cast the floating charm on his trunk before grabbing Hedwig's cage and going back downstairs. Reaching the first floor he turned and looked at his family and then smirked. 'Oh dear Petunia I thought you might like to know that James and Lily are alive and will probably be coming here to have a chat with you. You remember your sister the one who supposedly died. You might also want to know that I told them everything you did to me. I just hope you survive what they are going to do to you. But on second thoughts, I really don't give a damn what they do.' And with that Harry stepped outside to hail the Knight Bus once again.

He hadn't stayed around long enough to see his Aunt's face go dead white as the blood had completely drained out of her face. If he had he would have been rolling on the floor because it was the first time that she looked more frightened than when he had ever done anything.

Harry stopped outside the door just long enough to move the trunk in front of him so that it would look like he was carrying the trunk instead of having it floating. He was so looking forward to this but there were several questions that were beginning to pop up in his head. 'How was I able to throw my 'oh so caring' father off me without using

magic? What happened to Moony and how is he taking this news? What about my friends? Are they still my friends or have they ever been?' These thoughts were starting to make him sad as he made his way down the street towards the park where he would take the Knight Bus up to the Highlands near Inverness where his new home was.

He was in such a deep thought that by the time he reached the park he didn't hear the soft pops of people apparating in. By the time he did realize it he heard his name being called. Suspecting them to be enemies he spun around and waved his hand in front of him casting several spells. He watched with growing eyes as two people went flying backwards, landing on the opposite side of the street.

Having seen what he had just done he stood there frozen in place. He wasn't sure who they were but what was more shocking and surprising was what he had done. At first he had assumed that he had his wand out but quickly realized he didn't. This was yet another strange happening in a day that he really wished hadn't happened.

Without another thought he decided to confront these idiots who came after him. His shock was now turning into righteous anger. And that anger was not going to be good for whoever tried to accost him as he stormed across the street.

[illegible]

Remus and Tonks after a quick conversation decided to go to Privet Drive and see if Harry might have gone back there. They weren't truly expecting him to have if what he had told them was true, but then again they assumed that he would have to get his things. To their relief when they had popped in they saw Harry reaching the park, his trunk in his hands.

The two without even thinking since all they were worried about was Harry began running towards him. Tonks nearly tripped once like she always did when it came to running but luckily Remus had been expecting this and grabbed her by her left arm. Not stopping to allow her to straighten up he just kept running with a flailing Tonks in tow.

Remus shouted Harry's name in hopes to get the boy to stop and turn around. But he hadn't expected have Harry spin around and cast several spells at them. Taken by surprise by the quickness of Harry he was unable to get a shield up and thus found himself and Tonks flying backwards.

A loud thud was heard as he landed on the cold hard pavement and sensing that Tonks had done the same thing. His head began to hurt badly, a clear sign that he had hit his head. He also felt a stabbing pain in his right leg as well. He tried to sit up but found as he did that he was feeling dizzy and just a little confused.

Tonks on the other hand had not been faring well with the way Remus was little dragging her. She tried to protest but found it was doing no good and then she saw Harry spin around and cast wandless spells at them. Her last thought as she went flying through the air was 'Oh sit this is not my day.' And that was the last thing she remembered as she hit the pavement and forgetting to protect her head, knocking herself out from the impact.

[illegible]

Once Harry made his across to the two he stood there with a ferocious look on his face and his wand now trained on them.

“Just who in bloody hell are and what do you want,’ He said his voice tinged with anger yet extremely cold at the same time.

“Harry, its Remus and Tonks,’ Remus said as he slowly sat back up.

“Oh have you two come to try and take me back,” he asked his voice full of sarcasm.

"No Harry we aren't. We came to try and talk to you."

“What about, I don’t have all day.”

“We both felt that we needed to tell you several things and to let you know that we are on your side.”

"On my side," Harry replied skeptically. "What the bloody hell do you think this is some kind of war?"

"Well there is a war going on and you know it. But know I don't believe that this is a war between us. Harry I just want to be there for you. So does Tonks and so do many others," Remus pleaded. "Please Harry let us be there for you."

"And who says I need anyone to be there for me? I have been taking care of myself since I can remember. What makes this any different?"

"Because Harry I love you. You are like the son that I can never have and I would do anything for you," Remus replied his voice breaking with emotion.

Harry stood there for a minute letting Remus' words wash over him and slowly sink into his brain. He couldn't believe that the werewolf, his professor was actually saying that to him. He has, he guessed expected Remus to side with his parents. This was definitely not what he was expecting and he didn't know what to say to it.

"Harry please can we go somewhere and talk. I'm not feeling too well after that and I know that Tonks is probably going to need a healer and some potions since she is still unconscious."

This brought Harry out of his musings. Looking directly into the amber eyes of his former professor he made a snap decision and one that he just hoped would work out in the end. "All right Moony, but I better enervate Tonks first or we'll never get anywhere and then we can take the Knight Bus."

Remus just slowly nodded and tried to stand but found it hard to do as he still dizzy and felt like everything was spinning. After several attempts he finally made it to his feet and helped Tonks up who was also dizzy from what happened. The two leaned against each other as Harry went back across the street to get his belongings and then call their transportation. He was curious as to where they would be going but decided that he would rather wait and find instead of asking Harry, especially after the explosions that he had been showing today.

There was another thought that was bothering him and that was how Harry had done the things that he had. He knew Harry was a powerful wizard but the things he had demonstrated so far were by no means just powerful but over the top. He would have to ask Harry about this later but at the moment all he wanted to do was get somewhere where they could sit down and relax not to mention heal from the attack.

Well guys thanks for all the reviews and I hope you all like this one. I wasn't too sure about some of it, but then I decided that it would only get worse if I kept trying to rewrite it.

Next chapter they arrive at their new home and begin to discuss what has happened. Also, Harry will hear from Ginny, Hermione, and Ron. What will he do when he finds out what happened after he left. That is going to be good. Also, he will have a few more interesting happenings with his magic.

The three stepped off the bus on the side of a road that as they looked around seemed to be at in the middle of nowhere. On both side of the road there were forests and deep ones at that. They gave each other a look of confusion before Harry decided to head off into the woods. He had a feeling albeit a strange one that the house was somewhere in there.

Remus looked over at Tonks who looked as if she was half out of and he assumed that she had at least a mild concussion and knew that hey had to get somewhere, where they could call for a healer to check her over. He was about to voice his concern when he saw Harry start heading off and decided to follow him. Hoping that he knew where they were going because he didn't relish the thought of having to spend the nigh in the forest, especially with a hurt Tonks.

The three walked in silence for awhile and could see the sun beginning to set off in the distance. Suddenly, Harry stopped without any warning. Remus was about to say something when he noticed that Harry seemed to have gone in a trance. This worried the werewolf as he couldn't smell or sense anything strange around them. It also didn't help his worry that they didn't know where they were.

Harry stood there rooted to his spot and concentrated ahead of him. He had sensed an unknown identity that was calling to him. He tried to clear his mind of everything and allow him to sense this entity. Something brushed his mind and he felt warmth hit him instead of the usual coldness when Voldemort was around. Opening his mind further he felt the entity probe further into his mind. For once he wasn't frightened by it and allowed it to do whatever it was doing. Then without any warning he was startled by a voice speaking inside his head.

"Lord Black, I am most pleased that you have come," the strange voice said in his mind.

Harry immediately gasped at the voice talking in his head. He then heard a light chuckle and realized that it was a female's voice.

"It is all right my Lord; I will not harm you or your companions. My name is Elise and I am the spirit of the house.'

"The what,' Harry nearly screamed in his head. He was now thoroughly and utterly confused and if he admitted a little panicky.

"I am the spirit of the house. I deem you worthy to enter me."

'Huh, what do you mean you are the house and that you deem me worthy?'

'Many, many years ago the original Lord Black did a ritual that gave me a personality. He had wanted to protect his home from intruders and found this to be the only way. I am also fully capable of being able to choose who is worthy of entrance," the voice said still sounding quite amused at Harry's reaction.

"I am sorry but I still don't understand," Harry replied.

"I will explain it all to you at a later time. Right now I do believe you are trying to gain entrance into me."

"Yes, yes I am. I chose to live here when I found out about it."

"Yes I am aware that you chose to live here and that is why I have deemed you worthy. Very well, I shall reveal myself to you. But I must warn you that if anyone or anything poses a threat to me I will banish them,' the voice replied taking on a very hard stern tone.

All Harry could do was to thank the house in his head.

Remus having watched Harry was beginning to get very worried as it didn't look like Harry was going to come out of whatever he was in any time soon. He was just about to try and get his attention when he saw Harry blink a few times and stagger slightly.

"Harry, cub, are you all right," he asked concern in his voice.

But before Harry could answer him a house shimmered into existence causing Remus' jaw to drop. The only thing going through his mind at the moment was that it seemed as if the house had been under the Fidelius charm. But that couldn't be as they didn't know the address

of the house or if it was even here. And he doubted Harry knew it as well since he had been just as surprised and confused about where the house was when they arrived.

This was just another strange event in a day that was turning to have more strange happenings than would care to ever happen. And he knew that he would probably never forget them for as long as he lived. He was about to voice this to Harry when the boy cut him off.

“Come on Professor, we need to get inside,” Harry said as he started up towards the house. Remus just mutely nodded and helped Tonks to follow.

[illegible]

The house or what looked like a cottage was beautiful. It was two stories and surprising had a balcony that seems to wrap completely around both sides. There was a wide porch that also wrapped around and even had a porch swing on it. A beautiful garden of various flowers sat off to the left side of the porch and had a small fountain in the center with water flowing out of it and down into a wide base.

The fountain intrigued Harry as he noticed that it was a sculpture of a merman who was holding what looked like a staff up high in his one hand. The water was coming out the top of the staff. The reason why it intrigued him so much was the Blacks were known to be a dark family one who liked and believed in pureblood supremacy. So this was a different side of the family and one that intrigued Harry.

The three reached the door after walking up a small tree lined drive. Harry unsure of what to do hesitated briefly before he opened the door. This was because he didn't know if there would be a hex on it or if he were to do something before being allowed to open it. However, his Gryffindor courage quickly overcame him and he reached for the handle, turning it and opening the door. The whole time expecting to be hexed, but when nothing happened he motioned for the others to follow.

Stepping inside of the small yet comfortable looking cottage they all gasped at the elegance and size of the inside.

The entry way looked like the size of the entire upper floor of Grimmauld. The floor itself was done in a rich red wood and there were a couple of paintings hanging on the side wall. A hallway veered off to the right as another down the middle and yet another down the left.

Harry looked at Remus and Tonks to see if they were just as shocked as he was. To his happiness they were also shocked and awed at what they were looking at.

“Um, Remus, Tonks how can this be. I mean the house doesn’t look like it could be this large from the outside. I mean it looked nice and all but not this size,’ Harry said rambling.

“I don’t know Harry but I would guess some kind of an enlargement charm has been used,’ Remus replied quietly, still in awe of the area.

“Tonks do you know anything of this house,’ Harry asked.

“No Harry I don’t. I never heard about it until you told us on the way here,” Tonks said sounding tired and very confused.

“Then I suggest we go on a tour and see what else this house has,” Harry replied.

“Harry I don’t think that is a good decision right now. We need to find a way to get help for Tonks. That spell you hit us with seems to have done some damage. And I’m beginning to get worried about her. You can see that she is struggling to stay awake,’ Remus said, concern evident in his voice.

“Yes Professor but we don’t even know where to go.”

“Why don’t we find a study or some other room where we can see how she what’s wrong with her. You know we may have to call a healer here in order to heal her. Do you know how to do that,’ Remus asked.

"No I don't but I'll think of something," Harry replied.

Ten minutes later they had found a nice comfortable study where they could put Tonks on a wide couch. Remus used his wand to do some basic health scans that he knew but he was no healer. From what he was able to gleam from the scans she was suffering from a mild concussion and a couple of minor breaks in her wand arm.

Turning to face Harry, he told him the news. "We need to get a healer here because I cannot help her other than what I have all ready done," Remus said.

“I don’t know if the floo is connected to anywhere and I don’t know of any other way,” Harry said now sounding as concerned as Remus was. “Hey wait a minute I have an idea.” He then quickly called Dobby hoping the crazy house elf would hear him and come.

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The Weasley's along with Hermione having floored back to the Burrow were now currently sitting in the living room of the slanted house quietly contemplating everything that had transpired at the Order meeting, the revelations that had come out from both the Potters being alive to Harry's outburst about what has been happening to him his entire life and how Sirius had requested that he was to be emancipated. Then of course there was how Dumbledore had unceremoniously thrown them out all because they had quit the Order of the Phoenix and his assuming that he was now in control of the house.

“Who does he think is kicking us out like that and having let Harry living in such a condition,” Ron shouted.

“Ronald, do not shout,” Molly chastised him.

'We knew Ron that Harry's family disliked him. Look at the clothes that he always wore and he seemed thinner then when he got back to

school. I hate to say this but we are partially to blame as well,” Hermione said quietly.

“And what does that mean,” Ron said, his eyes narrowing.

“Well, we really didn’t bring to anyone’s attention nor did we even try to find out everything that was going on with him. I mean we are supposed to be his friends, yet we just stood by and turned a blind eye.”

“That may be true Hermione but we were the ones who went and rescued him in second year,’ Ron said.

“Exactly, but you didn’t tell Dumbledore about it.”

“It wouldn’t have done any good, dear. I tried every summer to get him to allow Harry to come and stay here. Each time I brought it up, all Albus would say was that Harry needed to be there and he was safe,” Molly replied sounding defeated.

“It’s all right dear we all tried in some way and all failed to help Harry. I wish we had known sooner, maybe there was something we could have done. But right now the damage has been done and all we can do is hope he doesn’t blame us too much,’ Arthur replied.

“You know I’ve been thinking every since Harry said what he did and how Dumbledore acted as well as his parents, I believe that there is something going on that we aren’t seeing, something that’s right in front of our eyes,” Charlie said.

“Yes that maybe true Charlie but what is it,” His father replied as he tried to console his wife who now was crying.

They all fell into silence once again as they thought about what Charlie had just said. None of them could disagree with what Charlie was suggesting, but they couldn’t come up with any answers. Whatever it was that they were not seeing was definitely troubling.

“We need to find Harry and warn him,” Ginny suddenly spoke up.

"What do you mean warn Harry," Hermione asked a little surprised at the vehemence in the young girl's voice.

"I don't but I've got this bad feeling that they are going to do something to him. And no matter what he thinks I am still his friend and am going to help him," the girl replied sternly.

This took the others all by surprise since the normally cool headed red head was never this upset about anything. The only time they saw get this angry or angrier was when someone tried to do something to her or insult her family and friends. Hermione could only stare at the girl with a calculating look. She had a strong suspicion that the girl was right but for some reason she couldn't comprehend, she did not like the way the girl was acting.

"Thinking about you maybe right Gin and I happen to agree with you on that, especially after the revelations. Albus and the Potters are going to be furious that he ran away and caused several members of the Order to quit. He may now be in more trouble than he was with You-Know-Who. We also need to find out more of what Harry was talking about. He only briefly went over what had happened in his life and I feel there is more than he is telling. We also need to let him know that we are still his friends and will never desert him no matter what," Arthur said. "Only we have a problem and it's a big one and that is we don't know where he's at and we don't know how to contact him."

This remark once again caused them to lapse into silence as they tried to figure some way of finding their friend and adoptive brother and son. The only problem was that they didn't think an owl could reach him as he was probably somewhere that was warded against them.

Then an idea hit Hermione. It was an idea that she chastised herself for not having thought of before.

"Hey listen if Harry was emancipated by Sirius, then he was also made heir in his will. Do you think it is possible that Harry owns Grimmauld?"

"You're right 'Mione he probably does own it but this isn't the time to be thinking about that. We have to find Harry first." This caused Hermione to blush as she realized that she was thinking the wrong thing and forgetting that they had some more important to do.

"I don't think it will be as hard as you think Ron," Ginny replied a devious expression coming over her.

The others just all looked at her knowing that she had an idea. And if all of her hanging out with her twin brothers paid off in her being able to pull pranks, then this surely was going to be good. For once Molly didn't even say anything about this. Seeing as she was just as worried and upset about everything that had happened with Harry.

She quickly explained her idea and asked her father if it were possible that it could be done. He gave a nod and told that he could do it and it would probably work. But he cautioned them that it could cause problems if anyone was to ever find out what he did and it could possibly lead to his losing of his job. But for once Molly didn't seem to care as all she wanted to do was find Harry and give him the comfort that he needed and deserved.

Little did they know that when they found Harry, they were going to find many surprises that would be a shock for anyone? And these surprises would eventually turn the Wizarding World completely upside down. They were heading to a rough road that would take them to so many places that their beliefs would change forever.

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The rest of the Order of the Phoenix, Moody, Hestia Jones, Dung, Kingsley, along with James and Lily Potter were sitting in the kitchen discussing what they needed to do. None of those other than Albus and the Potters looked pleased to be there but didn't wish to speak up about it. They were all quietly trying to discern what had just happened. They knew what the others had done to Harry was wrong but since Albus was the leader of the Light, they were still going to stand by his side.

“Albus, you said earlier that we needed to go to the Ministry. Why do we need to do that,” Lily asked. “I mean how is that going to help us with Harry right now?”

“We need to go there for two reasons actually my dear Lily. The first is to have the two of you once again declared alive. You can’t get Harry back if everyone still believes you are dead. The other reason is to get the emancipation declared void so that you can get custody of your son,” the wizened man said, his blue eyes twinkling.

“Albus, how are we going to tell them that we are alive? I don’t understand unless we tell them the truth and then I’m afraid of they might do,” Lily said her voice unsure.

“Just leave that all to me my dear. I haven’t led you astray yet and I never will,” Dumbledore told her, his blue eyes twinkling once again.

“I don’t want anything to do with that brat,’ James replied vehemently, speaking up for the first time since Harry had thrown him across the room.

Lily smacked her husband upside the head for having made that comment and then spoke. “James you know as well as I do that he is our son and is supposed to be with us. It’s time that he comes home to us.”

“Lily is right James, he is indeed your son and should be with his parents. He also now in need of more protection then ever if we are to keep him safe until the final battle. You know as well as I do that Voldemort will attack him as soon as he finds out that the two of you are alive once again,” Dumbledore said.

“Right now I could care less about the idiotic Dark Lord. And as for my son, he may have been that at one time but after what he did to me today, he is no son of mine.”

“How can you say that James Potter,” Hestia Jones spoke up, her voice tinged with anger.

"Because he is no son of mine and I want nothing to do with him." Then suddenly James' eyes took on an evil glint and an evil smirk appeared on his lips. "Maybe you are right dear. I could then teach him some manners. It's obvious that he doesn't have any. He's been allowed to do whatever he wants, whenever he wants and he needs to learn that he cannot do that."

"Very good James," Dumbledore replied. "I do believe that he needs to be put on a very short and very tight leash as I did with Sirius last year. He is a danger not only to himself but to the world if you just look at what happened last month at the Department of Mysteries. If we are to ever defeat Voldemort then we must make sure he follows directions and do exactly what we want him to do."

"Ah yes my old friend Padfoot," James replied in a slight faraway tone as if he was remembering the good old days. "By the way, what did happen to him? You never told us exactly," James asked.

"I am afraid that he was killed in the Department of Mysteries. He went there to save your reckless son, only to be killed. That is another reason why he needs to be reigned in. He has put too many people in danger and this has to stop," Dumbledore replied.

"Why that stupid little snot nosed shit. How dare he get Sirius killed," James roared. "I'm going to punish him severely when I get my hands on him and teach him that he never injures another person in his short life."

No one in the room knew what to say at James' outburst. They were slightly afraid of his temperament as they had seen it before and in Harry no less. It was obvious you didn't want to get on his bad side just like you didn't want to get Dumbledore's.

Lilly however just stared at her husband in shock. Yes she was angry with her son for what he had done to her husband. But she was now worried for his safety because of her husband's outburst. No matter what happened she didn't want her boy to get hurt and now wondered if he was in more danger from James than anyone. Still she wasn't going to voice her opinion or question him or

Dumbledore's. After all one was her husband and the other was her mentor and would do anything for them.

“Now before I call this meeting to an end, I suggest everyone begin an immediate search for Harry Potter. If you should find him bring him back immediately. I am afraid that this is the only safe place for him.”

With that said Dumbledore adjourned the meeting and motioned for James and Lilly to follow him to the fireplace where they would floo to the Ministry. The others all stood up and started to head out on their duties and all wondering what was going to happen now.

[illegible]

Once the healer that Dobby had brought was gone, Harry and Remus decided to explore some of the house to see what was all in it. They found a pleasant kitchen that would put most kitchens to shame except for the one in Hogwarts and it had all kinds of gadgets including Muggle items which were a little confusing to them as this was in a house of a pureblood family and one known to follow the Dark Arts. It was also the size of the Dursley's home. They also found another study off of the kitchen with a wonderful fireplace and plush couches and chairs all done in greens and blues. They also found a library that was about the size of the Hogwarts one and had just as many books and maybe then some they thought as they looked around. In another room to their surprise they found a dueling room with all sorts of weapons hanging along the walls. There were even practice dummies lined up against the far wall. Harry couldn't be pleased at finding this room since he knew he would be using it a lot during the rest of his summer. There was another room that took them by surprise and that was a huge room that had a wonderful pool which was made out of rocks and looked more like a small lake if they had to compare it to anything. There was a huge rock formation that reached all the way to the ceiling and had a small waterfall flowing down into the pool. One thing that amazed them was with the sheer amount of water flowing into it, it wasn't overflowing like a normal bath tub or pool would.

The last room that they came upon on the first floor was to their surprise was a huge ballroom that looked about half the size of the Great Hall. The far wall had what looked like charmed windows that showed the outside with its lush greenery and various animals playing around. By now Harry was truly amazed at what was in the house and the fact that he would be living in something so wonderful. But he was also confused by it as in some ways the house didn't remind him of the Black family, especially since the entire house they had seen so far was bright and cheery, something that wasn't easy to comprehend with a known dark family.

Once they had gone back to the study that Tonks was currently lying down in sleeping peacefully. They had been told by the healer to keep an eye on her and watch for any possible signs of damage, especially memory loss from the concussion. He was a little worried about what had happened to the girl that he had come to like and remembered that she had slammed her head against the concrete when he sent that strong disarming spell at her and Professor Lupin. This was making him feel guilty about it and wished that he had done something different. He was just about to voice his feelings when something completely unexpected happened.

"Ah my Lord it's a great pleasure to see you," a woman said as she floated up and out of the floor.

Her appearance made Remus and Harry both scream and draw there wands.

"I will not harm either of you. That I can assure you of," the woman spoke, amusement in her voice.

"Who are you," Harry demanded still not taking his wand off of her. It was then he noticed that she was transparent.

"My Lord I am the spirit of the house. As I said previously my names is Elise and have come to speak with you."

"But, but how can this be," Harry stammered. "I mean you're a house how not a ghost. So how can you take a form and talk to me?"

"The first Lord Black was a very paranoid man. He was afraid that everyone was out to harm him. You see he was not an evil man but then again he wasn't a very good one either. Somehow he came across a book that I believe was written by the founders. This book contained various spells, rituals, and such that were used by them when they built their school of theirs. One of the rituals was to make an inanimate object, more specifically a building to become sentient."

"Hogwarts is a sentient being," Remus asked sounding shocked as he flopped back down on the dark green couch next to Tonks.

"Yes it is, just as I am. However, she doesn't make her appearance known to anyone unless she deems it necessary. Lord Black once having found this decided that this would be the best way to protect his home. I hold many secrets within that can be of great use to many and that is also a part of why he did this."

"What are these secrets," Harry asked now sounding thoroughly intrigued and forgetting that he was talking to a manifestation of house.

"Ah, that my Lord I cannot say. Most of these secrets must be found by you or the current Lord Black. That was also something that my Lord decided on. He again being as paranoid as he was he felt that if I was to know everything then I could become a threat all on my own. He thought that I could eventually turn on him or someone in the family. However, that is a complete fallacy as he forgot to instill a complete individual mind to me. I have to admit that he was probably right in that as a sentient being could eventually become an individual and choose to do whatever it so wished to do."

"So what did he do with these secrets," Remus asked now as intrigued as Harry was.

"Most of these secrets are within hidden rooms and also in the library. There are others that are outside on the grounds that he believed would be safer out there and must be found," Elise replied.

"How can the inside of the house be so much bigger then the inside," Harry asked.

though he was seething inside. He didn't like not getting what he wanted. And to make matters worse it had been a member of the Order who had refused him.

"I cannot believe that woman. Who does she think she is, refusing to give us the information that we wanted all because she hadn't got a letter from the Minister about releasing it to us and she wasn't about to lose her job over it. What would that Pompous fool have to do with this anyway? It's not like he would help us out anyway," James fumed.

"I believe you will find James that Cornelius is more than willing to work with us now that he has been forced to admit that Voldemort is back. His popularity has decreased dramatically and he would do anything to regain some of the trust from the people," Dumbledore replied.

"Dear please just calm down and look on the bright side," Lilly said trying to calm her husband down.

"And what bright side is that," James asked sarcastically.

"At least they accepted our explanation about how we are alive. Now we can do what we have been planning on," Lilly said.

"That may be true Lily but it still doesn't help us in getting that brat back," James said through gritted teeth.

"James you must calm down or you will blow everything that we have strived for," Dumbledore replied. "Tomorrow we will go and speak with Cornelius once again and have him give you custody. After all, he is the only one that can do that. Then by this time tomorrow you will have Harry back."

What none of them had been aware of was that someone had also had been at the Ministry when they were there. The man had been there on a mission hoping to secure information regarding where Harry was. He knew that he couldn't fail or get caught and could only hope that he would succeed. Luckily for him a member of the Order had been working the front desk in the Department of Children's Welfare and it had been one who liked him and even would flirt from

time to time. He had used the cover story that they all worked out and was able to succeed in getting the desired information. Now all he had to do was get back to his family with it, so that they could come up with a plan of action.

He was just walking out when he saw the three come walking in. Thinking quickly he had ducked behind a small wall where he could listen in on their conversation and not be seen by them. Now this man was usually a very mild man even when his children did something wrong but as he listened on to what they were wanting he was becoming angry and very angry at that. His daughter had been correct in her assumption and he knew that they were going to be racing against time to do what they planned.

After they had gone he waited a few minutes before he came out of his hiding place and hurriedly dashed down the hallway towards the lifts back to the atrium and out. His mind

Filled with anger and worry, anger towards the three that had just left and worry that Harry was about to be in grave danger.

[illegible]

Little did any of them know who were there, there was a rat scurrying around the place sent on mission for his Lord. He had been sent to gather information on the Ministry that would insure the downfall of it. He had been told to watch when people came and gone; to see who was left after the building closed even how many were still there. His Lord had told him that he was the only one who could do the job effectively even though there were many supporters within the Ministry. At first he had been scared just as he always was but with his Lord saying that he was the only one qualified it gave him new courage and now here he was.

He had been in the atrium observing those who were coming in going. It had been his guess that his Master would want to know when people came and went, especially those who were opposed to his rule. It had been then he shocked or at least as shocked as a rat could be. He saw James and Lily Potter coming in with Dumbledore.

They were supposed to be dead he thought. There was no way they could come back and that he was sure of. Now he was scared more scared then he had ever been and knew that his Lord would be very unhappy with this information.

He wasn't sure what to do at first but then decided to follow them and gain more information. He hoped that whatever he could get would appease his Lord's wrath and that he wouldn't suffer too much.

At first they went to the Minister's office where he watched to see that the Minister had accepted their return wholeheartedly. He hadn't really gathered much information here because they had just told him that they were unsure of how they came back. That they had found themselves waking up in their exploded house a few weeks ago and had been slightly confused about the whole event. Once they had shook off their confusion they made their way to Hogwarts, the only place they could think of to find Albus and find out what had happened. The Minister like the fool he was accepted at face value.

He knew it was rather useful information but not much and so he chose to follow them again to see what else they were up to. It was this last visit he was able to get the most information. It was then he found out that the Boy-Who-Lived had gone missing and was even emancipated. He watched and listened to them trying to get the whereabouts of the boy only to leave empty handed.

It was then he decided to head back to his Master's and give him the news. Wormtail made his way out of the Ministry through a small hole in the side of the building and started down towards the opposite side of the Ministry away from Diagon Alley as he didn't want to bring any attention to himself. He reached the corner of the building and was about to turn down when he let out a loud squeak and began to struggle. Something had got a hold of him and wasn't about to let go. His beady eyes bulged as the rat began to panic, afraid that an Auror had got him. Squealing and squeaking he tried to fight this strange assailant but it was to no avail as he watched himself being carried back to the Ministry.

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter. I found this one to be rather interesting to write. As for the next chapter all I can say is that there

will be another surprise and another explosive encounter. Stay tuned and don't forget to review.

The following morning the Wizarding world was abuzz with the news about the return of the Potters. Everyone was grabbing up the copies of the Daily Prophet as fast they could, all wanting to get as much information as possible. It seemed as if people were acting like the Dark Lord had been once again perished with they were acting.

The Daily Prophet

The Mysterious and Miraculous Return of James and Lilly Potter

By: Horace Heffernan

It was revealed last night By the Minister of Magic himself, Cornelius Fudge that in a miraculous turn of events that James and Lily Potter who we all thought had died on that fateful day in 1981 when the Dark Lord attacked their home, killing them and trying to kilt their son, The Boy-Who-Lived have somehow returned from the great beyond. No one is sure how or why they have returned but we are assured that they are indeed who they say they are.

The Minister explained that two acquiesced to using Vertiaserum in order to validate their claim. It was through this that the Minister was able to confirm their identities.

“This is a great day indeed, two of our strongest supporter against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named has returned to once again help us in this struggle.” The Minister said and this is a direct quote from our esteemed Minister.

I don't know about the rest of you but I can say that I am quite pleased with this turn of events and am hopeful that with them back we will have more strength once again to fight the evil that is plaguing our world. I would like to extend not only my best wished for the Potters but also to their son Harry James Potter. This must be a wonderful day for him indeed as he lost so much at a young age.

We at the Daily Prophet wish the Potter family our best wishes for a long-lasting and fulfilling life.

Hermione, who was sitting in the kitchen at the Burrow eating the wonderful breakfast that Mrs. Weasley had prepared, threw the paper down in disgust. The entire article is making out like the Potters were saints and that they hadn't done anything wrong. She gave a snort of derision at that as she knew the truth or at least what they had been told by Dumbledore. Once again she thought that the paper was writing false truths and the people were gullible to fall for it. Oh how she wished she could just scream at them and make them see the truth.

"What's wrong dear," Molly asked as she set another plate of pancakes on the table and seeing the disgusted look on the brown haired girls face.

"It's the Daily Prophet again. The front page has an article about Harry's parents supposedly retuning from the grave. It's ridiculous how they believe that they came back from the dead. I mean there is just no way it's possible to return from the dead. Why can't people see what's right in front of them," she vented.

"I fully understand how you feel my dear. People just want to believe the impossible and it's shameful. And as for us accepting their return it's hard, especially since we know the truth and they believe lies once again that have been fed to them. You know what it was like last year with what they were saying about Harry,' Molly said as she sat down.

"I wish there was something we could Mrs. Weasley,' Hermione whined. "This must be killing Harry with Sirius having died last month and now his parents returning only to have never died and only been in hiding. It's just so horrible and he's such a nice boy and always sticks up for his friends.

"Hermione calm down you know we are going to see Harry today," Ron said nonchalantly as he stumbled into the kitchen and sat down at the table.

"Yes I know we are Ron but I'm just worried. What if he doesn't want to see us? What if thinks we had anything to do with this," she said her voice filled with sadness. "I don't think I could take that."

"You worry too much 'Mione. Besides it sounds like you like him," Ron replied nonchalantly as he shoved a whole pancake into his mouth.

"Oh Ron that's not true,' she said even though a slight blush was creeping up on her. "It's just I don't want to lose him as a friend. We've been through so much," she said still trying to keep from looking at him as he ate.

"Well it still sounds like you like you like him,' Ron said through a mouthful of food.

This time Hermione didn't even try to dissuade him as she knew it was a lost cause. Ron was way too thick headed to listen to her.

What Hermione had failed to notice was that Ginny had stepped into the room and stopped when she saw the blush come over her friend. She felt something inside of her click and she wanted to just walk over and slap the girl for even remotely thinking about Harry like that. Instead of doing that she got herself under control and silently walked to the table and sit down without even acknowledging the others in the room.

As she filled her plate Ginny thought over what had overcome and the reason why. She thought that she had gotten over her school girl crush a couple of years ago. She had started to see Harry as another brother one who didn't see her as a helpless little girl. But now she was confused as to this feeling.

"Dad when do we leave,' Ginny asked as her father when she saw him come and sit down at the table.

"We will leave when your brothers get here and everyone has eaten,' he told his daughter as he took a sip of his morning tea.

"Are you sure you know where he is. I mean the address that you got are you sure that it's the current one," Hermione asked.

“Yes I do Hermione. Thanks to Esmeralda I was able to get his new address.”

"But how did you get it. If he is an adult now wouldn't it be hard to get," the inquisitive girl asked.

“Under normal conditions you are correct no one would be able to get it as he is considered an adult. However because he is still in school the Goblins are required by the Ministry to send them the current address of every child weather they are an adult or child that is still currently enrolled in school. This law allows the Ministry to be able to get you O.W.L. and N.E.W.T. letters to you as well as any other pertinent information that the Ministry deems necessary for you to have.”

“But isn’t that just wrong, I mean if someone is considered an adult and is still in school can’t they just send the results to Hogwarts. I just don’t see how that is fair,” she replied.

Mr. Weasley didn't have a chance to answer as the rest of his sons came stumbling down the stairs mumbling good mornings and sitting down to eat.

HP
HPHPHPHP

James, Lily, and Dumbledore once again were back at the Ministry this morning intent on getting Harry back under their control. Dumbledore had told them that they would do the correct way of they didn't want to bring any attention to the fact that Harry was missing. So with that having been decided they strolled through the atrium and to one of the lifts that would take them down to the Minister's office. Once that was done then they would go back to the Department of Children's Welfare and retrieve the needed information.

A few minutes later they were stepping out of the lift and strolling down the hallway when the outer door swung open and a tall, broad shouldered, black haired man came out. He had a wide smile plastered on his face and his dark eyes flashing with merriment.

Looking up he saw the three coming causing him stop dead in his tracks and his jaw to fall open.

"Padfoot is that really you," James asked sounding both confused and wary. After all Albus had told him the other day that his friend had been killed recently.

"Prongs, Oh my God it is you. But how, when, I thought you were dead," Sirius asked just as confused as James was. And then suddenly he launched himself forward and grabbing his friend in a bone crushing hug.

"Yes Padfoot it really is me and Lily too." He tried to say in the hug.

Sirius released his friend and just smiled at him. He was about to ask when he was cut off.

"Mr. Black may I ask how you are alive and what you are doing here, especially coming from the Minister's office? I would like to remind you that you are still a fugitive and you should not be here as you know there is a standing order for the kiss if you are ever caught," Dumbledore spoke up and said trying to sound stern but his curiosity was evident in his tone.

"You don't have to worry about that Albus, the reason that I am here is because I am now free as of this morning. Also, if you must ask I did not die, but that is a story for later as I need to see Harry and let him know that I am okay. He is probably upset and feeling guilty for my supposed death. So I explain how this came about when everyone is together at the same time," Sirius said. It was then it hit him that James and Lily was there but Harry wasn't there. He also noticed a dark cloud fall over his best friends' face. "James where is Harry and how are you here," Sirius asked realizing that he had forgotten to ask that question earlier.

"We didn't exactly die Padfoot," James said and looking down at the ground and his shoes. He knew his friend wasn't going to take this easy and he didn't really know how to tell him it.

“What does that mean James and where is Harry. Why isn’t he here with you,” Sirius said, his eyes narrowing and confusion showing on his face,

“It is quite simple Sirius; you see James and Lily did not die that night at Godric’s Hollow. In fact they hadn’t even been there. They have been in hiding ever since until the time came that they needed to return to help with the war,’ Dumbledore calmly replied as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

Sirius took in what Dumbledore said and came to the conclusion that his best friend had betrayed him just like Peter had done to them all. His face began to contort into anger and his eyes took on a furious look to them. “You son of a bitch,” he screamed and this time he launched himself forward not in joy of having his friend back but in pure anger. He slammed his fist into James’ face and knocked him staggering back from the severity of the blow. Sirius now was seeing red and he was out for blood as he stalked towards James.

“Sirius, stop that,” Lily shouted. “He didn’t do anything wrong.”

Sirius didn’t hear her or chose to ignore her as he began to yell at them. “The two of you have been in hiding all these years leaving me to rot in Azkaban because everyone thought I had betrayed you to the Dark Lord not to mention killing Peter and twelve Muggles. I went there without a trial and I was treated like shit and for what. And your son, you sent him to a hell hole with that sister of yours Lily. Do you know what his life has been like without you, how much he needed you? And you stand there and tell me to stop, that you didn’t do anything wrong,” He shouted now glaring at Lily, who was standing there trembling.

“Padfoot, we did have any choice, we had to do what we had to. Like I said there was no other way. We couldn’t let the dark Lord win and we knew that if we went into hiding he would become complacent and leave us alone. It was the only way we could see that we would be of use when he returned,” James said, still holding his jaw where Sirius had hit him.

“What about your son, you left him there to be murdered. Oh yea it was for the good as you say. It was only good for you and you didn’t give a damn about anyone else. For once in your life take some responsibility for your actions. It wasn’t about anyone but you. I cannot see how this is all for the good not after leaving me in Azkaban and Harry to rot in a personal hell.”

“Sirius, you have to understand what was at stake. There was no other way. If there had been we would have taken it,’ James said in an almost pleading tone.

“I would have died like you were supposed to. I would have protected my family and that includes my son, a son that you had professed to love and want to do so much with when he grew up. I don’t have to understand that at all but what I do understand is that I no longer want anything to do with you whatsoever. As of this minute I no longer consider you my brother or anything else and I don’t ever want to see you again. You make me sick and are no better then Voldemort is,” Sirius said and stalked past the three people who were now standing there looking at him with shocked eyes.

“Sirius Black, you will stop this now. I have put up with your immaturity for far too long. It’s time for you to grow up and see the big picture,” Dumbledore said, his voice stern with a hint of anger.

Sirius did stop his ranting and turned to face his former Mentor but wisely chose not to speak as he was too furious to at the moment, especially for what the man had just said.

“Good now we are all in this fight against Voldemort. None of us want to see him win and rule the way he wants. Therefore we need to put aside our differences and anger that we have towards one another and work together if we are to win. After all, you are in the Order as we all are,” Albus spoke, his voice still stern.

“I no longer work for the Order and never will again. I do not work with backstabbing, lying, people. I had enough of that when I was a kid with my family. Oh and as for the Order using my home, well you can just forget it. I am ordering you all out of my home immediately.”

The other three just looked at him with a shocked expression on their face. They had not expected Sirius to act or say what he had just said. But Albus quickly recovered his composure.

"That is where you are sadly mistaken Mr. Black. When you were pronounced dead and your will read, you turned the house over to the Order," Dumbledore said in his usual calm voice.

Sirius raised a brow at this before he gave a bark like laugh. "I gave you the house. I don't think so Dumbledore. In fact if I remember correctly all of the homes and the Black estate went to Harry. Oh and he is also now the new head of the family if you didn't all ready know. Therefore I being here in his absence am able to make this decision and order you out. Now I must leave before I actually do end up in Azkaban for doing something that I shouldn't," Sirius said and turned back around to leave.

Sirius had just gotten around the corner and was about to continue towards the entrance when he heard something that not only made him stop but his blood to boil.

"I should have known never to be friends with a Black. They could never be trusted and will always be Dark," James shouted.

Before anyone could do or say anything Sirius was back and threw James into a wall. He picked him by the throat, literally lifting him off the ground. "Don't you ever say a word about me being Dark? You know fully well that I am as far as anyone can be from the Dark. And if you have forgotten I was kicked out of the family for being a Gryffindor and light," Sirius snarled.

"Sirius let him down," Lily pleaded.

Sirius glared over to his shoulder at her and thought for a moment. He then turned back to his former friend with a nasty glint in his eyes. "I don't know the reason why you did what you did but I now know what old Snivillus has been saying all this time, you are truly arrogant and self centered. All I can say is that I hope you learn to live with the truth one of these days as you have now lost everything." And with

that he dropped James unceremoniously before turning and leaving the room.

Lily ran over to her husband and kneeled down to check on him. "Oh James are you okay. I am so sorry for that. I thought Sirius would understand," she said tears starting to fall from her eyes.

"Lily, I do believe we should let Mr. Black go. I like your husband should have known not to trust a Black. Right now I believe we should leave this for another day and take James back to Hogwarts."

Lily could only nod as she assisted her husband to his feet. Everything was turning out horrible for her. She had been afraid that her Son would not understand what they had done and be angry with them. But she had held out hope that once he knew everything he would understand and be happy. Now however after this event she was beginning to have doubts. And these doubts had started last night after what she had heard from her son.

The Weasley's and Hermione were now ready to get on with their trip to go and see Harry. Not one of them sure of how the meeting would play out but all secretly hoped that they could convince him that they had nothing to do with all of the manipulations that Dumbledore had been doing.

They had been just as disgusted as he was when it had been revealed that his parents had been alive all this time. The one that it had taken its toll on was Molly; she had yet to look her usual cheery self and had even neglected to yell at the twins for playing a prank on Ron earlier. It was definitely obvious to anyone who knew her that she wasn't taking this well.

Suddenly, a small brown owl came swooping in through the door and headed directly for Hermione. The girl just looked at the strange owl with a perplexed expression. As the owl landed on her shoulder she noticed that it was carrying another Daily Prophet. This was strange she thought she had all ready received her copy earlier. She noticed that the owl was looking at her expectantly as it stretched its leg out to her. She untied the paper before rummaging around in her pocket for another galleon.

Once the owl had taken off she opened the paper and gasped at the front page. This was just too much she thought as she read the article, her eyes widening in shock and disbelief.

Sirius Black Innocent Of Murders

Real Culprit Peter Pettigrew Captured

In another startling event that we have just learned about the once feared Sirius Black who had been suspected of betraying the Potters to You-Know-Who and then having killed Peter Pettigrew and twelve innocent Muggles has been found innocent of all charges.

The actual betrayer of the Potters as well as the murderer of the Muggles was none other than Peter Pettigrew. Peter Pettigrew also known as Wormtail who coincidentally is an illegal animagus was captured last night by none other than Sirius Black who had been searching for the traitor. Mr. Black took Pettigrew to the Magical Law Enforcement where under Veritaserum he confessed to all of his deeds as well as loyal supporter of the Dark Lord.

He is currently being held in a Ministry cell awaiting his trial. It is expected that he will be given a life sentence in Azkaban and stripped of all his magic. As we are all aware the Ministry has chosen to do since the Dementors left and joined once again with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

We here at the Prophet had been told that Sirius Black had been killed during the Ministry battle last month. However, it is now obvious our information was incorrect. That has to bring up questions about how Minister if an innocent man had been sent to Azkaban and we were given false information about his death. All we can say and ask is that our Minister begins to tell us the truth and do something about the return of You-Know-Who before it is too late.

We here at the Prophet would like to extend our apologies for having ever doubted Mr. Black's loyalty to the light. And we would like to extend our wishes for a long lasting life now that he is free.

During all of the unfolding events back in the Wizarding world Harry and Remus had woken up and checked on Tonks who they had left to sleep on the couch. Neither one had wanted to move her to one of the rooms the night before, afraid that they might injure her further even though the Healer had told them she would be all right to do so. Once they had done this they headed off to the kitchen for something to eat. Only when they got there and looked in the cupboards, they realized that they had no food and no tea either.

It was lucky that Harry remembered Dobby had been the night before and could get back. So he called the hyper elf and asked him to bring some food and tea for the three of them. Dobby tried to tell him he could bring a lot, but Harry refused that by telling him he would go shopping later and didn't want his friend getting into trouble at Hogwarts. Dobby was so pleased that Harry would think of him as a friend he broke down crying and hugging Harry's legs tightly.

Ten minutes later they were sitting at the small table that they had found in what looked like a sun room off the kitchen enjoying their food. Harry wasn't saying much and even ate less. Remus could see and of course sense through the wolf that his cub was still hurting. He felt so bad for him with everything that had taken place this past summer. The wolf in him growled slightly as it began to fight to get to the surface. This caused the man to close his eyes and concentrate on his inner struggle with the wolf. It would not be a good thing for the wolf to come out, especially being the day before the full moon.

Harry was lost in thought but it was rather more of a tumultuous than just casually thinking. He had been feeling so guilty of the death of his Godfather, the only person who actually wanted him around. He knew for a fact that it really wasn't his fault but he just couldn't help thinking the opposite. He had of course over the past several weeks been thinking about everything he'd gone through since entering the Wizarding world and would always come to the conclusion that Dumbledore was somehow involved. This worse thing was that his suspicions had been confirmed yesterday when he had gone to the will reading, which in itself was a horrible thing to do but also to find out that his parents were alive. Not only were they alive but they had been this entire time. Of course he had to find this out through Neville,

not his friends, not Dumbledore. This is what had infuriated him enough to go barreling into his new home and confront the ones who he knew now were the ones who had destroyed his life, effectively keeping him from being a kid and having the family he always wanted.

However now as he thought about what he had done he couldn't help but feel a little remorseful for the way he had acted. He indeed did act like a spoiled, selfish, rotten brat. But he soon pushed this out of his mind, telling himself that he had every right to do that. However, his mind once again changed back to thoughts of Sirius and his guilt over the man's death.

"Harry, are you are all right. I mean with everything that has happened,' Remus asked once he been able to contain the wolf once again.

"Yea I guess I am, Professor," Harry replied looking down at his plate.

"Harry, you no longer need to call me Professor. You have called me Moony and I quite like that so please do. You are after all my cub and I would do anything to help you," Remus said in his usual soothing voice.

"Thank you, Professor, I mean Moony. It's just that, I don't know," Harry said trying to figure out what to say.

"Would you like to talk about what has been happening? How you feel about all of this," Remus asked.

"I do but I don't. It's just it's to hard right now. Maybe one day I will,' Harry said, still having not looked up to look at the other man's face.

"I understand Harry. If you are ever ready and want to talk I am here for you."

"It's just that Moony. Are you really here for me? I mean you were a friend of my father's before you ever knew me. Wouldn't you rather be with him, then me," Harry asked now sounding thoroughly depressed.

A growl came out of Remus as he heard these words and the sadness that was in the young man's voice. "I may have been your father's friend before but that is no longer the truth. When I believed him and your Mother to be dead and Sirius having betrayed them I was devastated. Not just me but the wolf inside as well felt like this. However, that has changed very much in the past day. I have never nor will ever condone what they did to you. It was one of the lowest things a person could do, abandoning their child for their own safety. Besides I listened and watched James' attitude yesterday and he reminded me of the old arrogant arse that he was in school. Harry, I don't know what happened to them or why they did what they did but they are not the friends that I remember. As of right now you are my only concern and will be here for you," Remus replied trying to allay some of Harry's fears.

"Thanks Moony, I guess. It's just extremely hard to deal with. And Merlin I'm so ashamed of what I did yesterday. I cannot believe I blew up like that, it wasn't even that bad during school last year,' Harry said now looking up at the older man.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of. Anyone would feel the same way and probably acted just as you did if they were to find out that their life had been all lies. I am just proud of you that you didn't do something you would regret."

"It's just that I do regret it," Harry said emphatically.

"You shouldn't be and I don't want to hear you speak like that again. I would have been more surprised if you hadn't blown up. Harry, I know you and when you get angry about something it usually is for a reason."

Harry was about to say something when loud screams reverberated through the house. It was a scream that sounded as if someone was in trouble. Without even a glance the two abruptly stood up and ran out of the room towards where Tonks was. They knew it was her who screamed and they needed to get to her right away.

Remus slid into the room with Harry right behind him. Only Harry hadn't seen Remus stop and he slammed into the back of the man.

The force of his stop caused him to fall back and land painfully on his rump. Remus having felt the bump looked back and down where he saw Harry picking himself up and carefully rubbing his butt. He wanted to laugh at this but chose not to; instead he turned back to Tonks and burst out laughing.

Harry carefully picked himself up and rubbed his but to soothe some of the pain away when he heard Remus' laughter. Looking around the man he too burst out laughing. Only his laughter was harder and once again caused him to fall backwards onto the floor.

[illegible]

Tonks slowly woke up to find a blanket covering her and her sleeping on a couch. She tried to sit up only to fall back as a wave of dizziness swept over her. Laying back down she placed a hand over her face and tried to remember what had happened to her. She gave a slight moan as she also felt a small wave of pain in her leg. It was then that she remembered the events of the day before. 'Bloody hell, I can't believe that happened,' she thought to herself.

Once she felt the pain stop and her dizziness disappear she sat back up a little slower this time, hoping that she would have a repeat of what happened a few minutes ago. Grateful that she was now able to sit up with any problems she looked around the room. She noticed that there were two green chairs sitting across from her with a large sculptured wood table in the design of a serpent 'Of course what else would it be in the shape of,' she mused. After all she remembered she was in one of the Black homes.

Looking further she saw a nice fireplace that was currently off and a mantle that had several pieces of gold sculptures on it. There was even a small dark wood cabinet sitting off to the side that caught her attention. She also noticed a painting above the fireplace that was a beautiful picture of a field with unicorns running around. This was now thoroughly confusing her as she couldn't understand why someone in her family would ever have a picture of unicorns.

She was about to get up and go look of Harry and Remus who she guessed would be some where inside. She also was curious to see more of this strange house that supposedly belonged in her family. However, that changed just as she went to throw the blanket off.

Directly in front of her she watched a woman float out of the floor. Her eyes widened in shock and disbelief at the sudden appearance of a strange woman. Her throat felt dry and she could tell that a lump had formed in the back of her throat. She began to feel scared, very scared as this woman finished coming up and started to come closer to her. The only thing racing through mind was that she had to get help. And with that said she began screaming at the top of her lungs.

The whole time she was watching the woman and panicking even further. Not thinking clearly she tried to stand up and run only to forget that she still had the blanket around her. This forgot caused her go falling face forward onto the floor, hitting her shoulder against the table. Wincing in pain she kept screaming and was now trying to back away towards the door, while screaming at the top of her lungs.

Without any warning she bumped into something directly behind her which caused to jump and scream once again. She tried to glance back but at the same time watch the woman in front of her. Taking a deep breath and stopping her screaming she looked behind further and saw Remus standing their laughing his head off and Harry on the floor laughing as well.

"Well thank you very much,' Tonks snapped. "W-w-who is that woman and would one of you help me," she snapped but this time looking back at the woman who was just standing there with an amused smile on her face.

Remus sobered up enough to help Tonks out of the blanket and to her feet. The young Metamorph was shaking in his arms as he steered her back to the couch. He felt her tighten her grip on his arm as they got closer to the woman.

"Tonks, you don't need to worry about Elsie. She won't harm you as she is the house,' Harry said through his laughter that now had died down to chuckles.

She looked at him with both eyebrows raised in confusion but didn't say anything. Remus could sense that she wasn't quite sure about that.

Before she could ask about her Elsie spoke up. "My Lord I apologize for startling your friend but I was in need of speaking with you. There were a few matters that I told you yesterday we would speak about later.

Harry nodded and slowly headed for the one plush chair.

"What is it you wish to discuss,' Harry asked.

At this point Tonks got her courage up and asked who or what Elsie was. Her answer was that hey would explain later. This answer only caused to get a huff and cross her arms in front of her chest.

"My Lord, I should have explained to you more about myself and what my master imbued me with last night. However as I had seen and sensed how tired you were and that your friend was in need of attention I chose to wait until to day. But I cannot put it off much longer as you are entitled and need to know about these things."

"Okay I understand you not telling me last night but what do I still need to know," Harry asked in confusion.

"My Lord, as you are aware I am a sentient being like Hogwarts. I like her am capable of having offensive and defensive wards put in place. I am fully capable of controlling these wards if the necessity were to ever arise. I am also capable of managing this house with some help of course from either house elves or servants. I can create as I said before new rooms, expand old ones. The entire time is doing these other things I am able to maintain the illusion that I am small and in no way as large as I actually am."

"How can that be, if I may ask," Remus interjected. He had never heard of such thing and he prided himself on his learning that he had done.

“The first Lord Black, who was quite the scholar if I may say, so had gathered many old and rare books. Within one of these books and I am unsure of whom wrote it, he came upon a ritual that would give me life or a life such as I have now. I believe that the ritual was the one that created Hogwarts as well, but that I am unsure of. In this book he also found many spells and other rituals that would imbue wards with the ability to cast offensive and defensive spells, hexes, and curses. At the time with the way things were, he decided that it would be a good idea if he did this. He was afraid that he might be attacked here, along with his family and felt this was the only way he could safely protect them all.”

“Wow that sounds great but I don’t quite understand how it all works. Also, if you have these capabilities then wouldn’t Hogwarts.”

“I believe you are correct in your assumption but I not privy to that information.”

“So basically what you are saying is that I am perfectly safe here from anyone trying to harm me,” Harry replied still trying to grasp this strange idea.

“Yes, that is correct My Lord. May I ask why you would feel the need to be safe or at least the safest I can make you?”

“Um, well, a lot of things have happened to me and I’m not always safe wherever I am,” Harry replied now looking down at the floor

“I can sense turmoil in you and a great sadness,’ Elsie replied as if she were in some sort of a trance. “I can assure you that you are safe here as long as I am under your control,” she said.

“Thank you,” Harry replied still not looking up. Then as if her words of knowing finally sunk in his head shot up and he looked directly at her “But how can you sense these things in me.”

“The one thing that I like Hogwarts can do is sense emotions. I am capable of knowing exactly where you are within the walls and if you are safe. I can do anything that you wish even without you voicing them. It is just one of the effects of me being a sentient being in a

house. Now if I may suggest something to you, I do believe you are in need of training. Therefore you should take every advantage of using the dueling room that is within."

"Training, but how did you know," Harry asked.

"As I said I am capable of sensing and understanding how a person feels and their wishes. I can suggest many things to you and can help you in other ways. However I cannot help you in your training as I am not a living person such as your self."

Harry didn't know what to say so opted for a nod in understanding. He was really getting confused about this who thing. And if he were to admit it out loud he was also rather freaked out about it. A house that can talk to him and even make its presence known was just too strange for him even after everything he had seen and done.

"Also I do believe you need new clothes my Lord."

"What," he shouted as he jumped to his feet. "How do you know I need new clothes?"

"My Lord must we keep going on about this. I am a sentient being and am also able to take on the form of a spirit. Therefore I am able to see just what you are wearing and what you are doing,' she replied as if she was scolding a young child. "If you are to be the Lord of the Blacks then you must look it. I would also suggest you learn some of the protocols that are needed as well for your position," she added as an after thought

"I cannot believe this. I am being told I look bad by a house and I need to learn manners," Harry began muttering under his breath even though the others could still hear him and pacing the room.

"Harry I think she is right. I also believe we should go to Gringotts," Remus said through laughter. It was just too funny to see a house scolding Harry and him possibly listening.

This caused Harry to stop in mid turn and whirl around and give Remus a glare. "What do you mean she's right and we should go to Gringott's?"

Elsie cut Remus off from his explanation for a minute as she wanted to say more things before she went back to her normal form." My Lord I do believe I should explain many other things about my maker as I know you will have further questions for me later on. But I fear that will have to wait until another time as I cannot stay in this form for too long. Now I must bid you farewell for now." With that said, she floated back down through the floor.

'This is just too strange I cannot believe it. I am living in a house that was owned by the Blacks who were evil but the house doesn't seem to be. Then the house thinks I am in need of mothering. I think I have finally cracked. What's next Voldemort comes and tells me that I'm his long lost son and that he's sorry for trying to kill," Harry began muttering incoherently at least to everyone but himself and once again to pacing.

"Harry we need to talk for a minute," Remus said trying to get the boy's attention and keep from laughing at his antics, which if Remus was to admit was quite difficult as he had never seen Harry like this.

"Oh yea we do," Harry suddenly remembered and turned back to look at Remus. "I would like to ask you why you agreed with the house. I thought you were on my side," Harry said his thoughts going back immediately to what Elsie said as well as Remus.

Tonks was just sitting throughout all of this trying to comprehend how she ended up in a nuthouse. She wanted to run and scream that she needed help but the problem was at the same time she was rather curious especially to where they were at and how this house was in her family. She was about to ask a question when Remus began to speak.

"First off you have needed new clothes since I met the first time when I was teaching you. Those clothes that you wear are way too big and they practically rags. You really do need new clothes, especially if you are to be the head of the Black Family. After all, you have to look

the part. As to why we need to go to Gringotts, it is quite simple. We need to find out about the Potter fortune. Now that your parents are back we need to know what will happen with that, especially your trust fund. I am afraid your parents may try to use it to lure you back, especially if they decide not to pay for your schooling.”

Harry thought about this for a minute before answering. “I guess you are right I should go and find out about that, but I really don’t need their money not after what they have done to me,” Harry answered his voice dripping with venom. And you are right just as Elsie is that I do need new clothes and some other things.”

“Harry it does matter when it comes to your money. That money is rightfully yours. It was given to you, especially your trust vault and you should always have access to that. They have no right to take it away from you,” Remus said sternly.

“You mean I can take you shopping Harry,” Tonks spoke up now having gotten over her surprise and confusion to sound excited about the prospect of going shopping.

“Oh no Tonks, There is no way I am letting you take me shopping. I can go alone or at least with Moony here. Besides don’t you need to get back to work,” Harry asked trying to change the subject. There was a look of horror on his face as he watched the normally sedate Tonks give him a look of glee.

“Silly I don’t have to be back until tomorrow this is my day off. And yes I do need to go with you. Boys are horrible at picking out the right clothes. They just can’t get coordinated and are fashion disasters,” Tonks said as she sprung up and grabbed a hold of Harry by the arm.

She began dragging him towards the door and outside so they could head off to Diagon Alley. She shouted for Remus to hurry up and follow. Harry was just staring over his shoulder at Remus with a look that clearly said help me and that you are in trouble. Remus gave a small laugh and followed them outside.

Well I hope you liked this chapter. I didn’t get to everything I wanted to in this one. So I will put it in the next one. I know I am leaving many

questions unanswered but they will all be explained in later chapters. Most of the questions that you may have all deal with the ploy and if I were to answer them too quickly then the story would be dead in the water.

The next chapter will be up on Friday morning. So please review and let me know what you think of so far, especially with this chapter and the encounter that Sirius had with the Potters.

Unknown to Harry, Remus and Tonks as they stepped outside and apparated to Diagon Alley the Knight Bus had stopped just where it had the day before. The Weasley's and Hermione stepped off and with a loud bang the purple bus was gone. Hermione shuttered slightly and clutched her stomach as she felt like she was about to be sick. It had been her first trip on the bus and was in no way ever going again. That bus was just too dangerous, careening around corners, nearly hitting other vehicles, sudden stopping and starting. It was definitely not something she would do again and that was something she told herself as she relaxed a little.

They soon were all looking around trying to figure out where to go. Not one of them could see a house or even a hut in the distance. There were only the expansive forests on both sides and a road that led in both north and south directions. They didn't even see a town or a village anyway.

Ron along with Hermione and his mother were feeling anxious and worried at what they weren't seeing. It was as if they had entered a different dimension. They didn't see one animal or even the sounds of one. This was just too spooky for them.

"Are you sure this is where Harry is dad," Ron asked.

"Yes Ron, this is the address that I was given. It is strange as there is no sign of life anywhere," his dad replied.

"Maybe the bus stopped in the wrong place," Bill suggested.

"Yea we could always call it back and see if this truly is the right stop," Charlie suggested.

"If Ernie stopped here then it has to be the right stop. He's not known for leaving his passengers stranded," Arthur replied.

'Look we are not getting anywhere standing here and debating whether it's the right place or not. I am going over there in the forest and look around. The house is probably just set back a ways and cannot be seen from the road,' Molly said sternly. "Now the rest of

Remus stood back a little ways away a smirk on his face as he watched Harry getting new robes. He could see that Tonks was acting like a school girl with antics and saying yes or no to the various colors. It was funny indeed he thought and couldn't help but laugh slightly as Harry gave him a look that clearly said help.

He didn't know how long they had been in there before they finally left. He was now carrying in his pockets at least five bags of robes and other Wizarding clothes. There were colors from alternating colors of blue to a few deep forest greens. He even had new school robes, which if he admitted was the first time since his third year that he had gotten. The last couple of years he didn't get any since he reasoned that he wasn't growing much and therefore didn't need to spend the money and of course there was the fact that he didn't want to take them home and have the Dursleys see them. The one thing that had caused him quite a bit of embarrassment was how Tonks insisted that he get at least six different formal robes for various social appearances and dances. He had tried to argue this with her but in the end gave up when Remus sided with her and telling him that it was a good idea.

Now as they walked down the alley talking and just relaxing out for once without the threat of being attacked by Death Eaters or any other unsavory characters Harry got an idea. Harry decided he needed to go and get a new pet. He loved Hedwig a lot and considered her his first true friend but he always wanted more animals. However he never acted on this because it was all ready bad having Hedwig at where he used to live. And he didn't wish to subject another innocent animal to the attitude of the Dursleys

Without giving the others any warning he took off running down the street towards Magical Menagerie.

Stepping inside the store he saw many varying animals in cages or sitting on perches. He glanced around the store trying to see if anything caught his eye. At first he didn't see anything interesting and so headed towards the back of the store. He guessed that there might be other interesting animals back there or at least he hoped.

Once he reached the back of the store and was now faced to face with wall to wall cages that stretched from the wall to his left all the way down to a door in the back of the shop. He began looking around and saw several cats of different species that he knew or at least guessed were not normal cats. These however none of them caught his eye and so let his eyes wander down towards the cages near the door. It was then that an animal caught his attention. He went towards one cage in particular as if he was mesmerized by the sheer beauty of the animal that was currently sleeping.

He noticed a sign that was posted on the side of the cage and began to read what it said.

This dog is not a dog at all; it is a wolf cub and a special one at that. This animal is known as an Ice Wolf. You can see this by the pure white coat and its light blue eyes.

Ice Wolves are a rare species of the wolf and it is uncertain how many are in existence. Very few have ever been successfully bonded to wizard or witch as they are quite temperamental. However if a bond is successful these animals become a fierce protector of their bonded. They are able to grow twice the size they normally are if the need arises. They are also capable of controlling the element ice, but not strongly as they are an animal and can only do minor things with the element.

This is the most known about them currently. They may have other abilities but no one has found them.

Harry was surprised at what he read and a little awed by the wolf's abilities. He was now curious about what it could do and wondered if it might not be the perfect pet. He reasoned that if he bonded then he would have yet another protector. And it would be one that would probably scare many people if that need was ever called on. It was just then that the wolf woke up and looked at him.

He saw the beauty of the wolf's blue eyes and felt like he was getting lost in them. The wolf was staring directly into his eyes as if it were somehow silently judging him. Soon it broke the stare and gave a small yip before sitting back on its haunches. Harry shook his head

slightly as if he was coming out of a daze. He couldn't but think that it was such a beautiful animal and thus made the decision right there and then that he was going to purchase it.

He turned and walked over to the counter where a bald head man was standing watching him. Harry gave him a sweet smile before he spoke. "I would like to know how much for the Ice Wolf you have back there."

"Ah you like the wolf. You are only one of a few who have taken any interest in him. I will warn you though that he may not bond with you and if he doesn't then I am unsure of what the consequences will be," the man explained.

"I understand the risks sir, but I have him to be beautiful and would like to have him as a friend," Harry said.

This reply kind of took the man by surprise as he had never heard someone actually call a familiar or an animal a friend before. "Very well, he's three thousand galleons."

"Three thousand," Harry repeated his brow rose in surprise.

"Yes, I am afraid that since there are very few of them and even less that are actually bonded is what makes him so high."

Harry was about to respond when he heard Remus call his name. He turned to see Remus stomping towards him with a look of dissatisfaction on his face. All Harry could think was oh shit, he's mad. "Moony there you are," Harry replied hoping to stem the man's anger a little.

"Harry you know better then to run off like that," Remus replied sternly.

"I thought you were right behind me. Oh by the way where's Tonks," he asked.

"She's still looking for you. You ran off so fast we couldn't catch up to you and didn't see you come in here. So Tonks headed towards the

Leaky Cauldron to see if you went there. She'll be here in a few minutes I reckon. So what are you doing in here," Remus asked.

“I’m getting a new friend,” Harry said before turning back to the shop keeper. “I will take him. I would also like any information on them, including what they eat and so forth.”

“Very well,” the shop keeper replied and headed towards the back a huge smile on his face. He was excited to be selling the wolf and at such a high price. He knew that they weren’t as expensive as he told the young man but he guessed that the man didn’t know and so he could get away with it.

“Harry what are you getting,” Remus asked.

"I'm getting an ice wolf Moony. He is so beautiful and I can't help wanting him," Harry replied with a wistful smile.

“Are you sure about this Harry? I mean they are quite temperamental and can even be dangerous if they do not like you,” Remus said sounding like a professor once again.

"I know that Moony but there is just something about him. I don't know what it is but I feel drawn to him. You should see his eyes; they are so blue like the ocean. Or at least I can guess the ocean would look like that since I have never been to see it," Harry answered Moony, trying to keep the sadness that had sprung up in his heart out of his voice.

“All right cub, if you are sure you want him then I will go along with it.”

Fifteen minutes later Remus and Harry along with the wolf who was now on a leash walked out of the shop. Tonks hadn't showed up yet and they thought it would be a good idea to head over the Leak Cauldron and see if she was still there. After they found her they would then go to Gringotts and get answers to some of their questions.

[illegible]

It hadn't been long before they ran into Tonks literally. They had reached the wall when it swung open and she ran out, slamming into Remus and falling back on her butt. This had caused the guys to break out laughing at her situation. She looked up at them and scowled before asking them to help her up.

Now the three were in Gringotts waiting for Ardek to come in and talk with them. They had been told by Griphook he was the best one to discuss the matters with as he was currently the one handling the two accounts.

They'd only been in the room a few minutes when the said Goblin walked in. His overly large broken and yellowing teeth exposed as he smiled at them before sitting behind his desk. They could see that he had a couple of folders in his as he placed them in front of him.

"Good afternoon Mr. Potter-Black how may I be of service to you," the Goblin said his teeth still showing.

"I was here yesterday before some unpleasant events happened. These events have caused me to come back here and ask them as Moony over here pointed out," Harry replied as he pointed out Remus who was sitting next to him.

"Yes I know of the events that you speak of. What would you like to know?"

"As you are probably aware I am not here with my parents," Harry said sounding angry about that. He saw the Goblin give him a nod. "I don't know if you are aware but my Godfather had me emancipated which I gleefully accepted and signed the papers. What I would like to know is now that my, 'oh so loving parents' are back what happens to the Potter estate. Specifically my vault that I understand is my personal one which was set up for school and any other things I wish to buy."

"Well, as for the main Potter vault, that has been returned to your parents this morning after we received a letter from the Ministry. This cannot be touched by you in anyway, not even when you turn

seventeen. And since you are legally an adult now and would have normally had access, you cannot without the express wishes of your parents. Now as for your personal vault, that I am unsure of at the present. In our eyes it is your money and therefore you have every right to access it. However, since the money technically was put in there by your parents I believe they would have control over it. I may be mistaken about that but you would have to check with the Ministry on that. They have many unlawful laws that as you say tie our hands."

Harry and Remus listened to this and neither one liking the answers. Harry was about to make a retort when he felt Remus' hand on his shoulder. He glanced over at him to see that he was shaking his lightly as if to say we'll deal with this later.

"Ardek, what does this mean for my inheritance from my Godfather? Can they block me from it,' Harry asked as he turned back to the Goblin.

"No they cannot block access to that Mister Potter-Black. That money was given to you as was the entire Black family inheritance. That is yours and yours to do with however you see fit."

"That is good to know. I don't want them having any control over me,' Harry replied emphatically. "What about the emancipation?"

"Again just as I said about your vault I do not know. You will need to talk with the Ministry on that issue as well. But may I ask you for my own information why you aren't glad that your parents have returned."

"They are not my parents," Harry said his temper beginning to rise.

"Harry please calm down. There is nothing you can do about that anyway," Remus said soothingly.

"Oh yes there is and I no how to do it," Harry suddenly blurted out causing the others in the room to give him a strange look.

“I think its time we go Harry. We still have some other things to do today,” Remus said quickly as he stood up. “Thank you for seeing us Ardek.”

The Goblin gave him another wide smile and told them that if they had any further questions they could come and talk to him. He then bade them a farewell before following the three wizards out. The entire time Ardek was going over what Harry had said about his parents and the way he said it. There was something going on and he could sense. This was definitely an interesting turn of events. And it was one that intrigued the Goblin.

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Meanwhile the Weasley's and Hermione had gone quite a distance into the forest and had yet to come across a house or even a sign that one was in the vicinity. They were becoming worried as to where Harry could be, but no one wanted to say that out loud as they stopped near a large tree to discuss their next move.

"He's just got to be around here somewhere," Molly replied fretfully.

“Molly I am sure he’s around here. We may have gone the wrong way and have gotten ourselves a little lost,” Arthur replied trying to soothe his wife’s nerves a little. But he too was worried about what was going on.

Bill suddenly spoke up. "There is something strange about this forest. I can sense magic in the air." Being a curse breaker he was able to sense magic even though he couldn't see it. It was one of the reasons why he was considered one of Gringotts top curse breakers.

“What do you mean by that Bill,” Hermione spoke up and asked. “I don’t feel anything.”

“One of the things that a curse breaker has to have for them to do their job effectively is the ability to sense magic, especially curses. Many curses are not visible and so the only way we can actually break them is to sense them,” he explained.

“That makes perfect sense. But how do you go about learning it,” she asked now thoroughly perking up at the thought of learning something new.

“You cannot just learn how to sense magic Hermione. A person actually has to be born with the ability. Then you have to train and sharpen the skill if you are to use the ability effectively.”

She thought about that for a minute before grudgingly nodding her head in understanding. It was something that she knew she wouldn't be able to learn and that kind of dampened her mood a little.

“As fascinating as this conversation is, it still doesn't tell us where Harry is,’ Ron said sarcastically. He really disliked it when Hermione went off into one of her moods about learning. He didn't see the reasoning behind so much studying or learning things if they weren't going to be useful.

“Yes Bill what do you mean by magic in the air. Is it dangerous and what is it,” his mother asked a little impatiently.

“What I mean Mum is there is some kind of strange magic that is imbued into this forest. I am not sure what it is or exactly what it does but I can tell you that it's there.”

It was just as he said this when a light came bursting out of thin air and hit him squarely on the back. The light sent him falling to the ground unconscious. The others all screamed and ran for cover from the unknown attacker. Molly had at first tried to get to her son but Arthur wouldn't let her as he dragged her behind the tree.

“Arthur I have to get to my son. He could be hurt or worse,” she shouted frantically.

“Molly you cannot go out there. And I do not think Bill is hurt. I believe he was hit by a stunner.”

“Then who is attacking us,” Molly said as she saw another red light come streaking towards them causing her to duck back down.

The others had all ran behind various trees and bushes before pulling their wands out. This whole situation had taken a turn for the worse and now they were being attacked. Ron being more of the strategist of the group tried to see where the others were as he peeked out from behind the tree he was hiding behind. All he was thinking about at the present moment was that he had to come up with some way of getting to his family and then figuring out where the invisible attacker was. The only problem he saw was that there was no way he could move without getting hit as more red beams streamed through the area.

Ron ducked behind the bush just as a beam came his way. He breathed a sigh of relief as it had barely missed his head. Glancing over to his right he saw Hermione huddled down with Fred behind the bush next by. He noticed her face was a mix of fear and worry. He knew she had every right to have these feelings at the moment, especially since he had them as well.

George who had dove behind a tree with his wand in his hand was also worrying about what was going on. The usually happy go lucky; prankster wasn't feeling that way at the moment. In fact he was down right scared about all of what was happening to them. Without thinking he decided to take his chance and step out from behind the tree to see where everyone was, especially his twin. Unfortunately for him he had his back turned to where the beams were coming from and he went crashing face forward, hitting his forehead on a root that was upturned.

Ginny saw her brother stand up from where she was hiding and tried to shout at him. However, it was too late and she saw him go down. Her hand had flown up to cover her mouth in shock. Just like Fred she didn't think and stood up when she was hit with the beam as well. Only this time instead of falling forward or crumpling in heap like Fred and Bill had, instead she ended up falling sideways right into the bush that she had been hiding behind.

The others all had seen her go down and Hermione along with Molly let out a scream of fright. Molly stood up to make her way over to her daughter but was stopped by Arthur holding tightly to arm. She didn't

even say anything but shook him off and gave him the dirtiest look she could before dodging past the light on her way to her daughter.

She was about half way to Ginny when another one of the beams slammed into her. Molly knew more at that moment as she fell forward in a heap.

At this point the ones who were still conscious began throwing curses as fast as they could in the general direction of their attacker. One of them was bound to get the person with one of their curses. They were straightening up and ducking back down or leaning out from behind their hiding spot as fast as they could. The whole time trying to keep from getting hit themselves from the strange beams.

A cry rang out as the ground in front of Hermione and George sent the ground flying in the air and the backwards from the impact of the blast. The two landed painfully on the dirt and leaf filled ground sending both to oblivion from the force of their impact onto the ground. Those who were still conscious, which as of now were only Arthur and Charlie realized that this battle had just been upped a bit and that they were indeed in a dangerous predicament.

Charlie had taken his eyes away from where the attacker was briefly and saw this happen. All the red headed dragon Nadler could think was 'For Merlin's name haven't we been through enough.' Before he could turn back and send off another curse he felt himself fall to the ground in a full body bind. He immediately tried to fight the bind but soon it was hopeless as he too fell unconscious like the others.

Now Arthur was the last one standing and the usually mild mannered man was now livid and scared all at the same time. A new resolve came over him as he was going to fight until he no longer could. It was after all the only thing he could do for his family. He stepped fully out from behind the tree and sent off spell after spell hoping beyond hope that one of them would hit the attacker. He sent a strong stupefy, a body bind, a bone braking hex, and even a redactor but he didn't hear a cry, a scream, or anything giving him an indication that he actually hit someone. The whole time he did this he was desperately trying to dodge the spells that were being sent his way.

Soon his brow was sweating profusely and he was trying to wipe the sweat and grime out of his eyes while still attacking or at least defending himself. However he was beginning to tire as he hadn't been in a duel like this in many years. The ministry battle didn't count in his eyes as there were many others there as well. Soon however his weariness caught up to him and like the others went down. It was after he had gone down that the spells and beams of light had stopped.

The entire forest was once again quiet and peaceful. Just as if nothing had ever occurred or there were any indications of a battle. The only indication was the bodies of the Weasley's and Hermione lying around. Who or whatever had done this had been quite successful if not fantastic in their battling. But whoever it was they never appeared and it was as if they never existed.

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Harry and the others after having finished their shopping in the alley which included going and getting a lot of books, especially on dueling, getting a new trunk that had three compartments, refilling his potion supplies in case he got into the class, and getting a new broom cleaning kit at Quality Quidditch they decided to head over to the Leaky Cauldron for a late lunch/early dinner. The wolf was walking quietly and was obviously content on being on a leash. Not once did he yip or bark at any stranger who passed them. Of course that didn't mean it wasn't watching the strangers closely.

The three had just stepped into the Cauldron when they collectively stopped and stared, their jaws falling open and nearly hitting the floor. There in front of them at a small table stood the one man that they all had been missing and grieving for the past month. He looked healthier than he had been before, his black hair was no longer a mess and was brushed neatly and pulled back into a pony tail. His dark eyes were sparkling with mirth as he saw them walk in.

“Moony, Harry, And Nymphie it’s good to see you. How are you all? Come on and sit down,” Sirius said in his usual baritone voice that always had a hint of mirth in it unless he was angry.

"Padfoot, is-is that really you," Remus asked his voice faltering and his eyes blinking rapidly.

Instead of saying anything in reply Sirius stood up and popped into Padfoot before popping back to his elf and sitting back down. "Proof enough for you old friend," he asked his face breaking out into a huge smile.

"It can't be. There's no way you're still alive," Harry stammered his entire face paling drastically and he looked as if he would faint at any minute.

"I can assure you pup it really is me. There is no way anyone can duplicate an animagus form," Sirius replied. That was just too much for Harry and he fainted dead a way, right there in the middle of the Leaky Cauldron.

Tonks who had just been standing there in shock ran over to her cousin and leaped into his arms, effectively knocking them and the chair on the floor. Which of course caused a chain reaction as Sirius had been holding his glass of Fire Whiskey which ended being sent flying through the air and hitting another wizard on the back of the head. This then caused that wizard to stand up in fury and storm over to the two who were now lying on the floor and begin to shout at them for their irresponsible and childish act. Sirius at this could only laugh his usual bark laugh and Tonks to apologize profusely to the wizard and blush brightly.

Remus at that point also broke out laughing effectively bringing him out of his stupor. It was then that he remembered Harry, who was still lying on the floor unconscious. "Sirius, I better warn you that Harry may be pissed with you for this," he said and took out his wand and cast the Ennervate spell to awaken Harry.

Harry immediately awoke and slowly sat up looking around in a daze. "Um Moony, what happened to me. The last thing I remember we walked into the Leaky Cauldron and Sirius was sitting there," Harry asked uncertainty in his voice.

Remus instead of answering him right away reached a hand out and helped him up off the floor. Once this was done he began to speak. "Harry, what you remember is true. Sirius is here and alive and yes we are in the Leaky Cauldron. Remus then closed his eyes and readied himself for the explosion that was sure to come from the young man.

"This can't be I mean three people who were all supposed to have died are back. No I cannot take this anymore. I am sick of it all, all of the lies and the secrets is just too much," Harry said his voice faltering as anger fought to rise to the surface.

"Pup, it's true I am here and no it's no lie or a secret," Sirius said now that he was sitting back down at the table.

"No, whoever you are you are not Sirius. I saw him die last month at the Ministry. I was the one who was so stupid that I got him killed," Harry shouted causing the occupants to all look at him in stunned belief.

"Harry, I did not die there. You did nothing wrong and I am sorry for this but it had to be done. Please just let me explain and I think you'll understand," Sirius asked, standing up and walking over to Harry.

That was last straw for Harry and he reached out and shoved the man hard causing him to fall back into the table. "Whoever the hell you are, you had better stay away from me. I don't care who sent you, my parents, Dumbledore or Voldemort but I will kill you without a moment's hesitation," he said his voice cold as ice. The wolf at his side now leaped forward and was standing in front of him. It had its teeth barred and it was growling at Sirius.

"Harry please let me just explain. No one sent me and it really is me," Sirius said in a pleading voice which was quite different then he would normally do.

"Harry it really is him. You saw Padfoot and no one could have done that. I believe we should hear him out," Remus said trying to calm the young man who was now beginning to look like a thundercloud. Also he didn't want a repeat of what the boy had done to James,

especially not with so many witnesses around that could get him in trouble for attacking the man.

“Harry it is him and we should talk about this like Remus said,” Tonks now spoke up.

Harry took a couple of deep breaths and let them out slowly trying to get his emotions under control. In the past two days he had completely lost it and if he were to admit it scared him. He thought about what Remus and Tonks said before he finally acquiesced. He walked over to the table and sat down with his wolf sitting by his side. Remus as well took a seat and was secretly grateful that Harry had calmed down enough to listen to sense.

“All right Sirius exactly how is it that you are here and why are you out in public in such a blatant manner,” Remus asked his long time friend.

Before starting his explanation, Sirius took a gulp of his Whiskey. “Okay the three of you all know that last year I was stuck in my parent’s house thanks to Dumbledore. He effectively made me a prisoner in a place that I hated. I probably hated that house just as much as Azkaban. The only bright side was that the house didn’t have any Dementors.

Anyway by the time April came I was going bonkers and needed to get out of there. I wanted to go out as Padfoot since hardly anyone and those that did would never have turned me in. Dumbledore however caught wind of this and forbade going out even as Padfoot. He said that I had to stay inside for my own protection.”

“We all know that Sirius but that doesn’t explain how you returned from the veil,” Remus replied.

“What Dumbledore didn’t know was that he actually lit a fire inside of me. It was at the point I came to the conclusion that I was of no use to the Order or to Harry. How was I supposed to be the Godfather that I wanted to be or a defender of the light if I was trapped and still a fugitive. Well that fire got me thinking for once. And before you say anything Moony, yes I do think from time to time.

Now where was I? Oh yea I remember. Anyway I began thinking about what I could do to become free once again. The only conclusion was that I had to capture Wormtail that traitor,” Sirius spat.

“Sirius we know that was the only way for you to be free. There was no way to get him, not with him being with the Dark Lord,” Tonks said.

“True, but I remembered that since Peter was an animagus he was the perfect spy for the bastard. He could go anywhere, the Ministry, Diagon Alley, Hogwarts or even Hogsmeade. He was the perfect information gather besides his followers. The only difference that made him even better was his form. It allowed him entrance anywhere and no one would ever think of seeing a rat.

So in May I started a plan, a plan that I knew was a dangerous one and would probably hurt Harry and the rest of you. But I had to do it if things were to ever be better for us all.”

“How could you make it better for all of us,” Remus asked. He had just realized that Harry had yet to speak and took a look over at him. He saw that Harry was just sitting there, his arms folded over his chest and a strange expression on his face.

“Since I figured this out I decided that I would go back to being Padfoot all the time again full time and head out on a spying mission of my own. I was planning on going back and forth between all of the places that I guessed the idiot would send Wormtail to. It was a dangerous plan as I wasn’t sure if I might be caught once again but it really was the only way that I could do what I was supposed to all of these years.”

“Okay so you made this plan but it still doesn’t explain how you died and why you are here,” Remus said.

“I’m getting to that Moony now keep your pants on. I had finished my plan the day of the battle. I was going to quietly sneak out later that night and disappear. I knew everyone would be worried and believe the worse but like I said it was the only thing I could think of to do if I was to ever have a life once again. The battle however changed my plans just a little as I had to get there to help Harry out.

“While I was dueling my loving cousin it hit me that I could disappear right there and begin my plan without anyone finding out. That was what actually distracted me in the battle and she sent a stunning spell my way. I tried to dodge it but seeing as how I hadn’t seen her cast it fast enough, that damn spell hit me in the shoulder causing me to fly backwards towards the veil. I was lucky enough that it hadn’t knocked me out and I tried to concentrate on apparating. I knew I couldn’t apparate that far as we were in the Ministry but I had to keep from falling into the veil or my entire plan would have been for naught.

“I saw you, we all saw you fall in,” Remus said.

“That is what you thought you saw. Somehow my will was able to cause me to apparate. I only apparated to the other side of the veil and couldn’t be seen as it was blocking me. Did you guys know that the veil is more in the center of the room and that there is another wall of the room behind it,’ Sirius replied getting off the topic.

“I could care less about that Siri. I want to know how you survived,” Tonks said.

“Like I said I popped behind the veil and I could hear everything that was happening. My shoulder was killing me but I stayed there.”

“Why didn’t you come out and show us that you were alive,” Remus asked the wolf inside getting angry at what his friend had done.

“While I was back there I realized that this was perfect. Everyone would believe that I had died and I could follow through in my search for the traitor. So I waited until there was no one around any longer before I transformed and carefully made my way out,’ Sirius said a satisfied expression on his face.

“So basically you faked your own death in order to go on some stupid idea of yours to try and find Wormtail. So you know how stupid and selfish that was,’ Remus growled the wolf now clearly upset.

“I know it was a little on the stupid side but it was the only way I was ever going to be free. It was the only way I could actually be the

Godfather that Harry deserves. I could take him in and give him the home that he wanted,” Sirius said sounding like his stubborn self.

“How could you do that to me? I thought that you had died and that it had been my fault,” Harry finally spoke his lip quivering.

“Harry I didn’t no what else to do. I wish I could have told you but it would have put you in more danger. Besides, didn’t you get my message,” Sirius asked now sounding a little sad as well.

“What message? What are you talking about Sirius,” Remus asked clearly confused by this point.

“Why the message that I left for him in my will,” Sirius told Remus like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Y you are talking about the one where you said it wasn’t my fault,” Harry asked incredulously.

“Yes Harry that is the one I’m talking about.”

“Harry what is he talking about,” Tonks asked before Remus could.

“When I went to the will reading there was this message from Sirius. He told me not to blame myself for his death even though he knew I would. I didn’t really pay attention to it as I was still feeling extremely depressed about what happened and that the will was the nail in the coffin telling me that he was dead,” Harry said his voice now breaking with emotion and his green eyes filling up with unshed tears.

“All right Sirius now I am totally confused. Would you like to explain this message and how you put in your will,” Remus asked.

“All right as you know the Ministry confiscated everything that I owned when I was sentenced. That would change if I were to die and whoever my heirs were would actually get whatever I willed them as the will would be able to be read. So I went to see Ardek in May after I decided and finished my plan. I thought that if something did happen to me while doing this I would change my will. While I was there I thought about putting that message in there for Harry. I wanted him to

know that I may still be alive even if there were no true facts about my death. I didn't want him thinking that he had done something to kill me. After all, I do know how he feels about deaths especially those of people close to him. At the same time I also decided to give him the ability to be an adult through emancipation. It was the least I could do if something did happen to me and I could no longer be there for him. Besides it would also get him out of that hell hole that we all know he's been living in," Sirius explained.

"This is just too much for me to handle. I cannot believe you are here and I am talking to you," Harry said his voice filled with shock and surprise that someone would actually have gone through so much trouble just for him.

"Okay Sirius your plan is a crazy one but I think I can understand why you are doing it. That still doesn't explain why you are sitting here in the Leaky Cauldron where anyone could turn you in," Remus stated.

"That my Dear Mr. Moony is simple. You see Mr. Padfoot is like to tell Mr. Moony that as if this morning I am no longer a fugitive. I now have my freedom once again and even some money from the Ministry for what they did to me. I would also like to tell Mr. Moony before he asks; Wormtail is now in a holding cell in the Ministry." At this point a mischievous smirk appeared on his face reminding the others just who they were talking to.

Without any warning Harry jumped to his feet and ran over to Sirius where he hugged the man as hard as he could even though Sirius was still sitting in his chair. All the other two could do was sit there and smile at the reunion that was taking place. They like Harry were glad that Sirius had not died and was now free. It meant that Harry would always have someone there to care for him. Remus however felt a tinge of sadness at this. It probably meant that Harry would now be spending all of his time with Sirius and effectively shutting him out of truly getting to know him.

"Sirius there is so much I have to tell you. But I want to know one thing at the moment," Harry said. Sirius just nodded for him to continue. "What does this mean about the inheritance and does this mean I'm no longer an adult?" Harry asked quietly as if he were afraid

that things would change and he would definitely be forced to return to his parents.

“No Harry nothing changes unless you want them to. Once you signed those papers there is nothing I can do to change that unless you actually want that. Now as for the Black fortune well, let’s just say that it’s not what its all cracked up to be. I have given it to you and it is yours to do with whatever you see fit. I do not want to be the head of the family anymore as it has always been tainted. And that may change with you as the head. All I ask is that you allow me to live with you and be your Godfather.”

Harry could only give the man a huge smile before hugging him once again.

“Guys I would suggest that we get something to eat and then head back home. I don’t think we’re going to get into muggle London today,” Remus said. The others could only nod in assent.

[illegible]

During all of this James and Lily were back at Hogwarts in the infirmary. Madam Pomfrey had given him a potion for the bruising that had appeared on his neck and his back from where Sirius had slammed him up against the wall. She had instructed him to stay there for the rest of the day as she wanted to keep an eye on him. He was like Harry that way and hated being stuck in the infirmary, but he knew he had no choice.

He was currently sitting on one of the beds muttering things to himself, that weren't faltering at all if someone heard them. Like, "How can Sirius do that to him and he should have never befriended him in school. He was just like Peter a traitor and didn't care about him or Lily." He was also muttering things about Harry and how he would teach him some manners and such nonsense when he was finally back with them.

Lily the whole time had stayed right beside him fearful that Sirius had done more damage to him then they knew. She was also worried

about Harry and how he was doing. She was also equally as upset with herself for the anger that Harry had displayed toward them. At first she wanted to be angry at Harry for what he had said and his actions but as she was usually the more levelheaded of the two came to the conclusion that he had every right to act that way.

Still that didn't abate her anger. When they had gone into hiding, leaving Harry behind to face a possible death she had argued about it with James and Albus. She like any mother didn't want to leave her son behind. However logic soon overruled her emotions and she went along with the plan.

The one thing that had kept her going all those years in hiding was the hope she held on seeing her son once again. To take him in her arms and tell him just how much he meant to her. She had used that hope to deal with the once again arrogant James Potter and any other problems that would arise.

The day that Albus had come to them and said that it was time they came out of hiding was probably the best day in her life since Harry had been born. She had told her eleven year old daughter, Camilla Rose all about her brother and that soon she would finally get to meet him. Though whole time she was worried, worried about how he would react to them being alive.

She was worried that he would be angry and would explode. But she told herself that once he learned the truth he would understand and want to be with them like it should have always been.

However that didn't happen and it had caused her some grief. She felt like her world had come crashing down once again, just as it had that day in October of '81. When he had gone off on them she wanted to desperately explain what happened, why they did but he wouldn't allow them to. He just told them that they were dead to him and that he didn't have any parents. His words had truly broken her heart. But no matter how she felt she had to follow through with the plan that Albus had devised, the plan that James had readily agreed to.

The worse thing was that James' attitude had completely now gone back to the arrogant one that he had before their seventh year. It was

the attitude that she hated and was the reason she had refused to date him. She had seen his attitude changing day by day while they were in hiding and how it seemed to be fed by Albus. She even tried to talk to him about it, but he refused to listen and even told her that she was crazy and needed to forget about the past. She relented to this and just stood back and watched him change, wishing that there was something she could.

"Honey what's wrong," James asked.

"Nothing I was just thinking," Lily replied.

"Thinking about what," James asked.

"About what our lives would be like if we never went into hiding. If Harry had stayed with us," she answered noncommittally.

"You know very well we would be dead today if we had stayed with Harry."

"You might be right but if we had taken him with us."

"Look Albus explained why we couldn't take him. You know that we are just as important to this war as he is, if not more so. You shouldn't be worrying or thinking about what may have been. Just concentrate on getting that brat back and the punishments that he will get," James said sounding annoyed.

"That's just it James, what if we don't get him back. He really needs to be with us," Lily said almost whining. At the same time she wasn't thinking about the war or anything else, all she wanted was to have her son back, the son that she had abandoned many years ago, the son who believed that she was dead.

"Now listen to me Lils, we will get him back and when we do I am going to teach him what it is to be man and exactly what his place is. It's obvious that your sister couldn't be bothered to do that," James said his voice now showing just how annoyed he was at this topic.

“Didn’t you hear what he said yesterday? My sister actually abused him and you are saying that he deserves punishment.”

"I don't believe a word he said and neither should you. And yes he will be punished for his impudence."

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The last day and a half had not gone well for Albus Dumbledore. All of his plans and manipulations were blowing up in his face. It had started with Harry bursting in on the Order meeting all ready knowing that his parents were alive. The blasted boy had blown up at them and told everyone many of the secrets that Albus had carefully hidden from the Order and the public.

These secrets Albus had put into place back on the night that Voldemort had been incapacitated and even before that. He knew that the Dursleys would not take of him like they would their own child. This knowledge he had used to gain a position in the boy's heart. That was of a kind and caring mentor, one who would listen to his every whim and even indulge him at times. The whole time sending him back there so that the next school year he would be more than pleased to have escaped their clutches and further look upon him as the kindly old gentleman who would always be there.

Then of course there was the slow and specific manipulations of the Weasley family and even that Granger girl. He had used every piece of cunning he had to cause them to meet that day on the platform. With the Weasley family being poor and a light family not to mention the way they looked up at him was the biggest delight in the man's schemes. He had perfectly played them without ever giving anything away as to exactly how bad Harry's home life was or how truly lonely he was. But that all came crashing down yesterday when after they had heard what his life was truly like had quit the Order and were clearly upset at all of his manipulations, especially the one regarding Harry's parents. This was not good at all he had told himself, he needed the Weasley's on his side if he were to have any success in his plans.

Hermione Granger, the muggleborn witch had been just as easy if not easier to manipulate. He had found after having returned from visiting with her and her parents how she was so enthused about learning everything that there was to know about magic he was able to slowly word things and drop little hints for her to pick up. Not once had she disappointed him. She had been his one spy that he had on Harry.

Oh no, she was by no means the kind of spy that a person would normally think about; she was the type who he could trip up through various conversations on magic. It was in these conversations that he would find out about how Harry was doing or what he had told her. Also, it didn't help to offer laced candy or even a laced cup of tea with a truth potion before starting the conversations. He always knew that he had to be careful because in his eyes she was just too intelligent and would one day find out what he had been doing.

Just like the Weasleys she also turned her back on him. He had seen the look of surprise and disdain that she had on her face when Harry was screaming about all of the injustices in his life. It was then he knew that the wheels of her mind started working and she was trying to put things together.

Of course then there was how the damn werewolf acted as well. He had always wished that he had never offered the kid a chance to come to Hogwarts. He like Hermione Granger was the studious type, yet he had been much quieter in his actions. He knew of course this was because the man was a werewolf, but that didn't help him from worrying. Ever since he was in school he had been able to slowly manipulate the man into being grateful for having a chance to learn, have friends and be just a normal kid instead of constantly be reminded that he was also part dark creature. This had worked out to his advantage as later on he was able to manipulate the man even further.

During Harry's third year he hadn't been too thrilled to find out that Remus had been spending time with the boy. Even though he had manipulated the man at one time up until he hired him as the Defense teacher he hadn't seen him over eight years. It was at this point that Albus saw the man was going to need working on if he were to manipulate him once again and keep him away from Harry Potter. He

realized that the man had become a wildcard in his game of human chess.

However like the Weasleys he also quit the Order and stormed out. This effectively blocked him from having anyone to speak with the various werewolf clans. It meant that they would surely not join the light or at least the Order of the Phoenix. When Remus had stormed out Dumbledore made a quick decision that he would have to take him completely out of the picture to insure his control over Harry with the help of his parents.

Then worse of the worse happened this very morning. Sirius Black who he had thought he got rid of was back in the picture. To top that off he was also free. Sirius had always been the one he couldn't manipulate or at least not until two years ago. That was all thanks to Harry.

In Dumbledore's eyes Sirius Black was a stubborn, strong willed man who would do what he believed was right. He was not the kind to sit back and allow anyone to be manipulated if he was aware of it. This is what made him realize last year that he had to find some way of getting rid of the man. However he couldn't kill him since it may push Harry away from him and anyone else. However, that night at the Ministry had turned out better then he had every hoped for. He was able to succeed in two of his plans. The first being thanks to Bellatrix LeStrange, Sirius was killed by being sent into the veil. The other was of course telling Harry about the prophecy and playing the old senile fool who felt like it wasn't time to tell the boy of his destiny. Oh yes that had definitely been a wonderful night and he even recalled how he had celebrate with a glass of fire whiskey after Harry had left his office.

Now that was also destroyed as the man had obviously not been killed like he assumed. It meant that he would find Harry and once again step back into the role of being a protector. This was something he could not allow to happen. Harry Potter was the prophecy and why the Dark Lord was still around. He needed to get him completely under his control and teach him exactly what to do. He needed the stupid boy to believe everything he was told and be grateful that

Dumbledore, the most feared light wizard and defeater of Grindleward was willing to Mentor him.

As he went over all this in his mind he began to get angry, angry that everything so far had failed. At the moment all he wanted to do was hurt someone, to show just how powerful he is. Without even thinking he picked up one of the trinkets that was lying on his desk and threw it across the room.

Once he had thrown just about everything he could get his hands on that had been lying on his desk he calmed down a little. He suddenly chuckled as he realized that he still had a couple of ways that he could get to the boy and the others. A smile appeared on his lips as he looked around for a piece of parchment and a quill. He had to write a letter to the one person who would without question help him show that blasted boy that he needed him if he were to survive.

[illegible]

I hope you all liked this chapter I found it to be rather an interesting one to write. I may have wrote the scene with Dumbledore wrong, so please let me know if it made enough sense. Also, I know that Lily is acting a little opposite of how I wrote in the earlier chapters. I explained a little here and I will be going further into that later on. Well until next time please review and let me know how you liked.

Harry and others apparated back to the house where he was currently staying. He was still unsure about having Sirius back and what he had been told. He was glad however that his Godfather was now officially a free man instead of being an escaped convict. However he felt a little betrayed at what the man had done, the fact that he had lied to him by allowing him to think that it had been his fault that he had died at the Ministry. Still there was the overwhelming relief that he was there beside him. He also was aware that he was going to have to explain a lot of things to the man and some of it he wasn't looking forward to. Especially since he hadn't fully explained everything to Remus and Tonks because he had kept so much of it hidden inside afraid of how others would react toward him.

They had just popped in and started toward the house when Sirius stopped short and looked around. He didn't see anything and it was confusing him. He tried to use his dog senses to figure out where they were but for some unknown reason they were being masked.

"Harry can you tell me where are we," he asked his Godson.

"We're home Sirius, why," Harry asked.

"I don't see any house or anything remotely like a cabin. I also swear that there is something strange in the air."

Instead of answering his Godfather right away he began to laugh. He thought it was comical to see and hear a confused Sirius. "Sirius the house is directly in front of you."

"Harry I don't see a house."

It was then that he suspected that for some reason Elsie was hiding from him. He turned towards the house and allowed his mind to open up so that he could talk with the house.

'My Lord, I am pleased to see you have returned. May I inquire as to who the strange man is with you,' Elsie asked.

'This is Sirius Black, my Godfather. He says that he cannot see you. Can you tell me why?'

'I sense darkness in him and without your permission can not allow him to see me or enter.'

'Yes I understand he has been through some traumatic incidents in his life that has left the darkness. It is perfectly safe to allow him entrance,' Harry thought.

'Very well, I will allow him entrance. You said that his name was Sirius Black. Is he any relation to my former master?'

'Yes he is,' Harry replied.

'That is strange as to the darkness but I will allow him in as you have granted him permission. Also I must tell you that there are several people who are lying around in the woods not to far from where you are.'

This got his attention. 'What are you talking about Elsie?'

'While you were gone several people came wandering around the area. It was as if they were searching for something. I used my defenses to stop them but I also was forced to use some of my offenses as well.'

'Thank you. I will inform the others and then we will find them and see who they are. I do hope that you didn't hurt them too much.'

'No my Lord I did not.'

Once she had said this to him in his head she suddenly materialized for Sirius to see her. Sirius who had been staring straight ahead and trying to figure out what Harry was looking at suddenly jumped and yipped, yes yipped like a dog that had its tail stepped on. His eyes bugged out of his head as he just stared at the sudden appearance of a house.

"Where did it come from? How did it do that," he stuttered not turning away from the house.

"I will explain everything later Sirius but right now we have to go on a little hunt," Harry said a smirk appearing on his face.

"Harry what hunt. You aren't making any sense," Remus said.

"It seems while we were gone some people decided to show up and start a search. I believe they were looking for me. How they found me I don't know."

"That still doesn't explain this hunt," Remus replied sounding confused.

"It's simple Moony, Elsie used her abilities and they are currently lying around in the woods," Harry said a full smirk now plastered on his face.

"Who's Elsie," Sirius asked.

"Elsie is the house Padfoot. We'll explain later," Remus replied.

Sirius could only nod as they began to fan out and look for whoever was out there. It would be slightly difficult as the sun was beginning to set and soon it would be dark. Effectively making their search a much harder one than it should be.

Twenty minutes later Harry came upon Hermione and one of the twins. They had been blown backwards and were covered in dirt and leaves. They were obviously unconscious as they had not heard him come up.

It took nearly another hour for them to find all of the Weasley's. They had been all surprised to see the family unconscious as if they'd been stunned. Charlie not only was stunned but looked to be in a full body bind.

Harry was furious upon finding out that they were all there. The only thing racing through his mind was that somehow Dumbledore had found him and sent them to talk to him about coming back. He wanted to leave them where they were and forget that this little incident ever took place. But that was not who he was and he would

never do something that cruel. So he sent a message through his mind for Elsie to be visible to all of the wizards and witches. She complied but was uncertain about doing this. It took Harry reassuring her that she could throw them out if they needed it.

Once he was sure that was done he shouted to the others to levitate everyone in before reviving them. Just because he was going to speak with them didn't mean that they were going to be treated fairly. Not until he found out how they found him and why they were here.

Once they were all in the house Sirius was amazed at the inside and had a lot of questions but before he could even ask any of them Harry told him it was not the time. So Sirius reluctantly sat down and waited. He was not a very patient man and this was one of the times that it was going to take all of his will to keep from asking the questions he wanted.

It didn't take long for the Weasley's and Hermione to be revived. He had Remus do a quick scan to make sure that none of them had been severely injured. To his relief they were all fine except for some bruises and cuts that would heal over time. Satisfied with this he called Dobby to go back to Hogwarts and bring them all some tea. He had no qualms about stealing from Hogwarts. After all, he thought that the Headmaster at least owed him something.

"Now first off I would like to know how you found me and why are you here," Harry said his voice having a cold edge to it.

"We came to see you Harry and see if you were all right," Ron said still rubbing a bruise on his right leg.

"Why would you all do that? You are working for Dumbledore," Harry said.

"No Harry that is where you are wrong. Ron, Ginny and I had no clue about what was going on. That is not until your parents showed up and we listened in with Fred and George's extendable ears," Ginny said.

"Are you telling me that none of you spied on me at school," Harry asked.

"Yes Harry. The only time we ever told the Headmaster anything was when you had a vision. We knew you wouldn't and we felt that he should know. That way he would do something to help you. We didn't know that he was manipulating you or lying at all,' Hermione said.

"I don't know but we have been friends now for awhile and I would like to believe you. I guess I will just have to trust you for the moment. But I will warn you if I find out any different then we will no longer be friends and I will have to assume that you are enemies," he replied as he voice lowered in tone and grew just a little colder.

"We understand Harry. I couldn't believe that he would do that to you. I thought he was such a good man," Hermione said her voice filled with pain as she thought about her idol having fallen like he had. The other two just nodded in agreement.

"Okay that explains them but what about the rest of you."

"Harry my boy after you stormed out after delivering that bomb you did. The rest of us quit the Order and left. Well we didn't quite leave as we were living there at the moment," Arthur replied.

"What do you mean you quit the Order,' Harry practically shouted.

"Harry dear we may have followed Albus and believed in him as we believe in the light but after you telling everyone about your life at the Dursleys and the prophecy there was no way we could follow him anymore. I can't believe he would put a child in such a place and then put the weight of the world on his shoulders. You are only a boy and you should be able to have a life. That's why I wanted you to come to the Burrow every year. Harry you are like another son to me and I would never condone that kind of abuse," Molly said her eyes beginning to tear up.

"Mum's right Harry. You should never have had to go through any of that. If we had known we would all have done something about it," Bill spoke up.

"I don't know how many times we heard Mum complaining about how thin you always looked when you did come over. We all thought that you were just not eating much because of whatever happened that year at school." Ginny said.

"Harry we tried every summer to get you to stay with us but Albus said you were safer there and that you actually enjoyed being there. Of course we knew something's like the bars that had been on your window or the baggy clothes you wore. But we didn't really think much of it and that we can only blame ourselves for having not looked further," Arthur replied softly.

"Yea Harry you've done"

"So much for us"

"That we should have seen what was happening."

"We should have seen how sad you were"

"How you didn't want to go back there"

"But we didn't"

"And we're sorry," George finished as the two usually did when they were talking.

"Thanks guys I needed that. It just is hard to think that everything you ever knew was a lie," Harry said as he looked down at his shoes.

Ginny got up off the couch and walked over to Harry and took one of his hands in hers. "We understand Harry."

Hermione seeing this also got up and knelt down in front of her friend. She took his other hand and said, "Harry you befriended me in our first year. You saved me from a troll and for that I will always be grateful. I would never turn on you."

"Thank you," Harry said.

"Harry dear could you tell us what happened to us out there. We came here looking for you but somehow we were attacked," Molly asked.

"I'm sorry for that Mrs. Weasley but you see the house abilities to protect itself and those inside," Harry replied trying to keep from laughing.

"What do you mean by the house has a way of protecting itself," Hermione asked. "A house can't do that."

Harry laughed at this as he knew that she was using her knowledge of books to say this. "Hermione that is a long story and I think we should wait until a little later to talk about that. I am just glad that you are all well and she didn't hurt you too badly."

Hermione looked as if she were about to scold him and get him to tell them right now but was cutoff from being able to voice this.

"Arthur could you tell us how you found the house," Remus asked. He was relieved that Harry still had his friends and that the Weasleys were on his side.

"That is simple. I went to the Department of Children's Affairs and was able to get the address."

"What, but I'm not a child anymore," Harry cried indignantly.

"Yes Harry that is true. However you are still in school and there is a law that states even if you are considered an adult they must have your current address. That is for any letters from the ministry can reach you and you can receive your O.L.W. and N.E.W.W.T. results."

"Are you saying that Dumbledore and my parents can find me," Harry said his voice now sounding extremely cold.

"Yes Harry that is what I am saying," Arthur replied.

All of a sudden the air began to get very cold and the occupants of the room began to feel very cold. There was a rumbling sound that

was coming from the walls as everyone gasped and looked at Harry. His green eyes now looked like to green flames burning brightly and his face looked furious.

Hermione who was still holding one of Harry's hands jumped in fright as the window in the den shattered, sending shards in every direction. The entire room suddenly warmed up but now it was extremely hot and anything that wasn't nailed down began to shatter and explode. They all dove for cover as the furniture began to rise in the air and fly around the room.

The chair that Ron had been sitting on had floated up in the air with him still in it as he hadn't had enough time to move. He screamed like a girl and dove out, landing on the floor.

The occupants were all screaming and shouting as they tried to dodge the flying things in the room. They were all scared shitless as this was happening. The entire time Harry just sat there on the couch, which miraculously had lifted up in what looked like a trance.

Remus who had ducked down behind the couch immediately knew what was happening. Harry had lost control of his emotions and his magic was now wild and unpredictable. He had to get him to calm down before he tore the room apart or someone was seriously injured. Carefully he climbed up and placed a reassuring hand on Harry's shoulder only to find him being thrown backwards into a wall. He slammed into it hard enough that he slumped down in a heap.

Sirius seeing this realized that he was possibly the only person who could get Harry to calm down as he also understood that Harry's magic was out of control. He switched into Padfoot and carefully made his way around the couch. He crawled on his belly to Harry's legs and lifted his head up. He tried to get the boy to feel his nose on his hand. However this didn't work as when his nose touched Harry's hand or tried to he came up against a strong barrier and like Remus he too found himself flying through the air. He made the biggest mistake as he switched back in the middle of his flight and ended up falling down on the twins who had been huddle against the wall.

‘My Lord you must calm down. You are destroying me,’ Elsie replied as she floated up through the floor directly in front of Harry.

Harry seemed as if he hadn’t heard a word she said to him as his magic kept going on in a wild and crazy manner. His mind was just so furious that Dumbledore and his parents could find him. He had told them in no uncertain terms that he wanted nothing to do with them. Once he had gotten here it seemed as if everything would work out and that he would be safe from the manipulations. Now however with what Arthur Weasley said it was obvious that he wasn’t as safe as he would have liked.

‘My Lord you must calm down. You guests are terrified and this room is nearly in ruins. You cannot allow your emotions to run wild.’

This brought him out of what most would consider a trance. He glanced around the room and noticed the destruction that he had somehow caused. He saw his friends and family either huddled together or injured and his eyes grew wide as his face paled drastically.

At this site and knowledge of what he had done his magic immediately stopped and seemingly flowed back into him. His face now had taken on a red tint as he was ashamed of what he had done.

‘Very good my Lord,’ Elsie replied.

Tonks and the Weasleys that were still conscious and unhurt slowly unfurled themselves and looked at over at Harry who was sitting on the couch with his head bowed in shame. They gave him various looks from shock to horror to awe. No one knew what to say at the display of magic that he had just performed. Remus, Sirius, Fred, George and Hermione were still unconscious and seemingly forgotten for the moment. That was until Molly spotted Remus in a heap across the room from where she was. It was also at the same time when Ginny let out a startled scream as she noticed the ghost that was standing or floating to be more precise near Harry.

Harry didn’t even hear Ginny’s scream as he jumped to his feet and rushed over to where Hermione was unconscious on the floor. He

pulled out his from his pocket and muttered the enervate spell. Within seconds her eye lids fluttered open and she groggily looked around. She carefully sat up, wincing slightly as she felt a bruise on the lower part of her back quiver in pain.

Harry who hadn't stuck around raced over next to where Sirius and the twins were. He again enervated Sirius and then helped him to get off the twins. He then did the same with each of them. Spinning around he ran over to Remus and did the same again.

Once this was done he quickly called for Dobby. And as always Dobby, giving his Harry a hug around the legs and eagerly wanted to know what he could do for the famous Harry Potter. Harry told him that he needed a healer again and this time Dobby said he would get the one from Hogwarts. With that said Dobby popped out and within a few minutes had popped back with a shook up Madam Pomfrey.

She took a quick look around and immediately set to work. Another hour and all of those that had been injured by Harry's magic were not sitting once again on various couches, chairs and the floor massaging the bruises that they had received.

The entire time she was taking care of the others Harry kept his head bowed in shame as he felt terrible for having lost his temper and magic like that, especially as it had caused those who truly liked him to be injured. He didn't know what was happening with his magic or why he was getting so angry all of a sudden. It was just like last year except this time it seemed to be magnified and now included his magic. He was brought out of his depressed thoughts by Madam Pomfrey clearing her throat and glaring at him.

"Mr. Potter, I would like to know how all these people were injured and who that is," she said as she pointed to Emily who had reappeared just a few seconds ago. "I would also like to know where I am and how exactly I got here."

"I'm not to sure how you got here but I think that when Dobby came to get you, he used house elf magic to pop you here. As to who the ghost is, well that is a long story. What I can say is that her name is Elsie and she is the spirit of the house." At this Pomfrey's eyes shot

open and her brows went up into her hair and disappeared. Now Madam I can't really tell you much of the other as I don't wish for Dumbledore or my parents to know what has happened or where I am."

"As if I would say anything to the," she snorted. "Have you never heard of patient confidentiality?"

At this Harry blushed red remembering about that. "Um yes I just forgot. In that case you are in Black Cottage and the reason they were all injured was my magic got out o control."

"Black Cottage, I've never heard of it. Young man you must get your magic under control if you lost it in such a manner. No one was severely injured but they could have been," she replied in stern professional manner.

"Black Cottage is hidden from everyone. I don't think you would like to hear the entire story as it would take a long time to explain. And yes Madam I will work on getting control of my magic. I know what could have happened and I am sorry for it,' Harry mumbled the last part, clearly not wanting to remember what he had done.

"I have all the time in the world to hear about this fascinating cottage as you so quaintly put it," the matron said and took a seat next to Mr. and Mrs. Weasley on the couch pushing Ron off in the meantime.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

Albus Dumbledore walked the halls of Hogwarts on his way to the infirmary. He needed to discuss some issues with Madam Pomfrey regarding the up coming term. This was something he always hated doing as he believed that a child who was just sick or mildly inured shouldn't have to be in the infirmary. Now this wasn't because he like most students just hated being there but he felt that if kids couldn't behave themselves then they didn't need the medical attention and the cost of the potions that they would be given. Besides in his eyes most of the time they were just trying to get out of going to classes and that was unacceptable to him. To him kids should be in their classes at all times regardless of their injuries or other problems. How

was he to mold them in the way he wanted them to be if they weren't where they could learn and listen?

Pushing the double doors open he stepped inside and called Madam Pomfrey's name. Not receiving an answer he headed towards the back to where he knew her office was. Reaching the door, he pushed it open and saw that her office was empty. Now he was a little concerned as she usually didn't leave without telling him.

He stepped back into the infirmary and looked around, trying to find any thing that would tell him where she went. It was then that he noticed her usual black bag that she always kept near her cabinet was missing. Curious about this he stepped over and opened the cabinet. To his surprise he noticed that there were hardly any potions in it and that included salves. This thoroughly perplexed the old wizard as he hadn't heard of anyone injured somewhere on the grounds. His only guess and it wasn't a good one was that the woman had left the castle to help someone. And that someone could only be one person as she was protective if not overly stern with the boy.

Turning on his heel he headed out of the infirmary and back to his office. He had to find the woman as she just might be the one to give him the information that he wanted.

He was in no way going to allow a snot nosed brat upset his carefully laid plans. The plans that he had so carefully crafted over many years, the ones that he knew would insure his name in the history books as the greatest wizard to have ever lived.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P

After he had done explaining everything that he had so far learned about the cottage in a just a little over a day and with some input from Elsie he looked at all of his friends waiting for their reaction.

They had all sat stunned as he had explained this to them, that is all but Remus and Tonks who had learned most of this when Harry had. They sat there quietly digesting the information and looking at Harry with what someone could term as surprise and maybe a little bit of

respect as they had never heard of a house that could do the things that this one did. And it was also because the house seemed to have bonded with him immediately and would help to protect him and all those who were inside. Yet, it was also confusing to them as they had never heard of a house that could do the things that this one could.

Of course Hermione knew that buildings over time where a lot of magic was done in could eventually become sentient, but not through a ritual. Unlike the others her expression was one of glee as she thought about all of what she could learn here. That was just so typical of the brainy girl when she came across something. She just had to find out everything about whether it would help her or not.

"This absolutely bloody amazing," Ron suddenly said. This caused his mother to reach over and smack him upside the head.

"Harry, are you sure that this house is safe," Arthur asked a little concerned.

"Yes I am quite sure," Harry replied a small smile gracing his face.

"I am perfectly safe and will never harm my master," Elsie said indignantly as she reappeared once more. Half way through the talk she had had to leave as she needed to regain some of her energy.

Arthur could blush the only way a Weasley could at being chastised by a house. Still he gave a slight nod in understanding.

"So what is little Harry going to do now," George spoke up.

"Yea our little Harry has a real haunted house," Fred answered.

Just then both boys felt a sudden smack upside the head and jumped slightly. Looking around rapidly to see who had hit them they didn't find anyone. Then they heard the giggles of their little sister. Turning and glaring at her the two started to get up and go after her.

"Gin-Gin, I do think," George started.

"That for that you are," Fred said next.

"You are in trouble," George finished.

Ginny's eyes grew wide as she stopped giggling and began to scoot backwards towards Harry's legs. "I didn't do it. It was just funny," she said.

"Then who did," Fred asked just as him and his twin stopped in front of her.

"It was Elsie, she hit you," Ginny cried knowing full well what the twins would do to her if they thought it had been her.

"Elsie?"

"How can she do that?"

"She is just a house."

At that Elsie appeared behind the boys and with her innate magic lifted them up off their feet.

The two boys let out screams of terror as they found themselves in the air. This caused everyone in the room to burst out laughing at their plight.

'She may be your sister but I will not allow you to harm her in anyway. She is after all a friend of my master's just as you are,' she said and the two boys gave frightened nods as they felt her place them back down. 'Now master I suggest that your friends should stay the night. It is getting rather late and I cannot continue to keep coming in this form.'

"Thank you Elsie. I was going to ask them anyway. I would like my friends and real family to be here with me. It would be the least I could do for all of the times that you have allowed me stay in your home and for standing beside me."

Molly wasn't sure what to say at this and instead got all choked up before getting up and rushing over to Harry. She grabbed him, pulling up on his feet and giving him a bone crushing hug.

A few minutes later Harry called once again for Dobby to come and asked him to bring some food for everyone. Of course it was again from Hogwarts as they had forgotten to go shopping for food. Dobby was all too willing to do this as he popped away.

When Dobby came back he placed the food in the dining room that Harry had told him about earlier and then popped over to tell everyone that it was there. He shuffled on his little feet as everyone got up and headed for the food. Harry seeing this hung back puzzled at his crazy little house elf's mood.

"Dobby what is it," Harry asked as he knelt down in front of him.

"Master Harry Potter, I would like to. No it would be an honor. No I can't do it," Dobby said trying to make his voice and words sound more dignified.

"Dobby you can ask me anything. We are friends after all," Harry said as he patted the house elf on the shoulders.

This just caused the house elf to burst out crying. "I.I.I would like to work for you," Dobby stammered out.

"You what," Harry asked now thoroughly shocked and sounding it.

This only caused Dobby to wail louder and shake.

"Dobby do you really want to work for me," Harry said his voice now calming and sounding sincere as he watched the poor house elf break down.

"Yes Great Harry Potter. I Dobby would like to work for. You are the best and greatest wizard there is," Dobby cried.

"Very well if that is what you want Dobby, I will allow you to work for me. But I do have some rules that you must follow."

Hearing this Dobby looked at the boy across from him and silently nodded as he gulped afraid of what he may have to do.

“First you are to never punish yourself for anything. That is wrong, we all make mistakes and no one should have to do that. If you are unsure of what mistake has done, then come to me and tell me. I do not want you keeping anything from as we are friends. Second I will not have you being bound in servitude. You are not a slave and I will never have you be. Is that clear? Finally you will be paid five galleons a week and have at least one day off. You can tell me which one you would like and I will give it to you,” Harry explained smiling a warm and comforting smile at Dobby.

Dobby could only blink as he listened to what Harry said. He couldn't believe that he was going to be working for Harry Potter and he was going to still be free. It was as if his dreams had all happened in one day. All he could do was nod his head in agreement before he threw himself in the arms of his new master and sob uncontrollably.

[illegible]

In a dark and damp stronghold somewhere in the hills of Ireland Voldemort was sitting on a throne made of bones and two large snake heads at each end that curved up and outward. His large snake, Nagini sat at his feet curled up and sleeping at the moment. He was awaiting news from his spies that had yet to return. There was one in particular that he needed information from if his plan was to work. However, that spy had yet to make an appearance and he was supposed to have been back the night before.

Suddenly a man swept into the room wearing the usual dark robes and white mask. The man bowed down to his Lord and Master waiting for the approval to stand once again and report his news.

“Severus, I see you have arrived to give me your report on that fool,” Voldemort hissed.

"Yes my Lord I have come,' Severus drawled still looking down at the floor.

"Then stand up you fool and tell me what news you bring."

Standing up and looking directly at the snake looking man. "James and Lily Potter are alive."

"What, how can this be,' Voldemort said leaning forward, his red eyes showing pure fury.

"Master they were never killed that night. How I do not know as of yet, but they have been in hiding since and have now returned."

"They tricked me. No one does that and lives," He sneered and hissed at the same time.

"Also, it seems as the brat has escaped the old man's clutches and has gone into hiding. He does not want anything to do with his parents or Dumbledore."

"Now that is rather interesting news you have brought me."

"We have been ordered to search for him."

"Ah that is good news then I suggest you do that. However if you should find young Mr. Potter you will bring him to me," Voldemort said in his usual cold tone. "Is that all you have for me?"

"No my Lord it is not. I am afraid it gets worse," Severus replied knowing full aware that the Dark Lord was going to be furious with the next bit of news.

"What is it; I do not have all day.

"Wormtail has been captured by the Ministry and is currently being held there in a holding cell. Also Black was apparently not killed by Bellatrix and is now free."

“What,” Voldemort shouted and before Severus could brace himself he felt the searing pain of a Crucio.

He didn’t know how long he had been writhing in pain before he was released from the unforgivable. But now all he could do was lie on the cold floor shaking from the pain and panting heavily.

“Severus, you will return to that old fool and do as he wishes. You are to keep an eye on the Potters and let me know what they are doing. I believe it is time that we set up a trap for them, one that will surely bring that brat out of hiding.”

Severus bowed the best he could and said as you wish to his Lord before carefully leaving the room.

Snape made to the apparition point and popped back to his home in Spinner’s End. He slowly and carefully made his way into his home and towards his potions lab where he kept his potions. The whole way his body was in pain and shook slightly from having been subjected the Crucio. Once he made it there he made it to his cabinet and opened where he pulled down a couple of different vials. One of them was a pain relieving potion, the strongest that he could make. Another was the anticruciatius potion that would help with the after effects. He uncorked them and gulped them down as fast as he could before making his way back to his small, dingy living room where he unceremoniously flopped down in a chair. If anyone had seen him do this they would have thought that they were seeing things as it was far from what the Potions Master would normally do as he was always known for his grace.

Closing his eyes he let the potions do their job as he thought over recent events. The information that he had given the Dark Lord was damning to say the least. It wasn’t as if he cared either for the Potters but there was just something not right about the whole thing.

He allowed his mind to wander back over the letter that he had received earlier that day from Albus. It had been quite a surprise as he was only contacted during the summer if there was either an attack, he was needed to brew potions or if he had had to go to a meeting. Not only was that a surprise but that he had been told to

inform the Dark Lord of the return of the Potters and how Harry was not with them. He was also told to inform the crazed man that Sirius Black was indeed alive and that he was now free. This he had all ready planned on doing after he had received the special edition. He knew this information was not of vital importance to the Order and thus he was free to use to keep himself in the good graces of the craze, psychopathic Dark Lord.

What was wrong about the whole thing as he thought about it was of having to inform the Dark Lord of the Potters. He had tried to come up with a plausible explanation as to why this information was to be given freely. However even with his spy like mind he couldn't come up with an answer and that bothered him greatly. Oh he knew that the information would put him in better graces with the man but still it just didn't smell right. And having been a spy for so many years he hated not being able to come up with plausible answers to his questions. The worse thing was that every time he would come up with a possible answer it would only lead to another question.

The more he tried to solve the puzzle the more he came to the decision that there was a lot more going on then he knew and that unsettled him greatly.

Once he felt better he stood up and walked over to his fireplace. He grabbed some powder off the mantle and threw it in, at the same time calling out the Headmaster's Office at Hogwarts. He steadied himself for the questioning that he was about to get as he gave the man his report.

[illegible]

Back at Black cottage or at least that was what Harry was calling it everyone was once again seated in the study. They had been able to find a small Wizarding town not too far away and enjoyed a wonderful meal. Now they were planning on discussing some more things as they hadn't gotten around to due to Harry's outburst.

“Harry do you know how this house is alive,” Hermione asked now back in her learning mode after they had had dinner even though she

had all ready learned this information she still wanted to know it again and more.

“Not really all Elsie said was that a ritual had been performed by the first Lord Black.”

“Sirius what do you know about this,” Harry asked as he turned his head towards the dark haired man.

“I don’t know anything. I didn’t even know about this house until we got here,” Sirius said matter of fact.

“Sirius if you don’t know anything then how is this place in the Black family. Also, how did Harry find it,” Arthur said.

“Well when I went to the will reading I asked the Goblins to get me a list of all the places that I owned so that I could find one to live in. I went over the list but didn’t really see one that caught my eye. Then I went over it again and this one was on the bottom of the list. At first I thought I was seeing things because I don’t recall having seen the first time. But something inside told me that this was the perfect place and that it would be a great place for me to train this summer,” Harry replied.

“That is rather curious indeed,” Remus said.

“I don’t know if I like you being here,” Molly replied even though after their earlier conversations she knew he would be safe. She just wanted him to be with her and her family.

“I think it would be prudent if later we go find the library and do some research. May be we can find some information about this house and what it is capable of. More then even Elsie knows that could help,” Remus said.

“I can also ask Elsie to explain some more things as well. I know she had explained something’s about herself but she may know more,” Harry replied.

'What do you wish to know my Lord,' Elsie asked in Harry's head causing him to jump in surprise.

"Harry what is it? Are you all right," Hermione asked in concern.

"Oh yea I'm fine. It's just that the house asked me a question in my head and I wasn't expecting it," Harry answered her distractedly.

"You mean you can talk to the house even when she's not here," Ron asked sounding a little unsettled.

"Yes Ron I can. She sees me has her Master. We all ready told you that." Ron just blushed at this response.

"What is it you wish to know,' she asked again.

'We were talking about you and how you are in the Black family. No one here knows, not even Sirius Black who was the last head of the family," Harry explained.

"I see now I understand why I sensed another family member in the room."

Everyone just sat quietly watching Harry as he seemed to have zoned out and was just staring off into space. All they could guess was that he was currently having a conversation with the house. Hermione had an expression of glee as she eagerly leaned forward waiting for Harry to tell them what he was finding out.

'Many years ago my maker, Lord Horace Black was not of black or white he believed that magic was not inherently evil or good was the desires of the person. He had fought with many on this idea and would always be out numbered or out voiced as he would say. Him and his wife, a Lady Margaret had two children. These children were raised with the same beliefs as they were and then sent out into the world in hopes of changing people's minds. However from what I know this did not happen. One of his sons had been killed by some wizards who believed him to be Dark. The other having found this out changed his mind about magic and did become Dark.

My Lord upon hearing the news had been devastated that one of his sons had been killed and the other turned Dark and decided to cause a war. It was then that he made a decision that no Black would ever be allowed to come here unless they were either of the light or a true believer in what he called grey. Upon having declared this I was given more abilities to see what Blacks would honoring his declaration and worthy of entering.

When my Lord and Lady died I then vanished from view to wait until the time was right for me to once again appear. I was able to learn about the events going on within the world thanks to him having put a spell that allowed me to absorb information in various books. Basically he made me as human as possible without actually having me breathe. He performed several other rituals on me before he passed away.'

'Thank you for the information but that doesn't explain how or why I found you.'

'That is very simple. I was able to sense you when you were at Gringotts. My Lord connected me to the family vault. Whenever a member of the family opens the vault I am able to see within that person. It has I am able to determine if the person is worthy of entering me. I don't know how else to explain it to you. But I could suggest you go to the library because he left a diary behind that may be able to help answer many of your questions. Also, as I told you before there is a book that has the rituals that he performed there as well.'

"Harry, pup, are you there," Sirius asked starting to get worried.

'Oh yea I am here. I was talking with the house and getting some more information,' Harry said as he blinked a few times to gain his senses.

"What did she say Harry," Hermione asked excitedly, nearly bouncing in her seat. Yes Elsie had told them all some of the things about herself but she felt that there was more. Harry gave her a nod and then proceeded to tell the others what he had learned. By the time he finished they were all struck dumbfounded at the information.

“You mean I could have been hiding here all this time,” Sirius suddenly spoke up sounding as if he were pouting.

"I don't think so Sirius or at least it didn't sound like that."

“Did she tell you what else she can do or anything else,” Hermione asked.

“No she didn’t. She suggested once again that I go to the library and do some research.”

At this point it was suggested that they all go upstairs and find rooms where they would sleep for the night. Harry was glad to have so many people here, especially Sirius. He was still mad at the man for having done what he did, but he could understand why. The other thing that was on his mind was that even though he was thrilled to have the Weasleys here and Hermione, he still was unsure of how much to trust them. It wasn't as if he didn't want to but after everything that has happened in his life he couldn't help but have these feelings of mistrust. Shrugging his shoulders slightly as they all trooped up the stairs he figured that he would just be careful around them and see what happened.

Once they had all reached the second floor. Arthur turned to Sirius and spoke. "Sirius you will have to tell us everything that happened to you. We didn't get to that tonight and I know for one that I am rather curious as to who you are still here and how you are free." Sirius only nodded in understanding.

[illegible]

Later that night Harry was lying in his large four poster bed. He had chosen the night earlier to sleep in what he thought was the Master Bedroom. The room was huge with its own private bathroom. There was a small area that even had a couple of chairs that were situated in front of a nice red bricked fireplace and a wide mantle.

The bed itself was huge and could have easily fit four people in he thought. It even had curtains like his dorm room but instead of red they were silver and seem to sparkle in the dark. It had a nice green comforter and green silk sheets that he found comfortable and soothing.

He was currently thinking about everything that had transpired in the last two days. So many of the things that he had dreamed of having as a child had come true, having a family, being away from the Dursleys. Oh he knew he should be happy like he had always imagined himself being that his parents were alive but he couldn't not after knowing the truth. They had been alive all this time and instead of having taken him like any parent would have done, they abandoned him. It was what made him angry at them for this.

Still he couldn't help but feel a deep sadness within as well as the anger towards them as well as Dumbledore. It had been just another lie, another thing that the old man had kept from him. He was now starting to open his eyes to what the man was exactly about. He didn't give a damn about him; all he saw was a means to the end of Voldemort. He couldn't help but wonder if the man ever had seen him for who was, just a boy wanting to be himself, a boy who deserved to have a life full of carefree days and no worries of being killed or his friends. This caused some tears to leak out of his green eyes as he rolled over.

There was also another thing that was keeping him awake and that was these new powers that he seemed to be developing. He recalled what he had done to his supposed dad by flinging him clear across the room and into the wall. Then his outburst today when he got angry. It just didn't add up as to how or why he was getting these powers. He did have to admit that they were cool, especially the ability to cause things to instantaneously blow up and fly around. But that still didn't answer his question of exactly what they were and why he had them.

This train of thought changed and he started to think about the prophecy once again and what he had to do. Thinking about it made him angry, angry that he was the one that would have to save the world, angry because it was painfully obvious that he couldn't be and

would never be a normal teenager or even an adult like everyone else.

The longer he thought about what he was destined to do he found a hidden resolve starting to come over him. He could feel a strong determination fill him from his toes and work its way up to his head. It was like a blanket that was slowly being placed on you.

He now knew what he had to do and he would do it. But he would not do it for Dumbledore, not his parents or even the Wizarding World. They were too fickle in their ideals of him, willing to turn their backs at any given moment only to praise him the next sentence. If he had to do this and was the only one that could then he would do it for his true family, the ones that were currently sleeping in the other rooms. They were the ones who deserved to live without fear. And if he had to die in the process then he would as he then would know that his true family and friends were safe from the evil that was currently around.

At this decision he closed his eyes and allowed himself to calm down and let sleep take over.

Unknown to him Elsie had felt his feelings and understood what her poor young Master was going through. She was going to help him in anyway she could and now that she knew her offensive and defensive weapons worked she would use them to protect the boy that she was coming to like even though it had only been two days now. He was just like her original Master in many ways she thought except for the paranoia and that was something she would do to stop from happening to him.

What she hadn't told him or any of the others was that she had another ability and it was one that she was about to use. She only hoped that it still worked as she hadn't spoken to the other in a long time. With that the ghostly image of Elsie vanished as she went to carry out her plan.

Well here it is another long chapter. I hope you all liked it and I was able to answer a few of your questions. Please let me know in a review.

Next chapter I am hoping to have up this coming weekend but I'm not sure.

The next morning Harry awoke to a weight on his legs. He tried to move them but found that he was unable to. Now a little confused at this he slowly opened his sleep filled eyes and tried to focus, but without his glass he could only see a blur. So knowing this he carefully reached over to his nightstand and fumbled for his glasses before finding them and putting them on.

He raised his a little and looked down towards his legs. He was surprised to see to form lying down there, one on each side. He noticed the white wolf that he aptly named Ice and a huge black dog that he knew was Sirius.

It was also at that time that he thought oh shit I forgot Ice yesterday. He's going to be so mad at me. At least he breathed a sigh of relief at seeing the ice wolf again. But that couldn't help him wondering where the wolf had gotten once they'd all gone in yesterday.

He gave a light chuckle at seeing how the two animals were laying on him. The Ice wolf had its front paws and upper body sprawled over his left leg and was obviously sound a sleep. Sirius on the other hand had almost all of him sprawled over his right leg, with his head nuzzled down in between his legs and into the blankets. Just like Ice he was dead to the world for all intense purposes.

Thinking about how he would wake the two animals without getting them angry at him especially Ice he came upon an idea that he figured would work. And so he started to try and move his legs a little and sway his hips from side to side. It was rather difficult he found to move his legs at all as the dogs were quite heavy, but his hips he found were a little easier and so he rolled in a short of comical manner trying to dislodge the two.

He finally managed to get Ice awake who just gave him a strange look before moving off his looks. He wasn't sure of what the look was but he guessed that the wolf was not happy to have been disturbed from his sleeping spot. Sirius however still had not awakened and now Harry was finding his left leg was completely asleep and he didn't like the feeling.

After a few more minutes of trying to get him to wake up Harry gave up and grabbed his wand from the night stand. Pointing it at the black dog he cast a tickling charm at him. To his joy the spell hit dead on causing the dog to wake up and start rolling around the bed. The sounds that were coming out of Sirius was to Harry a cross between a bark of annoyance and a yip of happiness.

It was a truly funny thing to see as he hadn't been sure that it would work. He began laughing at the scene and even harder as the dog rolled off the bed with its four paws sticking up in the air and the noises still coming out.

Harry raised himself up into a seating position still laughing but winced slightly as he felt little pins pricks stinging his leg as it began to wake up from its sleep. Leaning over the bed slightly he pointed his wand at the dog once again and cast the countercharm on it before he fell back and started to roll around himself as he found his ribs and lungs starting to hurt from the laughter.

Once Sirius felt the charm lift he quickly turned back into his human self and sat up on the floor. He gave a mock glare at his Godson who he saw was still laughing at him.

"It's not that funny," Sirius muttered.

"You had to see it Sirius. That was the funniest thing I have ever seen. A dog rolling around and making different sounds," Harry stammered out through his laughter.

"Laugh it up Harry while you can. I will get you back for this. After all I wasn't a Marauder for nothing," Sirius replied now cracking a smile.

"Why were you sleeping like that Sirius," Harry asked once he got himself under control.

"I just wanted to be close to you. I mean, well after what I put you through, it's the least I could do. And you are my only Godson and in a way my own son as I never had the chance to marry and have my own. You are the world to me," Sirius said hanging his head slightly.

Sobering up quickly Harry looked at his Godfather trying to decide what to say and how to say it that wouldn't hurt the man's feelings.

"Sirius I understand why you did what you did. I might have done the same thing if it had been me. But it hurt a lot, especially since I believed that I had been the cause of your death. Don't get me wrong I know that I didn't actually cast the spell that nearly sent you through the veil. But if it hadn't been for me you would never have been there in the first place," Harry said quietly.

"I am so sorry that I did that to you. I never wanted to hurt you," Sirius said in a very serious tone as he climbed back up on the bed.

"I know but I can't help feeling that way at times," Harry said. This conversation was bringing up the guilt that he had suppressed or at least tried to at the beginning of summer.

"Harry look at me," Sirius said. Harry lifted his head and looked at him. "I only wanted to do what was right. I wanted to have my freedom so that I could actually be there for you." Sirius held his hand up to stop Harry from speaking. "I know I was there for you, but not in the way you needed and deserved. You couldn't live with me and I couldn't be around like a Godfather should be. That is not until I was free from the ministry. You meant and do you mean a lot to me and I would do anything for you. If there had been any other way, I would have done it. If anyone is at fault for this, it is me. I should have somehow let you know that I was still alive and not have tried to be the typical Gryffindor."

"No Sirius you did the right thing. I would have worried about you if I'd known what you were doing. Hell I probably would have tried to stop you. But I do understand. I just wish that after you had "died" you had somehow let me know. I all ready have enough problems on my hands that I didn't need to be thinking about having killed you," Harry said his voice now faltering a little.

Sirius didn't say anything and instead reached over and pulled Harry into a hug. He felt so bad for what he had done. He had not anticipated Harry's reaction or the guilt that the boy would have felt.

The only thing he had thought about was proving his innocence and then being able to finally be there for Harry all of the time.

"I am so sorry for having hurt you. I never wanted to do that," Sirius said as he held Harry in his arms.

"I know and I forgive you but I don't know if I can ever forget what you did," Harry muffled his reply as his head was buried in Sirius' shoulder.

Sirius didn't say anything, only stroked Harry's wild hair and tried to comfort the boy the best that he could.

Sometime later they broke apart and Harry looked at Sirius with a serious expression. "Can I ask you something?"

"Yes anything," Sirius replied.

"Last night when I went to bed I was thinking about all of the strange magic things that I've done the past couple of days. I know that my temper was high but I don't understand why my magic got so powerful or why it only came out when I was angry. Do you know anything because it scared me a little when I thought about," Harry asked quietly.

"I'm not sure Harry but I think it has something to do with your maturation. I mean you are coming up to sixteenth birthday and that is when most wizards and witches begin to fully grow into their magical inheritance."

"But I don't understand. I mean I understand about the growing into my magic but why, is it so tied to my emotions, especially when I get angry and why did it get so out of control," Harry asked in a rush.

"Well I know most magic if not all is tied to our emotions. Like if you cast an unforgivable you must have the emotions of hate strong in you for it to work. If you don't then the curse won't be effective. It's like anything that we do. Emotions play a big part in our lives and so our magic is tied to them," Sirius said sounding mature for once.

"I think I understand but I still don't know how I did what I did or why it was so strong," Harry said a little hesitantly.

"I'm not too sure either why you were able to do what you did. It may be that you have some other abilities that are unknown and they are just starting to show. I'm also not too sure about why it was more powerful when you were angry other than it seems as if your magic is mostly tied with that emotion. Maybe we should ask Moony about it, he is a bookworm and may know the answers," Sirius said.

Harry didn't answer his Godfather as he mulled over what the man had just said. It did make sense that he was strong and that he was still growing into his powers but he never thought that he was a powerful wizard. He just always believed that he was Harry, an average wizard with the worse luck. "All right, we'll ask Moony and maybe even Hermione. She is a lot like Moony with books and maybe even more so," Harry finally said giving his Godfather a smile.

“Good then let’s get up and go have breakfast with the others. I would guess that they will all be leaving today,” Sirius said with a huge smile as he climbed off the bed and headed out of the room towards his own bedroom.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

Meanwhile, Dumbledore and the Potters entered the Ministry and headed for the Minister's office. They strolled down the hallways, took a lift that would open up just a few feet from the man's office. They passed by several Order members who were working there during the day and various other members of the Ministry. Some of them acknowledged the three and even welcomed the Potters back.

Once they reached the Minister's office they stepped in to the anteroom where Albus explained to Percy that they were there to speak with the Minister on important business. Percy nodded before getting up and striding across to the Minister's door. He opened and quickly stepped in before closing it once again.

“What is it Perry,” Fudge asked without even looking up from a paper that he was reading.

“Minister, Albus Dumbledore and the Potters are outside. They say that it is important that they speak with you,” Percy replied.

“I do not wish to see them,” Fudge replied.

“Very well, I shall tell them that you are busy and have them make an appointment,” Percy said and turned back to leave the office.

Stepping back outside, he saw that the Potters were standing there quietly with Dumbledore staring up at the ceiling. This perplexed the man as he was unsure of what the man was looking out. Clearing his throat he said, “Headmaster Dumbledore I am afraid that the Minister can not see you at the moment. He is quite busy but you can make an appointment if you would like.”

“You listen hear we are hear to speak with the Minister and we need to do it now,” James said his tone showing his impatience.

“James it is perfectly all right. Please calm down,” Dumbledore said soothingly. “Now Percy we need to see him now as it is vital that we do and it has to do with Harry Potter,” Dumbledore replied in his usual grandfatherly tone as he turned to look directly at the boy.

Percy instead of replying turned back around and stepped back into the office. He quickly told the Minister what they needed to speak to him about. Fudge scowled at this as he really didn’t wish to talk about the boy who lived as he had become a thorn in his side since last year. But he finally acquiesced knowing that Dumbledore wouldn’t wait. Percy nodded before leaving the room and the Minister steeled himself for the upcoming talk.

A few minutes later Fudge watched as the three walked into his office and took seats. He saw Dumbledore’s eyes twinkling and cursed under his breath as he hated that about the man. He also noticed that the Potter’s were looking uncomfortable that is Lily did but James looked impatient. This caught his attention and if he were to admit it out loud he was a little curious at the Potter’s attitude.

“What can I do for you today Albus,” Fudge asked trying to sound congenial.

“I am afraid that we are here on some important to business Cornelius,” Albus said.

“Yes, yes I understand that from Perry,” the Minister replied. “What is this important business and how does it pertain to Harry Potter?”

“I don’t know if you are aware but Sirius Black had Harry emancipated upon his death. However, as you can plainly see his parents are alive as well as Mr. Black,” Albus explained.

“I can see that but what does this have to do with me.”

“Cornelius as you are aware young Mr. Potter is a vital piece to winning this war and I along with his parents believe that it is not only in the best interest of all of us but his own safety that he is no longer considered an adult and is returned to his parent’s custody,” Albus said.

“I can understand that but you have never explained to me why the boy is so important to the war,” Fudge said.

“I apologize for that Cornelius but as I have stated before I cannot tell you. It would not be good if that information was to fall into the wrong hands.”

Fudge gave a sigh of resignation as he had been trying for awhile now to get that piece of information and it looked like he wasn’t going to get any time soon.

“Very well Albus, what would you like me to do,” Fudge asked.

“I would like you to void the emancipation records and have Harry formally awarded back to his parents. After all they are his parents and they can protect him.”

“Albus, you know very well I cannot do that. The only ones who can are those who sit on the Wizengamot.”

“Cornelius you know that you can do this if you want to,” Albus said trying to keep his frustration in check as it wouldn’t look good for him to get upset at the Minister.

“I am sorry Albus but you know the laws. I cannot do that, but if you would like I can request a hearing on the matter.”

At this Albus’ face broke out into a smile as did the Potters. “Yes that would be good.”

“But be aware Albus that a lot of questions will be raised at the hearing and his importance in the war may be brought into question,” Fudge warned.

“I am quite aware of that Cornelius but I can handle that part.”

Albus and the others stood up. “Please inform of when the hearing is as soon as you get a date.” With that said the three left the office and headed back out of the Ministry.

Fudge leaned back in his chair and gave a sigh of relief it wasn’t as bad as he had expected the encounter to be. At least he thought that it hadn’t been rubbed in his face about the events of the prior year.

There was one thing that was troubling the man and that was why Harry Potter would not be with his parents, especially since they had missed his entire life so far. And then there was why did he accept and sign the emancipation papers. Did he sign them before he knew they were alive or was there something else going on that he was unaware of? Shaking his head he decided he had better get to work on the hearing. After all, he really didn’t want to get on the old man’s bad side not like he had last year. No, that wouldn’t do well for his career, especially since his approval rating had diminished since he had been forced to admit that Voldemort was indeed back.

And so Fudge grabbed a piece of official parchment and began to write the request for a trial. One that would force Harry into an open courtroom where he would be forced to defend his rights of

emancipation, one where he was surely to lose as his parents were alive and Sirius Black was not only freed but alive as well.

Little did the Minister know that this hearing would be one of the worse decisions in his political career that he made, one that would make what he did last year pale in comparison.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P

It was after twelve in the afternoon before the Weasley's and Hermione left to head back home. Tonks had all ready left as she needed to be at work that morning. They Wesley's and Hermione promised to visit soon and be there fore his birthday which was coming up soon.

Now it was only Harry, Remus and Sirius left in the house. After having said their goodbyes they'd gone back to the study to relax and talk about the things that were taking place. Dobby had come and served them drinks before popping out to go and do some cleaning.

“Harry I think it’s time that we have a serious talk,” Remus said before taking a sip of his Butterbeer.

Harry looked up at him and gave him a short of look that was a cross from do we have to and I do want to.

“Pup, Moony’s right. We really do need to talk.”

"I don't want to talk about anything. There's nothing to really say," Harry replied.

“You know that is not true. After your outburst at the Order meeting I do think we should discuss some of what you talked about or at least shouted at all of us,” Moony said in his most calming voice, which if truth be told was hard as tonight was the night of the full moon and he felt weak.

"I said I don't want to talk about it," Harry spat, his voice rising in anger.

"Calm down Harry. You know we need to. How do you expect us to help you if you don't talk about it," Sirius said.

"Sirius you weren't there, how would you know what I said," Harry said as he stared at his Godfather defiantly.

Sirius shook his head for a moment before hanging it down in shame. "I know I wasn't there Harry and I am sorry for that. I wish I could have been," Sirius said in a soft and quiet voice that was unusual for him.

"Then we don't have anything to talk about."

"Harry we do have to talk about it," Remus said.

"Talk about what. How the Dursleys treated me growing up or how my parents who supposedly loved me didn't die and were in hiding all this time. Maybe about the prophecy that was made about me having to be a killer," Harry shouted and jumped to his feet, his hands balled into fists by his side.

"Yes Harry we need to talk about all of it," Remus replied.

"Moony is right. I know that something was wrong when I first met you but I didn't know what. You didn't really confide in me a lot. Yes you told me some things but not everything. If I'm to be a good Godfather and help you as I should I need to know what happened. It is the only way that either Moony or I can help you," Sirius said still being quite serious instead of his usual goofy self.

Instead of saying anything Harry began to pace back and forth in front of the couch with his head down and his fists and pushed into his pockets. He didn't want to discuss any of it. He just wanted to forget about it and move on but somewhere deep inside his head a voice told him that he really did need to talk about it. The only problem was he didn't want to remember or deal with all of the pain that it had caused or would cause if he were to talk. He could remember last night as he lay in his bed feeling upset and sad at how he had been treated and how it should/could never have been that way.

Harry stopped his pacing before turning around to look at Sirius and Remus. He knew that he should start somewhere, say something but he just didn't know if he was strong enough to do that without letting his emotions override him once again.

"Harry why don't you tell us more about the Dursley's," Remus said.

"Well I guess that's a start but I don't know if I can talk about it all. I mean I've never actually told anyone all of it," Harry said his voice barely above a whisper.

"Then maybe it's about time you do so. It will feel good to finally get it all out," Remus replied.

At this Harry sat back down on the couch, his shoulders slumping forward as if in defeat. Giving a huge sigh he began his story. "As far back as I can remember they told me that I was a freak, that I was worthless. They kept me locked in a small cupboard that was under the stairs, which you all ready know. When I was about five I believe they started making me do all of the cooking for them and all of the chores. I had to do the gardening, the cleaning of the house even Dudley's room everyday. I would get yelled at and locked in the cupboard at night if I didn't get all my chores that were on the list done by the time Uncle Vernon came home from his job.

I was given little food if any as they thought I was a burden. They would even tell me that I should have died with my parents and that I was lucky they took me in instead of leaving me at some Orphanage.

I remember once when I was young when Aunt Petunia gave me a bath and I complained that the water was to cold. She got mad at me and instead of cold water she made it so hot that it burned me. When I was allowed to wash, which wasn't all of the time I could only use cold water. They said that hot water was too good for me.

Dudley decided to make up this game with his friends who were more like a gang. The game was called 'Harry hunting'. They would attack me for no reason and beat me up. They would chase me down and

hunt for me everyday when I would try to hide and do it all over again. They thought it was so much fun to beat me up.

When I started going to school Dudley and his gang made sure no one would be my friend. Whenever they saw someone being nice to me they would beat them up which of course made them stay away from as they didn't want to get beat up again.

I remember one time they were hunting me and I somehow appeared on the roof of the school. I didn't know how I got there or what to do. I was so scared. That night Dudley told Uncle Vernon and I was locked in the cupboard for days without food.

After awhile Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia seeing that the neighbors were getting a little curious about me and why I was so small and was wearing clothes that were way to big for me decided to tell them that I was a criminal. That I went to St. Bruticus' School for Criminally insane teens or something like that. Once they had done that the neighbors began looking at me like I really was a criminal as if I would steel from them or hurt them.

Oh I was never hit or beaten other then by Dudley but every so often Uncle Vernon would slap me for something that I said or did accidentally. It had gotten to where all I wanted to do was run away but I couldn't I didn't have any money and no where to go," Harry said his voice shaking from the sadness that had enveloped his heart.

Sirius and Remus just sat there flabbergasted at what they were hearing. The two men knew that it had been bad for him but not as bad as this. They were both silently relieved that he hadn't been physically beaten but both knew that verbal abuse was just as bad if not worse.

"You should never have gone through that pup. You are so much better then they are and deserve so much," Sirius said his own voice betraying his feelings.

"Harry what happened after you got your Hogwarts letter," Remus asked desperately trying to keep the wolf in check which he was finding harder and harder to do as he listened to Harry's story.

“Well when the letters first started coming they kept them away from me. I remember the first one that I had grabbed. It said To Harry Potter, Address Cupboard under the stairs. I went to open it but Dudley grabbed and took to Uncle Vernon. After that the letters kept coming, bombarding the house until Uncle Vernon decided that we were all going to go away to somewhere that the owls couldn't find us.

It was the night of my birthday when just after midnight the door blasted open and Hagrid came in. It was then that I found out that I was a wizard and that my parents were supposedly murdered not killed in car accident like they had told me.

At that point they were a little scared that the freaks as they call us knew about the treatment so they gave me Dudley's second room. I had a small beat up desk and an old broken down bed. It was a little better then the cupboard but not much. Still even though they thought the Wizarding world knew they still refused to feed me most of the time and still continued to make me do all of the work around the house.

After I came back from my first year I found bars on my window. I was just as trapped in there with them on as I was in the cupboard. They put all of these locks on the door and would lock them all of the time. They even put a cat flap on the door where they would occasionally put a plate of crumbs and leftovers through for me to eat. They still called me worthless and a freak every chance they got. So nothing really changed.

The summer between second and third year was about the same except for Aunt Marge coming to stay with us. I was once again put back in the cupboard as my room was for her. She has a dog by the name of Ripper who when I was younger she had attack me for the fun of it. Well this one night I was cleaning up the dishes after their dinner when she started wanting to know about where I went to school and if they used the cane as punishment. I told her that they did all of the time because I wanted to go to Hogsmeade when I returned and I had to be nice and follow all of Uncle Vernon's orders. Somehow the conversation turned towards my parents and she said that if there was something wrong with the bitch then there was

something wrong with the pup and I should be put down like a dog. That's when I got angry and well as you both know I blue up at her as well as blew her up. I realized what I had done, that I had done magic outside of school and would be expelled as thanks to Dobby the year before I got a warning for the use of underage magic even though I hadn't done any.

At this thought I went and grabbed my trunk and all and headed out the door. I thought that I would go to Diagon Alley and Gringotts in the morning to get some money and find a place to live before I tried to figure what I was going to do."

"So that was why you were standing there on the corner with your trunk," Sirius broke in.

"Yea that's why. You know you really scared the hell out of me."

"Sorry for that I didn't mean to. I just wanted to see you," Sirius said sheepishly.

"It's all right Sirius I know."

"What about the next summer,' Sirius asked.

Harry grinned a little at this memory. "It was a little better as I was able to tell them that my Godfather was Sirius Black and that I could have him come over and hurt them. This had put a little fear in them but it still didn't stop them from calling me names and stuff like that.

The next summer was bad again not because of them as they were still acting the same way towards me and Dudley of course was still on a diet which made me have to go on one as well. That was the summer after the Tri-Wizard Tournament and Cedric's death. I didn't want to be there and I didn't know what to do. I felt so lost and confused as I blamed myself for what had happened. I didn't have anyone to talk to about it and my friends weren't writing to me. Basically I felt alone and left to fend for myself. Of course I'd been doing that most of my life but having made friends had been good but they weren't writing and I felt that way again."

"What about this summer," Remus asked a little afraid of what had happened before he had been able to flee.

"This summer was a lot better. I guess your threat that you all gave them worked pretty good. They allowed me more food even though I still had to do all of the chores. The one good thing was that they actually stayed away from me other than to give me my list of chores for the day."

"For Merlin's sake how could they have treated you like that," Sirius shouted at causing both Harry and Remus to look over at him. "You were and still are just a kid; you should never have had to do all of that work for them let alone go through that stuff."

"It's all right Sirius. It is all in the past now and I am here with you guys. I don't ever have to worry about going back there again," Harry said trying to calm his Godfather down.

"No Harry it is not all right. What they did was wrong and they should be punished for it," Sirius said. "I should have never gone after Peter or suggested him as the secret keeper."

"Padfoot, I don't think that it would have matter. After all James and Lily are still alive."

"Well they may still be alive but at least I would have never gone to Azkaban and then could have taken Harry in. Look James and Lily obviously didn't want him so I could have raised him and given him the childhood that he deserved."

Harry blushed furiously at Sirius' adamant tone. It warmed his heart to know that the man really did care for him.

"Sirius it wouldn't have mattered and you know it. For some reason Dumbledore wanted him to go there. He would have found a way to do that even if you had never gone to Azkaban," Remus said knowingly.

Saying this only caused the wolf inside of Remus to growl angrily even coming out of his mouth. His eyes were turning a yellow as the

wolf inside began to fight harder after hearing everything that had happened to its cub as it thought of Harry. Remus was trying hard to fight the wolf by keeping himself calm but was having a difficult time as his human side also felt angry at the Dursleys and those who had placed Harry there.

Sirius saw the eyes of his friend and became a little worried. Leaning forward he said, "Moony what is it old friend. Is the wolf?"

Remus could only nod as he fought to keep from growling out his anger.

"Oh God," Harry shouted as he remembered what the day was. "It's the full moon tonight and Moony hasn't taken the potion this month."

Sirius could only gape as the realization of what the night would hold for his friend. "This is not good, not good at all. Moony, why didn't you take your potion?"

"Sirius he's been with me the last couple of days. How could he have taken it," Harry chastised his Godfather.

"Oh that's right," Sirius said a little sheepishly.

"Sirius what are we going to do," Harry asked sounding extremely concerned if not a little scared.

"Um I don't know," Sirius replied.

"I will just have to go out in the forest tonight," Remus finally replied as he got the wolf under a little control.

"Yea we can do that. I'll be there with you as I have been before," Sirius said half distracted with thoughts of what might happen that night.

"I'll be all right here in the house for the night," Harry replied knowing that the two men would worry about him. "I just wish I had a form so I could be there with you."

“Harry we’ll deal with that later. But I do think you should have one,” Remus replied. “After all your father may be the biggest ass in the world but you are still the son of a marauder and the Godson of another,” Sirius said with a smirk on his face.

“Guys I think I’m going to ask Elsie if it will be safe for you out there. I mean I wouldn’t want you to get hurt or hurt another animal. I know that you would feel horrible Moony and I don’t want that,” Harry said. The other two men just nodded in agreement to this.

Harry allowed his mind to open up as he connected with Elsie.

‘What can I do for you My Lord?’

‘First could please not call me Lord, my name is Harry.’

‘Yes I know that but you are also Lord Black and I call you that out of respect for your position.’

The two men saw Harry blush and wondered what had been said.

‘I guess you are right. Could you tell me if it is safe for my friend to be out in the forest tonight?’

‘And why would your friend be out there at night,’ she asked.

‘He is a werewolf and tonight is the full moon. I don’t want to see him or any other animal get hurt.’

‘Ah yes that is why I felt something different about him. He is dark yet he is light as well. It will be perfectly safe for him out there tonight. There are other animals out there but none can harm him and will stay away as soon as they sense him,’ she explained.

‘What do you mean he is dark but of the light?’

“He is part Dark Creature but his soul is as pure as it can be. He loves those around him and only wants to protect them the best that he can. The only thing I see is that he fights with the wolf and he should not,’

Harry thought about what she had just told him about Remus and had to agree with her assessment. But he was confused by the last thing she had said. So he decided to ask her and it also brought back what she had said yesterday about Sirius.

‘Elsie, what do you mean about he fights with the wolf and should not?’

‘If he would allow himself to stop trying to be two separate beings he would find his health would be better then it is. Yes I can sense that his health is not as good as it should. Also, it would allow him to use the wolf’s abilities far better then he can now. He would find that being one allows him to finally break free of the struggle that he endures everyday of his life. It’s hard to explain but I do believe that there is a book on this matter in the library. You really need to go in there and study as I can see you are lacking in knowledge.’

Once again the two men noticed Harry blushing furiously at something that he was told.

‘Thank you for that. I will go as soon as possible. I wanted to ask you something else. Yesterday you said that there was darkness in Sirius yet I know that there is one in me as well. Why did you accept me as your master?’

‘Yes I do feel the darkness that is in you but I do not sense it around your heart. Your heart is extremely pure. It is one of the purest hearts that I have ever sensed. As for Mr. Black, there is darkness in his heart that from time to time bothers him and he fights against. I cannot tell what it is actually but it is a darkness that he must deal with sooner then later. Yes I do sense that he fights for the light and that is a good thing. But he needs to deal with the darkness before it consumes him,’ she replied.

Harry thought about what she just explained to him, trying to figure it out. He felt a small headache coming on and knew that he wasn't going to figure it out that quickly. It was a puzzle that had many pieces, which some of those pieces was still missing.

‘Thank You Elsie for your help. I would like to know what other animals are out there but I guess we can talk about that later.’

‘Yes my Lord we should discuss that and a few other issues at a later date. I believe that you should talk to your friends as I sense they are getting rather curious and frustrated about what we are talking about.

“What did she say,” Sirius asked.

“She said that it would be safe for Moony to be in the forest behind us tonight. She said that there were other animals but that they would probably hide and not bother the two of you.”

Remus and Sirius both let out sighs of relief as they were worried as to what they were going to do that night. Remus' sigh was a little louder as he hadn't taken his potion he knew that the wolf would need somewhere to roam.

“So what do you guys want to do for the rest of the day,” Sirius asked. “You know we could always talk about other things,” he suddenly said and looked at Harry. He noticed that he was looking once again at his feet and squirming a little.

“Padfoot I think we should wait until another time. Harry doesn't look like he wants to talk about other things and I'm not sure if I could keep the wolf calm if it hears more bad things,” Remus said.

“Well we don't have to talk about the bad things. Hey, I know how about we talk about what is happening with your powers Harry and see if you could do more,” Sirius replied as he snapped his fingers as if he'd come up with the most brilliant idea ever.

“You know for once you came up with a good idea. I think it would be a good idea if we test some of Harry's magic. With his Birthday just around the corner and his inheritance coming, we might want to know what he can do now. Then after his birthday we'll have to test him again. Some of the things that Harry had been able to do have been rather powerful and amazing as well,” Remus added as he tried to keep himself strong. Even though today was the day of the full moon and he was usually irritable, he was also tired.

“Moony, I forgot to tell you something that Elsie said,” Harry spoke up as he had just remembered more of their conversation.

“What did she say,” Remus asked. Sirius also looked intrigued.

“Well I’m not to sure exactly what she meant by it but she said that you should stop fighting the wolf. That the wolf is a part of you and if you embrace it, well she said it would make everything better. She also said that it would stop taking a toll on your body and you would be healthier.”

The two men looked at each other then at Harry surprised at what he had just told them. They knew that the young man was aware of the toll the transformation took a toll on Remus’ body. They’d been looking for many years of a way to make it easier for the transformations and the potion helped with him being able to keep his mind but it didn’t really lessen the pain that he felt.

“Harry what did she mean by embrace the wolf,” Remus asked uncertainty clearly in his voice.

“It was something about merging together. She said that she thought there was a book in the library that may help.”

Just then Ice came into the room and over to Harry. He sat down on his haunches in front of him and stared into his eyes. Harry stared at the ice wolf trying to figure out what he wanted it was just then that he literally jumped out of his seat, causing the other two in the room to give him a strange confused look.

Harry had felt something brushing up against his mind. It wasn’t like when Voldemort entered or when Snape was giving his Occlumency lessons. This was more of a light warm touch as if someone was probing his thoughts. He looked once again at the wolf and noticed that he was still staring at him.

‘Hello Master. I have deemed you worthy of my bond.’

'Ice is that you? How can you be talking to me in my head," Harry thought very confused about what was happening.

'It is I master. This is one of my kind's abilities. If we find someone worthy of our loyalty, companionship and trust then we bond and are able to talk telepathically,' the wolf explained in an almost bored tone.

'That is strange but wonderful Ice,' Harry replied.

'We need to complete the bond Master.'

'How do we do that?'

'It is very simple we need to mix our blood and speak a loyalty oath. As I cannot speak I will say mine in your thoughts just as how we are speaking to one another at the moment.'

Harry wasn't to sure about this. He really didn't like the idea of mixing his blood with another. The Tri-Wizard tournament and the graveyard still fresh in his memory.

'Do not fear young one for all the blood will do is allow us to finish the bond and I will be able to help you as then I will be capable of my full abilities.' The wolf thought back as if he knew what his soon to be Master was thinking.

Harry gave it a little more thought before speaking with Sirius and Remus. "Guys Ice says that he has found me worthy to bond with. He explained that we will have to mix our blood and speak a loyalty oath."

"How do you know this," Sirius asked.

"He is speaking to me in my mind. He is a telepath and since I will be his Master we can talk like that."

"Okay, if you say so kiddo. But is it safe," Sirius asked. He was still not convinced about the whole matter but thought that Harry could make the right decision.

“Yes she said that the mixing of our blood will only finish the bond. He said that when it is done he will have all of his abilities as well.”

“His abilities, Harry what does that mean,” Remus asked. “I mean we know of a few of them from the pet store but what else does he have.”

‘Ice what are all of your abilities,’ Harry thought to the wolf.

‘I am able to grow double my size as I am not fully grown I will be about half the size of a fully grown adult werewolf. I am capable of controlling the ice element through my mouth, eyes and my fur. My fur can become strong and a little pointy as your hair was this morning. At that point I can shoot small but strong ice spikes. Or at least that is what you humans call them. I am able to telepathically talk to you even across long distances. I am also able to sense what you humans call Auras. I can sense if someone is planning something through their aura as it changes with their moods.’

‘Wow that is a lot that you can do,’ Harry thought surprised by what he was learning about his new friend.

‘As a bonded to you I am also able to help you controlling the element as well. However as my kind are not as strong as others in the element, your ability will be a little less then ours. ‘

‘You mean I will be able to use ice in battles,’ Harry thought now thoroughly excited and it was coming through in his mind.

‘Yes Master but I must be close at all times for you to use it.’

‘All right that makes sense I guess. And Ice could you please not call me Master. You are my friend and I don’t want to be someone’s Master. Also please call me Harry.’

‘I understand but as a bonded to you that is what you are.’

Harry didn’t like hearing that as he had told him he hated the idea of being someone’s Master. It just sounded too much like Voldemort

and what he does to his Death Eaters and the other creatures that he has under his control.

“Harry what is it,” Sirius asked.

“Oh nothing, it’s just that Ice intends to call me Master as it is what I am to him. You should know that I don’t like that,” Harry said with disdain.

“Cub, I understand how you feel but it won’t stop the two of you from being friends. All you have to do is treat him like you do your friends.”

“I guess you’re right but I still can’t help not liking it,” Harry muttered knowing that he was defeated on this one.

‘What do we need to do now as I accept the bond,’ Harry thought to the wolf.

‘You will need to cut your paw or hand or whatever it is you call it. I will also need you to cut my paw and then we will mix our blood.’

Harry couldn’t help but give a little laugh at what the wolf said about his hand. The wolf may be intelligent but he still wasn’t sure of everything to do with humans. ‘All right let me get a knife then.’

Harry quickly summoned Dobby to bring him a sharp knife. Sirius and Remus looked at him in horror as they saw Dobby bring him the knife.

“Harry what are you doing,” Sirius asked now sounding very concerned for his Godson.

“I’m going to accept the bond and we have to mix our blood. Just as I told you before,” Harry said as he was readying the knife and his finger for him to cut it.

“I think I had better leave as I don’t want the wolf do something crazy. And with fresh blood around he would definitely try to hurt someone and I wouldn’t be able to control him,” Remus suddenly said. He got to his feet and nearly ran out of the room trying to get as far away as possible.

Once he was sure that Remus was far enough away that he wouldn't be able to smell the substantial strong smell that the wolf would smell even though to him he wouldn't even smell it. He took the knife and made a small cut on his finger before reaching down and taking the offered left paw. He carefully cut the skin of the wolf not wanting to cause his friend any harm. Once that was done he placed the knife along side him and started to squeeze the cut.

The blood that was slowly trickling from his cut now came out faster and more of it. He slid to the floor and then reached his bloody hand over to the paw. Holding his breath he lifted the paw with his other hand and then began to mix his blood with that of the wolf.

Inside his head he heard Ice speaking. 'I hereby offer my undying loyalty and faithfulness to my bonded. I will protect him in anyway possible at anytime he is need. I will willingly die for my Master.'

Once he heard Ice finish he began his and even added to it. 'I Harry James Potter offer my undying loyalty and faithfulness to my bonded. I will always consider him a friend above all and a protector at all times. I will willingly give up my life for his if the need was to arise.'

Sirius watched this from his seat with rapt attention as he watched Harry and the wolf mingle their blood. He didn't hear them saying anything but he was sure that they were doing the oath that Harry had spoken of. Suddenly he drew in a sharp breath and fell back into the chair as he saw a white aura or a light appear around the two. He could feel the coldness but also the warmth was spreading from this light.

He watched in fascination as the white light enveloped the two before slowly coming down and entering the two of them. He watched as the two seem to be staring at one another in a stranger manner then Harry had when he was speaking to him earlier.

His curiosity was now getting the better of him and he wanted to know what was happening.

Harry on the other hand felt the light that he guessed was energy appearing around them. He felt the warmth and the coldness as it slowly entered his body. He could feel something stir within as he felt the light finally disappear. He could only look at his friend with eyes of curiosity.

'That was strange,' Ice replied.

'What was strange my friend,' Harry asked.

'I've never heard of the bonds energy doing that before. I've only been told and known that we would, well I mean you would feel warmth from it. I can also feel my abilities growing but it doesn't feel right.'

'Ice what I wrong?'

'It feels as if they are growing faster and beyond that of what we Ice Wolves know from birth.'

'Is that a good thing,' Harry asked afraid that his friend was being hurt by them having completed the bond.

'No Master it does not hurt and yes it is a good thing. I can now sense your feelings stronger then before. This is a good think and you do not need to worry,' Ice replied, trying to reassure his master.

Harry didn't say anything at first but thought about what Ice had just told him. 'Ice why don't you go to the kitchen and get something to eat, I suspect that you are hungry as I am now that we finished the bond. Before you go let me have my Godfather heal your wound. I do not want anything to happen to you,' Harry said.

'That would be fine Master but you need not worry.'

'Ice you are my friend and I do worry,' Harry thought a little more sternly then he meant to sound.

'That is not what I meant Master. Take a look at my paw if you will.'

Harry looked down and his mouth fell open, his eyes bugged out at what he saw. Where Ice's paw had been cut and bleeding he saw that it was no longer bleeding and had somehow healed itself. He looked at his own hand and saw that it had done the same thing.

He was completely and utterly at a total loss of what to say. Ice didn't say anything about them being able to heal themselves if they were injured. Then how did this happen was his only thought as he noticed Ice get up and move towards the door.

“Harry what is bothering you,” Sirius asked, seeing the confused look on his face.

“Oh um it’s nothing Sirius,” Harry replied distractedly.

“Yes it is something. So tell me what it is.”

“Well it’s just. I don’t know I think something strange happened during the bonding.”

“What makes you think that?”

“Well you saw how I cut my finger and Ice’s paw right.” Sirius nodded at this. “Its just that somehow are cuts were both healed and I don’t know how. I don’t think Ice does either.”

“Then I guess we will have to find out,” Sirius said with a grim smile. “I hate spending time in a library,” he continued and moaned in complaint.

“Yes we will have to look and see. I’m curious to know how it happened,” Harry replied.

“Hey let’s go find Remus and see what he’s up to,” Sirius said, jumping to his feet and grabbing Harry by the arm before dragging him out of the room.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

Back at Hogwarts Dumbledore and the Potters were sitting up in his office having a cup of tea and discussing the events of the day.

"Albus are you sure that we will get Harry back," Lily asked.

"Yes Lily I am certain of it. Once the trial has been done he will be back with you that very night."

"Well he had better. I'm sick of seeing my son running around acting like he knows everything," James sneered. "He's too much like Sirius and I for one do not like that."

Lily could only look over at her husband in surprise. This was not the same man that she had married. If she knew better she would say that this was the arrogant James Potter that she had known in her first six years of school. Of course she knew that some of it had to do with what they had been told the night they went into hiding. But there was just something else there other than the arrogance, something that she couldn't put her finger on.

"What will happen at the trial Albus," Lily asked.

"You will both be called to testify as to what happened that night. You will also be asked why you wish to have custody once again as your son has been emancipated," Albus replied calmly, his blue eyes twinkling as he took a sip of his tea.

"That's easy to answer," James snorted.

"Albus, you do remember what Harry said about telling everyone and leaving. What will we do to stop that? I mean I lost my child once and I don't want to do it again," Lily said.

"Ah that is quite simple my dear. First even though he is known as the Boy-Who-Lived his word will not be as strong as mine is. Also, if he tries to flee like he threatened, we will just have the Order grab him and put him in your care," Albus replied.

"And what about my so called friends," James asked anger in his voice.

“They will not get in the way and if they do. Well we can handle them as well if the need arises.”

Once that was said the three lapsed into silence as they enjoyed their tea and thought about what was to come in the near future. James and Albus were certain that everything would go according to plan, but Lily wasn't as sure.

Lily had been having second thoughts now for the last day and half and wondered if things weren't going to go harder then they wanted. Of course she would do anything to get her son back. After all, she went along with Albus and James on their plan to go into hiding and leave Harry behind. Now she wasn't sure at all if that had been a good idea. She wondered this many times when they were in hiding; the question was no where near as strong as it was now.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P

That night Harry had decided the best thing to do was read a book that he had gotten on defense yesterday as his family, the ones that he actually considered that, the ones that had been there for him for the last few years, the ones who were willing to help him, the ones who he knew if he admitted it loved him for who he was were out in the forest for the full moon.

Taking the book out of his bag that was lying near his new trunk in his room he flopped down on his bed and opened it to the first page. As he began to read he heard the sounds of padded feet coming towards his room and the sound of wings flapping. He glanced towards the door to see Ice and Hedwig entering. He watched as Hedwig flew over to the bed post behind him and perched on it. He saw Ice come in and climb up on the bed and curled up to go to sleep.

There was one thing he was extremely grateful for and that was Hedwig seemed to like Ice. The two so far had gotten along and there didn't seem to be any animosity or jealousy between. That is what he at least saw and assumed as he hadn't really seen them together until now. Turning back to his book he leaned back on his pillows and went back to reading.

He was finding it a little difficult to read as the light didn't seem to be string enough or his eyes were getting worse. Waving his absently in the air in frustration about having to get up and turn the light brighter he gave a startled eep. When he had waved his hand the light brightened on its own. He dropped the book into his lap and just stared at the light.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

Out in the forest in the back of the house Sirius and Remus made their way to a clearing further in. They were made a little more apprehensive then they had all ready been when they noticed that they could not see nor hear any other animal. Of course they knew what Elsie had told them about the animals but both were hoping to see at least one before the full moon rose to its zenith and began showing through the trees.

The eeriness was getting to Remus as he stood there in the clearing, trying to keep himself calm as he felt the wolf stirring and beginning its takeover of his mind and body. He had never heard such stillness, quietness before in any of the previous forests that he had been in. It was as if the entire world stopped for him and this didn't set well with the man.

Sirius on the other hand was standing a little distance away from his friend awaiting the transformation before he became Padfoot. His mind was thinking about Harry being in the house by himself. He really didn't like the idea of it but knew that he needed to be with Remus since he had forgotten to take the Wolfs Bane Potion that he had been taking for several years now. Oh he knew that his Godson was safe and that he was well protected but he just didn't like the idea that he wasn't there, especially now that he was a free man.

Suddenly, the moon crested and its light shone down on the two men through the tree tops. Sirius watched with saddened eyes at Remus' transformation. He wished like he had been for so many years that they would find a cure for his friend. He hated to see the pain in the man's eyes and his body seemingly torn apart and put back together because of this horrid curse.

Remus steadied himself as the moon shone down on him. He could feel the wolf now taking over fully as his body began to change. He felt every bone in his body hurt as they shifted and changed to that of the wolf. He felt his legs begin to change as they grew longer and his feet became clawed and animal like. He felt the pain in his face as it too began to change to that of a large wolf. He felt his mind being shoved back to the back where he could only watch helplessly as the wolf possessed him.

Sirius watched, waiting till he knew it was time. When it was he quickly changed into his big black dog form. He carefully padded over the leaves to his friend to get his attention. He needed to let the wolf know he was there and was submissive to him. All he could hope for was that he wouldn't be injured like the wolf had done to him in Harry's third year.

He had just reached the wolf when he bent his head down and laid on all fours. His eyes looked up at the dark amber eyes that were staring at him. He waited until the wolf made its acknowledgement of him as a pack member before getting back up.

However to the dog's surprise Moony looked at him briefly before throwing back its head and howling at the moon? The howling hurt the dog's ears as it sounded high pitched as if he had been severely injured. The howl reverberated through out the forest.

Sirius realizing that he had to gain the wolf's attention once again got up and moved carefully in front of it again. But this time he saw that the wolf was looking at him with a strange expression. If he had to take a guess, if Remus was in his human form he would have guessed that the wolf looked incredibly angry and mournful. But why eluded the dog as he crawled a little closer to his friend.

Then without warning Moony gave one last howl before whipping around and bounding towards the house. If a dog could have cures he would have been doing just that as he stood up on all fours and ran after his friend.

Moony however by passed the house and ran directly for the road where he stopped and stood up. Soon Padfoot reached his side and noticed that the wolf was sniffing the air and listening intently. A confused look on the dog's face appeared, if you could call it that. The dog tried to smell as well listen but couldn't hear anything.

Then without any warning Moony took off bounding down the road. Padfoot not wasting a second took off after his friend. He knew that something was wrong with the wolf and was afraid that what ever it was, it was not good.

The werewolf kept going as fast his legs would go with the dog on his heels. Remus who had seen this tried to stop himself from doing this but without the potion he had no control. All he could do was watch from within his own mind as the wolf ran on.

Well here it is. I hope you all liked it. This is the longest chapter yet. It's like I get started writing and find I just keep going. I'm hoping that there will only be about another three to four chapters before we return to Hogwarts. There will be some action and other interesting things happening in the next couple of chapters. I know that I made it a cliff hanger. I wanted you all to guess where Moony is headed. Don't worry I've all ready started the next chapter and should be up no later then next Wednesday but I am shooting for Tuesday.

So once again please read and review.

Sirius chased after the wolf trying to catch up as the wolf's legs were longer it had a definite advantage when it came to running. He had no idea where they were headed as he ran through forests, the highlands, and even parts of small villages. He was just glad that they had yet to come across any people out strolling on a beautiful night.

Remus' own mind sat on the edge of the wolf's fearful that the damn creature inside of him was going to do something that would get him into more trouble than he ever wanted or could even fathom. The worse was that his mind could feel the anger that poured off the wolf's mind

Sirius soon fell back a ways as he watched his friend pick up even more speed as it weaved in out of the trees of yet another forest. He was forced to stop as his tongue was hanging out and he was panting heavily. He was having a hard time catching his breath and even in his dog form could feel his ribs hurting from the exertion.

The only thing Sirius could do was change back to his normal self and tried to think of where Moony was going. The only thing he could think of was that the wolf was headed for some place that they both knew. But the only places he could even think of were his ancestral home and Hogwarts. Suddenly his eyes widen and he muttered an "oh shit" and apparated away hoping that his tiredness didn't get him splinched.

Sirius sat outside the home on the steps thankful that he had made it in one piece. He knew Moony would be here soon, especially since he had done the Tempus spell and saw that it was all ready two in the morning. His mind was mulling over different plans to stop the Werewolf from harming anyone.

The only kink that kept coming up was that he didn't know if he could do it. He remembered Harry's third year when Remus had forgotten to take his potion and he ended up getting injured from trying to stop his friend from harming the kids and corral him into going into the Forbidden Forest. This was just like that time but there was one thing that was different and that was he wasn't as weak as he been since he hadn't recently escaped Azkaban. It was then that he heard the howl and knew immediately that Remus was close by.

Standing up quickly he changed into Padfoot and waited patiently for Moony to appear. He didn't have to wait long as he saw the wolf appear in front of him having bounded up the street.

Moony stopped and stared at the black dog that was blocking his way. He tilted his head slightly and sniffed the air trying to get a smell from the dog. The wolf got the smell he was searching for and instantly knew that the dog who was barring his way was another member of his pack.

Giving the dog a growl as his now golden eyes seem to glow with what looked like pure fury he stepped closer to the dog. Remus could only think Oh Merlin help me as the wolf drew closer. Sirius on the other hand did not back down nor become submissive to the wolf and growled right back at him.

Then without any warning the wolf lunged for the dog and slammed across the lawn. Sirius landed in a heap from the impact and felt a trickle of blood and pain from his left side. Sirius realized that the wolf even though saw him as a pack member was not going to allow anyone or anything get in its way of revenge.

He made it back to his four paws quickly and tried to ignore the pain from his side. He gave a loud bark at the wolf. It was a warning not to do anything. This however he saw made the wolf angry as it jumped off the porch and stalked over to him. Sirius stood up on his back legs and slammed himself against the wolf, trying to get him mildly injured so that he would flee. This however was one of the stupidest things he could have done as instead of actually pushing the wolf an inch, he found him sailing through the air once again. And once again he landed hard on the ground, except instead of landing on the grass, he landed on the sidewalk and his breath was knocked out of him.

Sirius should have known that he couldn't fight with the wolf in this manner. The wolf was the Alpha Male of the pack and was seeing Sirius as a threat to his position. Alpha Males who see another male as a threat or challenging their position will immediately take a defensive position and battle the other from domination. It is the way of wolves as the leader is challenged from time to time for their

position by other male pack members. This however was far worse as not only did the wolf see the dog as challenging his position but also blocking him from his intended duty.

Wolves take their duty extremely serious and are loyal to their pack. If they befriend a human for various reasons such as they are injured and the human gains their trust enough to help them, they will become loyal and a fierce protector even willing to die for the human. They will also leave shortly to bring their entire pack to the human and they all pledge their loyalty and allegiance as their Alpha or Leader has done.

Moony seeing that Padfoot was not moving at the moment turned and leapt up onto the porch once again. Standing on it's hind legs he slammed his whole body in the door causing it to quiver and shake and give a resounding bang that echoed the inside of the house.

Vernon Dursley heard the barking and howling earlier, which had awakened him from his sleep. He muttered to himself that he would have to do something about those blasted dogs in the neighborhood. Suddenly he heard the sound of a loud banging on his front door, only it didn't sound as if someone was knocking.

He climbed out of bed and put on his slippers and grabbed the robe that was hanging on the door.

"Vernon what was that noise," his wife asked in scared voice.

"I don't know dear but I'm going to go and find out," he replied angrily.

Opening the door he stormed out of it and flipped on the hall light before descending the stairs. Then the band was heard again and it shook the whole house. He grabbed a hold of the railing to steady himself. His own eyes had widened at this but he kept going. His entire face was purpling in anger as he reached the first floor and the sound came again.

'Whoever the hell it was I'm going to give them a piece of my mind,' he thought angrily to himself.

He heard his wife and son at the top of the stairs as they asked him again what was going on. This time he didn't answer as he angrily stomped towards the door. He was just about to open it when another bang came and the door came crashing in.

Vernon soon found that he was trapped under the weight of the door and in the darkness saw a shadow of something large bound on top of him. He let a loud grunt of pain and tried to yell at the intruder but soon stopped and his eyes grew in fear.

There standing on top of him were gold eyes staring down at him. He could feel the drool from whatever it was as it splashed down on his face. There was a deep feral growl also coming from above him. He started struggling to get the beast and the door off him but it was to no avail as there was just too much weight on him.

Petunia and Dudley who had been huddled and cowering at the top of the stairs heard the door come crashing in and a loud grunt and a deep howl. They looked at one another before rushing down the steps. Petunia hit the switch to the light that would flood the area with bright light. Dudley clinging to her back for dear life as they turned the corner to see the most terrifying thing that they had ever seen and would ever see.

The light at first had blinded Moony but he shield his eyes and now were looking directly at the two other Dursleys. The wolf's eyes were still glowing even in the now lit room. He lowered his head a little and gave a feral growl that came from within the depths of him. He took a step towards them as the growling kept up.

Petunia and Dudley's eyes grew wide in fear just as Vernon's did. Petunia's eyes soon rolled up in the back of her head and she fell backwards in a dead faint, no screaming, no yelling, nothing at all.

Dudley squealed like a pig, grabbed his rear and ran for the kitchen. Not being able to think as he was terrified for his life he ran for the refrigerator and started trying to get behind it. All he wanted to do was run and hide from the beast that was out there in the living room. Only, with no real brain he ended up getting stuck and he began to squeal and keep pushing trying to get behind it.

Padfoot moved a little and felt his entire body hurt as he did. He knew somehow that he had possibly broken a rib or two from the impact. But the animagus was a little confused as to where he was and what was going on, especially why he was in pain. Soon the fog cleared as he heard a deep howl from the house that he knew was his friends'. Carefully he got to his legs and shook his shaggy head to make sure all of the cobwebs were cleared. He also made sure that he wasn't in too much pain to get into the house. He had to stop Remus from doing any damage to the Dursleys even though he felt the same way. He didn't want to see his friend being killed as a werewolf would be if he killed a muggle or anyone for that matter.

He made it into the house and saw Moony standing over the body of Petunia Dursley. He gave a bark and jumped in; landing on the door and hearing a grunt come from under it. He didn't pay any mind to it as he kept barking and heading for the wolf. The wolf turned back with only its head and gave a low feral growl at the dog.

It was at that point when Petunia woke up from her faint and saw the Werewolf standing directly above her. She scrambled to her feet and ran towards the stairs. This was however a mistake as she let out another scream as she felt herself being picked up by the monster. She screamed as loud as she could as she began to be shaken in every direction before being turned around to face the monster that had her in its claws.

The only thought that ran through her mind was, 'Oh God its going to eat me.'

Sirius seeing this began barking louder and ran towards the back of his friend, slamming as hard as he could into it. He hoped the impact would cause him to drop the woman. Unfortunately that did happen and instead he was for the third time sailing through the air. This time he ended up landing on the broken door. He heard the grunt once again from underneath him. Quickly getting back up he looked down and saw the wide cheeks of Vernon Dursley. He knew he should help the man but he had no remorse whatsoever for this and so ran off the door and once again tried slamming into the wolf. This time it worked

and Moony dropped Petunia who went crashing down on the floor and hitting the back of her head on one of the steps.

Moony turned around and gave the black dog a feral growl. It was one that Sirius knew all too well and it was not good. Stealing a glance back towards the outside he noticed the moon was beginning to set. He gave another bark at the wolf, slammed into him again and took off out of the door, once again hitting the door and pushing it in to Vernon.

With the moon setting he had to get Remus out of there before he changed back. He was going to do everything he could to protect the one last true friend that he had, saved for Harry.

Moony growling and giving another howl leapt on top of the door and took off after the dog.

Sirius ran as fast as his poor legs would carry him but after the fight he had with Remus they weren't that steady and he was feeling pain everywhere even in his eyebrows. He knew of the park down the street so that was where he was headed. He knew from things that Harry had said previously that there was a small forest in the back off. He just hoped fervently that they would make there on time or that at least Moony was following. After all he didn't have the time to glance back and see if he was.

The two dogs made it to the forest and Sirius was trying to dodge the Wolf the best he could as he knew it was furious with him. He had to keep doing this until the transformation back started, but it was getting hard as he was hurt and the wolf was not.

Just as Sirius made a dash to the right the wolf stopped and howled as it fell to the ground. Sirius, the dog watched as the change back started for his friend. Assured that everything was all right he changed back to his human self and collapsed on the ground and immediately fell asleep.

The two friends awoke later to the sounds of sirens blaring. Remus tried to sit up but he was extremely weak like always after the full moon and was in pain. There was something else though; it was

more in his mind. He remembered and saw everything that he Wolf had done. His amber eyes dimmed in sadness as he realized that he could have killed someone the night before. And it was all because he had forgotten to get his potion.

Sirius slowly sat up, wincing in pain as his ribs protested the move. 'Well at least I'm still alive,' he thought wryly.

"Sirius, are you all right," Remus asked tentatively.

"Yea I will be after I get checked out and get a healing potion or two," Sirius wheezed out.

"Oh Merlin, I'm so, so sorry for what I did to you," Remus said as tears formed in his amber eyes and he looked down at the ground. He didn't want to look into the face of his friend, afraid he'd see anger and betrayal in them. He also felt ashamed for what took place.

"It's all right Moony. I'll be all right in awhile. Besides cheer up you didn't kill any of them. Though they would have deserved it for what they did to Harry."

"Thanks Padfoot but I still feel sorry for having hurt you. I'm so scared though; last night was almost my biggest fear come true. I...I...I don't know what I would have done if I'd killed them," Remus said his voice breaking with shame and anger at himself.

Sirius tried to stand but found his legs just too weak and so he crawled over to Remus. He slung an arm around his friend's shoulders. "Remus, you did not and that is what matters. As for me, well I've been through worse and you know it. So don't go blaming yourself. There was nothing you could have done."

"I felt so helpless, trapped in the back of my own mind watching everything that was transpiring. I tried... I really tried Sirius to stop it all but I couldn't," Remus sniffled a little.

"It's going to be all right. It's all over and you only injured them. Besides cheer up, who's going to accept what they say about being attacked by a werewolf. People will think they're crazy. And don't

forget you didn't kill them and you got a little bit of revenge for all of the things that they did to Harry," Sirius replied trying to cheer his friend up.

"When I was running I knew where the wolf was headed. I could just feel its anger and need for revenge. You know Harry is a part of the pack and he is the youngest. The wolf feels a great need to protect him from anything that it can. I guess yesterday when Harry was telling us about his life at the Dursley, the wolf felt the need for blood, for revenge."

"I felt the same way and wanted revenge too but not this way. I guess we should have waited and got him to open up on a day when there was a full moon. I forgot that the wolf was right at the surface on that day, just waiting to break free. So this whole thing is my fault too."

"I guess. It still doesn't make up for the guilt and shame I feel," Remus replied sadly.

"No it never will. You know I still feel guilty for Lily and James' death."

"Huh, but that wasn't your fault they had been attacked and it certainly isn't your fault that they are alive."

"I know that but it doesn't change the fact that if I hadn't suggested Peter to be there Secret Keeper, they wouldn't have been attacked. Besides Harry would probably have lived with them," Sirius replied sounding very melancholy.

"Sirius you listen to me right now. We don't know why they did what they did to Harry, to us. They never really explained it. And who says they may not have done it anyway," Remus said sternly, forgetting his own feelings of pity and guilt.

"I know. I guess I didn't give them the chance to explain when I saw them."

"None of us did. I don't think I could actually sit down in room and ask though. I'm just so angry for what they did. Still I would like to know the entire reason."

“Me too Remus,” Sirius replied. “You know when I talked to them, well argued with them James acted like he did before him and Lily got together.”

“I know what you’re saying. He was that way too when Harry came barging in on the Order meeting that day. James was so full himself and I wanted to knock him across the room for it. I thought we had all grown up. Well, you didn’t really now did you,” Remus laughed at what he had just said and the indignant look that appeared on his friend’s face.

“I will have you know I can be mature, it’s just that I don’t want to.”

Remus gave a small laugh as that was he could manage as he was exhausted and like Sirius hurt from the transformation.

“Moony I think we should head back to the house. We left Harry there all alone.”

A dawning realization came over Remus and he gave his friend another sad look.

“Now don’t you go pitying or feeling guilt again. We can just apparate back,” Sirius said, cutting Remus off from once again his self loathing.

“I don’t think I can Padfoot. I’m to sore and tired.”

“Then we’ll just have to call the Knight Bus,” Sirius said and carefully stood up.

Remus did the same and the two men made their way out of the forest and the park to the sidewalk. There Sirius used his wand to call the crazy purple bus. Soon they were on their way back to Harry.

Little did they know that the events of the prior night were being shown on every television channel and discussed on the radio even every paper were scrambling to get their articles ready for an extra edition as this had turned out to be such an incredible and newsworthy story.

One of the neighbors who had gone to work the night before as he worked the graveyard saw the emergency vehicles at the Dursley's residence and couldn't help but smile at this.

He hated the family lived there as they were constantly gossiping or butting their nose into other peoples business. Getting out he made his way into the house and sat down. Reaching over for the remote he pointed at his television and turned on. He figured he'd relax a little and watch some of the early news before trying to get some sleep as he had to work again that night.

The commercial that had been on went off and the news came back on. The man who was sitting back in his plush blue chair sat up straight and leaned forward intent on listening to the broadcaster as he saw the Dursley's home in small window to the side of the blond woman.

"This is Candace Hamil and we have just received breaking news out of Surrey. I now send you to Mark Hammond for the report." The small picture now filled the entire picture.

"Thank you Candace. This is Mark Hammond reporting to you live from Surrey at number four Privet Drive where a strange occurrence has taken place.

Two hours ago a next door neighbor who stepped out of his home to go to work and happen to notice that the door to the Dursley's home had mysteriously vanished. He hurried across the street to see if they were all right only to find the door collapsed in and lying on one Vernon Dursley. Not stepping inside he hurried back to his own home and called the local Constable.

From what we have been told Mr. Dursley was found unconscious with severe bruising and injuries to his chest and abdomen. He awoke when they were putting him on a stretcher and he began or tried to shout about some monster that attacked them and something about freaks. From what one of the medical professionals told us it sounded as if the man was delusional. As of yet we do not have any

word on his condition as he was taken to the local Hospital for treatment.

In their investigation of the home they found one Mrs. Petunia Dursley lying at the bottom of the stairs. She was unconscious and had various lacerations on her face and bruising around the neck pointing to her having been severely choked.

There was also another victim in the home and that was their sixteen year old son, Dudley Dursley. Who was found trapped in between the refrigerator and the wall. They are still currently extricating him from it as he somehow got one of his feet stuck in the back of the refrigerator.

We have been informed that when there is any new information we will be given and that the investigation is now starting into what could have happened to a family that was and is considered a very upstanding, law abiding family.

This is Mark Hammond sending it back to you Candace in the studio.

Thank you for the report Mark. We here at the studio hope the family is all right.

We will bring further news on sad and tragic event that has taken place and as well as the family's' condition when we have more. And now we will take a station break and then we will check the weather for today with Stephen Larskey.

The neighbor fell back in his chair with gleeful smile on his face. 'Whatever it was that happened to them, it couldn't have happened to a more deserving family.'

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

Harry had awoken earlier then he had expected as he found that it was only six in the morning. Climbing out of his bed he made his way to the large private bathroom that he had. Deciding to take a nice warm bath instead of a shower as he never got to take one at the Dursleys he quickly ran the bath and stepped in. Sinking down into

the warm water he allowed his eyes to close and just relaxed in the warm and soothing water.

It was over a half an hour later before he finally climbed out and brushed his teeth before getting ready for the day. He assumed that Sirius and Remus were in their rooms sleeping after the night before. So when he was done instead of going to check on them he headed down to the kitchen have some breakfast.

Stepping into the kitchen he was nearly bowled over when a blur hit him in the legs. He steadied himself and looked down to see Dobby tightly holding him around the legs.

"Master Harry Potter is awake. I've cooked your breakfast," the exuberant house-elf cried.

"Thank you Dobby but could let me go so I can go and sit down. I can't eat it if I don't sit down," Harry answered, smiling as he looked down at the elf.

"Dobbys sorry, Dobby should know better, Dobby bad House Elf," the elf said releasing Harry and running towards the stove.

"Dobby stop, you didn't do anything wrong. You will not hurt yourself. We agreed on that. Why don't your bring over your wonderful food," Harry said as he went and sat down at the table.

"Master Harry Potter is a wonderful Wizard," Dobby said as he grabbed a plate of food and levitated over to Harry."

"Dobby I didn't know you could so much magic. I know I saw what you did to Malfoy. Still I didn't know you could levitate things too," Harry said as Dobby put the food in front of him before going back and bringing a goblet of pumpkin juice.

"We House Elves can do many magic's.," Dobby replied proudly.

"Dobby can you tell me what else you can do," Harry asked as he took a sip of his juice.

“Master Harry Potter wants to know house elf magic,” Dobby stated surprised that a wizard would want to know about these things.

“Yes Dobby I would like too know. But first you must stop calling me Master. I do not like it and would rather you call me Harry. I am not your Master and never will be. You are my friend and friends don’t say those things.”

Dobby who was standing there by Harry lunged forward and wrapped his arms around what he could of Harry and cried. “Harry Potter is a good wizard.”

“Enough of that Dobby, you don’t need to cry. Now why don’t you sit down and tell me all about your magic.”

Dobby let go and looked up at Harry. “Master Harry want me to sit with him,” Harry asked sounding as if he hadn’t heard correctly.

“Yes Dobby I do. I told you we are friends.”

Dobby was about to cry again but didn’t and just gave a nod instead. He hopped up in the chair next to Harry and looked at him with unshed tears in his large eyes.

“What Harry Potter want to know,” Dobby asked.

“All of what you can do.”

“We House Elves can do magic to clean. We can use some wizard spells too. But not like a wizard and not learn them like that. We can pop anywhere if our master want us too.”

“I know about the cleaning magic and the popping but what about the wizard magic,” Harry asked as he took a bit of his toast.

“We House Elves know how to float things. We can take things from people. We can open things and make holes as you say.”

“Is that what you did to Malfoy,” Harry asked.

Dobby gave him a nod. "I used a blast spell or I'm not sure how else to say it," Dobby replied a little uncertain of himself.

"Ah, I understand Dobby. How do you learn this magic?"

"We House Elves born with it and parents teach us," Dobby explained.

"Is it possible for a wizard to learn how to use your magic," Harry asked a strange thought running through his mind at the moment.

"No Harry Potter. Wizards can't learn House Elf magic."

"Oh I see. That's all right Dobby."

"Would Harry Potter like more food," Dobby asked.

"No I'm full Dobby. Thank you anyway."

"Harry Potter need to eat more," Suddenly the House Elf scolded him.

Harry couldn't help but chuckle at this as it reminded him of how Mrs. Weasley treated him. "Dobby I know I need to eat more but I'm not hungry."

"Dobby make a snack later before lunch," the House Elf said sternly. "Harry Potter need to eat more."

Harry couldn't say anything in the negative as he didn't want to hurt his friends' feelings and knew he was right. "Okay Dobby," Harry said.

It was just as they finished their conversation when Harry heard the front door opened. His brow furrowed in confusion and he quickly headed for the door. His wand held tightly by his side in case he needed.

It was as he reached the entrance that he saw Remus and Sirius coming in, leaning against one another for support. Harry took in their appearance and other than knowing why Remus was looking the way he did he didn't know why Sirius was.

“Sirius, Moony what happened? I thought the two of you would be asleep in your rooms,” Harry asked sounding concerned.

“Harry pup it’s a long story and I don’t feel too good,” Sirius replied.

It was then that Harry’s grew wide and concern filled them as he saw the blood trickling down from Sirius’ side. Rushing over to them he stepped in between them and helped them to the study. He was going to call Madam Pomfrey as soon as he got them situated and comfortable.

An hour later Sirius and Remus were sleeping comfortably on the couches. They had both been yelled at from Madam Pomfrey for their carelessness. Remus for having not taken the Wolf’s Bane potion and Sirius for getting into an argument with the Werewolf as he knew better not to do those things. She told him he wasn’t there to fight with his friend but to be a companion. The only reason why she had scolded Sirius like a little child was of the half truth that they had told her.

Harry who had sat silently by listening to everything that they said and what Madam Pomfrey told them wasn’t convinced that was all that happened to them. He was sure that the two men were hiding something and he didn’t like it. Once Madam Pomfrey left and he was sure the two men were sleeping comfortably he quietly made his way out and headed to the library. He was going to have a talk with them later and by Merlin’s name he was going to make them tell him everything.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

Meanwhile at Hogwarts Albus was sitting in his office stroking his beard lost in thought. He was in need of another DADA Professor and surprisingly a Muggle Studies one as well. He was trying to come up with possible candidates when a thought struck him. Soon a strange smirk came over the old man as he figured out just who the two new Professors would be.

With a nod he stood up and headed out of his office. The two new Professors would be perfect he thought. They would be right there and help him with all of his plans and not question him in the slightest.

Albus was walking down the halls towards where an apartment had been set up for the perfect couple. He turned a corner and spotted Severus stalking towards him, the man's black robe billowing behind him.

"Good morning Severus, and how are you this fine morning," Albus greeted the sour man.

"Albus it is as usual," Severus replied with his trademark sneer.

"I was wondering if you have heard any more information on our missing boy."

"I have no news to give," Severus replied dryly and becoming more alert.

"Ah, well I guess we must keep looking. He is not safe if he is not here or at his relatives' home. Well good day Severus," He said and started on his journey once again.

Snape stood there staring at the retreating form of the Headmaster a strange puzzled expression on his face. He was now more than ever certain that there was something going on. He wasn't stupid and new that Potter would not be safe at his relatives, especially since there would be no blood wards to protect him. And that was something else that bothered him. If the Potters had been alive along as Albus had told them, then there were never any blood protection or the like protecting the brat. Deciding not to dwell on it any longer he chose to observe and see what he could learn. After all, he hadn't survived this long a spy for the lack of trying. Turning around once again he headed towards the infirmary, his robes billowing behind him as he needed to get the list of potions that the Poppy needed.

Reaching the infirmary he pushed the doors open and stalked in. To his utter astonishment he didn't see the stern woman anywhere. He stalked back to where her room and office were. Throwing the door

open in his usual trademark way he was surprised to see that she not there either.

Now there was definitely something peculiar going on. He knew that Poppy didn't go anywhere other than either to her sisters' or to the Order Headquarters if called. The woman like him always stayed here for summer. Well she stayed longer than he did as he usually went back to Spinner's End until now every year. It was his retreat away from all of the children.

Spinning on his heel he stormed back out and to the Great Hall thinking that she may just be in there. He was talking to himself about how irresponsible the woman was for disappearing when she surely knew he would be coming to get the list today.

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While all of these events were transpiring another one was as well. In Voldemort's lair, he was sitting on his throne as usual with Nagini at his feet. His red eyes were glowing eerily at the man in front of him.

"It's good to have you back Lucius. However you have failed me yet again," the vile man hissed out and pointed his wand at the man.

Lucius who was kneeling in front of his Master soon found himself on the ground screaming at the top of his lungs and writhing in pain. He could feel every nerve, every muscle scream in pain as the Crucio continued. It felt like ages when it was finally lifted. However he was still unable to move as his entire body shook and trembled.

"You are aware that I do not tolerate failure," Voldemort hissed.

“Yes My Lord,” the blond aristocrat wheezed out as he struggled back to a bowing position.

“I did not get you out of Azkaban for you to continue to fail. I have a mission for you and this time you had better succeed,” Voldemort said.

"I will not fail you again My Lord. What is this mission," Lucius asked his words laced heavily with pain.

"You are to lead the hunt to find where Harry Potter is hiding and bring him to me.

"My Lord I thought he was somewhere we couldn't find him," Lucius asked and once again found himself under the throws of the spell.

"You are an imbecile like that fool of a Dumbledore or you're a fool Lucius in believing that. I received some rather startling but welcoming news the other day. It happens that he is no longer where Dumbledore put him and is indeed now on his own. I want him found and brought to me," Voldemort shouted and then put the curse on him once again.

"As you wish My Lord," Lucius replied shakily. "My Lord begging your leniency may I ask a question?"

"Do you know why the boy is not with Dumbledore or why he left his home," Lucius asked and steeled himself the best he could for another round of being under the Crucio.

"Ah Lucius my old friend, you have actually used that brain of yours for once. I am quite pleased to see that it hasn't been destroyed or dulled in the many years since I've been gone. As to your question that blasted boy disappeared when he found out the Dumbledore was using him and that his parents were still alive," Voldemort replied his voice hissing the last part dangerously.

"My Lord, I thought that you killed the Potters?" The next thing Lucius heard was the curse being cast and finding once again on the ground writhing in pain.

"Do not ask a question unless you have permission too. And yes I too thought that I had killed them. But somehow how they did not die like the traitors they are and were in hiding all of this time," Voldemort said hissing still after he'd taken the curse off of a member of his inner circle.

“Yes my Lord I will not ask again without permission,” the blond aristocrat said numbly, getting back to his kneeling position. “If you will, may I go and start on your plan?”

“You may but it had better be a good one or I will punish you yet again,” the Dark Lord hissed and his red eyes glowed.

“As you wish My Lord,” Lucius replied. “I will not fail you again.” The blond gave a bow the best he could with his entire body shaking and aching from having been subjected to so many of the Crucios.

“Good get out of my sight. And you had better not fail me yet again. If you do then I will not be so lenient.”

Knowing a dismissal when he heard it Lucius stood the best he could and gave his Master one final bow before slowly making his way out.

Voldemort leaned back in his chair and sneered as a thought struck him. He knew a way he could hurt Harry and now that he was stronger since his encounter with the blasted boy and Dumbledore even though he wasn't back to the level he had been at the beginning of the night he was by no means as weak as he had been when he fled. That night he would use his ability to weaken the boy, the bane of his existence. He'd make the boy weaker for Lucius and his fellow Death Eaters to capture him and then he would have his vengeance on the boy and all those who oppose him. A cold hissing laugh rang out in the room as he finished his plans and petted the head of his favorite and loyal servant Nagini.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P

Over at the Burrow the day had turned out to be rather a nice one as the sky was blue with white clouds in it. The weather itself wasn't as hot as the previous day had been. Hermione, Ron and Ginny were out in the garden sitting and talking about what had transpired the other day when they saw Harry.

"I don't know about you guys but I wish I could living in an actual alive house like Harry," Ginny said wistfully.

"Yea I know what you mean. Things always happen to Harry," Ron said trying to keep his voice even.

"Ron don't be jealous. You know as well as we do that it's the best place for Harry to be," Hermione scolded the red head.

"I know Hermione but sometimes it's so hard and I can't help thinking about how everything happens to him."

"We should just be happy for him and be there to help him whenever we can," Ginny said.

"Ginny's right Ron and you know it. Last year we all made a pact to help one another and not get jealous."

"Your right and I'll try harder but it can hard," Ron answered now looking down at the grass. He absentmindedly played with some of it.

"So what do you guys think about Sirius being back," Ron asked changing the subject.

"I think its great, especially for Harry. We all saw how upset he was after that night. Now he has someone else he can go to," Hermione replied.

"I feel the same way. What about the way he did it," Ginny piped in.

"That was bloody brilliant. It sounds like something the twins would do," Ron said and he was beaming at what the man had done.

"Ron watch your language," Hermione scolded him. "I do have to agree that it was brilliant. It juts shows that he is still a marauder."

"There is one thing that is bothering me," Ginny said thoughtfully.

"What is it Ginny," Ron asked.

"Well we still don't why Harry's parents went into hiding without him. They never did say and I don't understand why they would have left him behind."

"I know what you mean Ginny, I feel the same way. There's just something wrong with the whole thing. I mean everything that Harry was told and told us his parents loved him a lot and died protecting him," Hermione replied.

"It just doesn't make any sense. Maybe we can find out," Ron added.

"Oh and how do you propose to do that," Hermione asked.

"I don't know," Ron said suddenly a little embarrassed that he didn't have any idea.

"Still I think it's a good idea. We just have to figure out how," Hermione replied absently as her mind was all ready going over ways that they could find out.

"There is still another problem."

"What's that Ginny?"

"Well Ron, we all know that they are going to try and get Harry back and he wants nothing to do with them."

"You're right Ginny, we should have thought about that sooner."

"We can't let that happen," Ron cried indignantly. "He's my best mate and I'd do anything to help them."

The two girls smirked lightly at one another knowing that they had been successful in getting the red head out of his funk about the way Harry was living and all.

"No Ron we can't but we don't even know how they're going to do it. There's just so many ways that they could go about it," Hermione calmly said.

"I guess we just have another thing that we have to work on," Ron added gloomily.

“What about his magic? “

“I know Ginny his magic is getting powerful. There’s something wrong about it though,” Hermione answered her friend.

“There’s nothing wrong with it Hermione. He’s just growing in to it and is coming into his inheritance a little early,” Ron said.

“I know all about magic inheritances but his seems to be more then that.”

“Did you read every book on it,” Ron asked sarcastically. He had quickly duck as she leaned over to hit him upside the head. “Hey watch it.”

“Children you need to come in here now,” Molly shouted from the kitchen.

Their conversation was now cutoff as they quickly stood and brushed off their clothes and headed for the house lost in their own thoughts.

They had just stepped in when they heard the floo fire up and a crashing sound come from the living room. They ran out there along with Molly to see what all the commotion was about. They all began laughing even Molly when they reached the living room.

Tonks had heard about what had transpired the day before and she hurriedly left and flooed over to the Weasley’s first. She didn’t want to go to Harry and the others first as she knew she needed more help in what was going on, especially on how to inform Harry before the Owl got to him.

When the floo stopped instead of a graceful step out of the fireplace she ended up caught in her own robes and fell out falling over and taking the small table that was a little a ways from her. She crashed onto the floor with her robe pulled up to her waist and the table laying on her.

She heard the laughing and glared up at the four people in the door frame. She gave them a scowl. "All right that's enough, you all know that I'm a klutz," she said. "Could one of you help me here?"

Hermione and Ginny stopped their laughing and went over to help the young Auror untangle herself and stand up.

The five of them returned to the kitchen and sat down. Molly however didn't right away as she brought the sandwiches she had made for lunch to the table along with five goblets of juice for them.

"What brings you here Tonks," Molly asked as she sat down.

"Yea I thought you were still at work," Ginny asked before taking a bit of her sandwich.

"I'm at lunch at the moment and I have some bad news to tell all of you," Tonks said.

"Bad news, what's happened, is Arthur all right," Molly babbled afraid that her husband had been hurt.

"No Molly he's perfectly fine. This news has to do with Harry."

"What is it about Harry," Hermione asked afraid of what may have happened to her friend.

"I found earlier today that there's to be a trial."

"A trial for what," Ron cried.

"Calm down Ronald and let Tonks tell us," Molly scolded her son.

"It seems that yesterday Dumbledore and the Potters convinced Fudge to have a trial in regards to Harry's custody."

"What! He's an adult thanks to Sirius," Ron shouted as he jumped to his feet.

Instead of reprimanding him this time, Molly gave him one of nasty glares and he quickly sat back down.

"That's just it," Tonks replied. "They somehow were able to convince the idiot that with Harry's parents back and Sirius alive his emancipation is no longer legal."

"How can they do that? I mean thought when he signed those papers nothing could void them," Hermione asked, her brow raised in a question manner.

"It's supposed to be that way Hermione. But somehow Fudge has found a way to get around it. I don't know how he did but he did," Tonks answered the girl.

It was then that Molly spoke up; her face had paled at the implications of what she had just been told. "This is not good, Tonks you remember what Harry said at the meeting."

"Yea Molly I do."

The three kids shared a look as if they suspected what they were hinting at. They had after all heard most of what was said or shouted but not everything.

"Mum, what did Harry say," Ginny asked.

Molly was about to tell them it was none of their business but saw their looks of determination and Tonks' nod that they should know. She shrugged her shoulders and gave a sigh before telling them. "He said that if anyone tried anything to force him back to the Potters he would leave and not go back to Hogwarts. He said he would leave and not help in the war at all.

The three friends all paled at what they were just told. Various Horrors were racing through their minds about Harry leaving them and the Wizarding world to fight against Voldemort.

None of them liked the idea of it having to come down to Harry and Voldemort but knew there was nothing they could do after he had told

them the prophecy before they left to come home. They all silently agreed to help him and be there by his side when that day came. Now however that day may come sooner then they wanted and not in the way they expected it to.

"He can't leave us," Ginny suddenly cried out.

"Ginny, you know he can and he probably will after this," Ron said.

"Then we just have to make him see that he is important enough to stray with us," Hermione replied calmly but there was a steely edge to her voice.

"Molly you do know what else he said don't you," Tonks asked.

"Yes I do and I know that that will probably happen more then him leaving."

The kids once again glanced at one another but decided they didn't want anymore bad news.

"Does Harry know," Hermione asked Tonks.

"No not yet. But an owl has been sent to him," Tonks replied with a shake of her head. "I don't know about you all but we should tell him before then. I'd hate to think what he's going to do when he receives it. Only thing is I'm a little worried with how his magic gets," Tonks replied and gave a shudder as if a memory of what happened the other day replayed in her mind.

"Tonks it doesn't matter, we have to be there. We have to tell him first. If he were to find out that we knew before him and didn't say anything he'd think we were on their side," Hermione said.

"I agree with you Hermione. We should go now. Do you still have time Tonks," Molly asked.

"Yes and I can just call my boss and tell him that I spotted a Death Eater and am trailing them," Tonks replied with a mischievous smile forming on her lips and her hair changing from pink to neon blue.

With that all decided the five headed outside to catch the Knight Bus as the kids couldn't apparate yet. All three of the kids groaned about having to take the bus as they never wanted to be on that thing ever again after their first trip. Molly quickly shut them up and nearly had to drag Ron with them.

H P H R H P H R H P H R H P H R H P H R H P H R H P H R H P H R H P H R H P H R

Earlier around eleven Remus and Sirius awoke in the study and looked around. They both stretched and yawned as they were just waking up. Neither one had really slept much but both had felt something lightly poke and prod them until they were awake. Remus was still very sore and weak from the night before. Sirius was as well but now it was just more from his muscles as he had overworked them and of course he still had pain in his side.

“Um, Moony where do you think Harry is?”

"I don't know Padfoot," Remus replied as he slowly tried to push himself into a full sitting position instead of stretching on the couch.

“Then I think we should go and find him,” Sirius stood up but ended up sitting right back down as a wave of dizziness hit him. “Merlin, my head hurts.”

“Pomfrey said that you would have some after effects of all those potions she gave you and she said you had hit your head pretty hard,” Remus calmly replied.

"I know she did, but I didn't think it would be this bad. I feel like Buckbeak ran wild and trampled over me," Sirius moaned.

Just nodding his head in agreement Remus lay back down and closed his eyes.

A soft pop was heard and the two men turned to see Dobby standing in between them, a huge smile on his face. "Would Harry's dogs like some food," he asked the two men.

Both men's eyebrows shot up in question at what the House Elf had just asked them and said about them.

"Um yea that would be nice," Sirius asked. "Where is Harry," he asked almost as an after thought.

"Harry Potter, sir is in the library reading. Does dog want his Harry Potter," Dobby asked.

Sirius didn't know what to say and jaw dropped open at this. He could hear Remus lightly snickering over on the other couch. "Oh shut up you old wolf. It's not that funny and you're one of his dogs too." That did it; Remus shut up and mockingly glared at Sirius. "Yes Dobby could you tell him that we are awake.

"Yes I will do that and I will bring food," Dobby said before popping back out.

"You know Moony that is the craziest House elf I have ever met. He's so much better then Kreacher and funnier too."

"Yes he is that Sirius. And you know he adores Harry and would do anything for him," Remus replied calmly.

Soon they heard foot steps at the door and looked over to see Harry smiling at them as he walked in. They watched him as he took a seat in one of the chairs.

"So would one of you guys like to tell me what happened last," Harry asked. "I know you both should have been in your beds earlier then when you came staggering like you'd drank three bottles of Fire Whiskey each before you got here."

The two men looked uncomfortable to say the least at what Harry had just said to them. They looked at one silently communicating whether or not to tell him about what had transpired. Neither one wanted to do this as they were afraid he'd blow up at them for what they did, well at least what Moony did. Finally after several minutes they both nodded at one another before turning to look at Harry the best that could as he was sitting and they were still lying down. Before they could start

to tell him of the events that had happened, Dobby popped back in with a tray laden with sandwiches and cups filled with tea. He laid it on the table between the men and asked if that was all they needed. With three nods and three thank yous, Dobby smiling brightly popped back out and to the kitchen.

The two men feeling their stomachs grumble slowly sat up and reached for a sandwich. Sirius took a bite of his first before starting the tale. Remus picked up a little ways in as he knew most of what happened as he witnessed it trapped in the back of his mind helpless to do anything but watch.

"Let me get this straight, you guys went from here in the highlands all the way to England last night," Harry said, his voice holding a little edge to it once he'd heard the tale. The two men could sense that he wasn't at all thrilled or happy about them having gone there.

"That's right Harry," Sirius answered his Godson, now looking down at his feet and finding them rather interesting to look at.

"How in bloody hell could the two of you do something so stupid," Harry snapped at the two men who were both looking down and feeling ashamed of what they had done. "Don't the two of you have any sense not to get yourselves in trouble or am I going to be forced to be the adult here."

"Cub we had no choice, the wolf was the one that did it. He considers you a pack member and was angry that they had treated you that way. You had never told either one of us the details about living with them. And since I had no control this month, he was in full control and went where he wanted," Remus tried to explain as calmly as he could. That was hard as even though he knew it wasn't actually his fault, he couldn't help but blame himself for it, especially as it had been his fault for not having gone to Snape for his potion like he always did every month.

"I know that, I'm not stupid after all. But I just can't understand how Sirius could have let you do it. He's there to help you with the transformation and keep you out of trouble," Harry anger evident in his voice but not enough to cause his magic to go wild.

"Harry I tried to stop him. I really did but the damn wolf wouldn't stop," Sirius said trying to get his Godson to understand exactly what he had done. It was then that he saw Remus' face fall in sorrow and new that he had said the wrong thing again. Groaning a little he turned to look at his friend. "Remus I didn't mean it that way it came out. It's just that when you don't have your mind and the wolf is angry, it's like trying to stop a brick wall from hitting you. And before you ask it's a strange muggle saying I think." This seemed to do the trick as Remus didn't look as hurt.

"I will admit that the wolf is and would probably be hard to control. At least that is the way it sounds from what you and the others have said," Remus stated knowing not to mention James or Peter with Harry there.

"Okay so the two of you went to my relatives. Did anyone see you? Did you kill them," Harry asked afraid of the answer. He wasn't sure if he'd be happy or sad if Moony had done something like that after the way he had been forced to live. Yet, at the same time he knew that killing for any reason was wrong.

"No kiddo we didn't. I was finally able to get Moony away from there and down to that park that I knew of and into the woods. The wolf scared the hell out of them though. But I do think your uncle was hurt pretty bad, he was trapped under the door and well," Sirius paused for a moment as he or Remus had yet to tell him this part. "Moony and I both did kind of jump on top of him a few times," he finally said.

"At least no one was killed and you weren't seen. I don't what I'd have done if one or both of you been killed or sent to Azkaban," Harry replied now the anger was seeping out of him

"Hey Kiddo you're taking this easier then we thought. We thought you'd be screaming at us for having gone to the Dursley's house," Sirius asked confused at Harry's attitude over this, especially as it seemed like the boys; anger was gone completely.

"Yes I am a little mad at the two of you for doing something so stupid like that, but you didn't kill them and didn't get caught, so why should

I yell at you,” Harry asked, a smile cracked on his face. Then suddenly he was able to clearly see Vernon trapped underneath the door and began to laugh. He had been trying to picture it ever since they told him about. The more he pictured it the harder he laughed.

They watched as Harry laughed harder and harder before he grasped his sides and effectively fell out of the chair when he doubled over. The two men were now looking between themselves and Harry trying to silently figure out what was so funny.

The two men shared a confused look as they tried to come up with a reason why Harry would be laughing about the situation. It wasn't a funny situation at all and someone could have been killed. Moony could have been killed if he'd been seen or caught.

“Harry what is so funny,” Remus asked, turning back to look at the laughing Harry, laugh his head off. They watched as he laughed so hard he ended up doubling over and falling onto the floor.

“My uncle....You standing on him.....Trapped under door,” Harry answered trying to rein in his laughter.

The two men just looked at one another and chose not to say anything. They looked back at Harry and saw that he was still laughing.

“Harry it's not that funny. He was badly hurt you know,” Sirius replied dryly.

“I...I...Know Sirius but between picturing that and what you said about Aunt Petunia I can help myself. I wish I could have been there to see it,” and with that said he kept on laughing.

Soon however his laughter stopped abruptly as Elsie spoke to him in his mind.

‘Master, you have visitors at the door.’

‘Who are they,’ Harry asked, his thoughts clearly showing his wariness.

'Some of your visitors from the other day, Master. There are three of the red heads, the brown head that's bushy and the pink one but now it's blue. Is she a Metamorphmagus?'

"Yes she is. That you for letting me know.'

'Master if you'd like you can key anyone to that you want to have full permission to enter when you are unable to greet them.'

'That is a great idea. Before I do I want to know more about that,'

"Guys we have visitors, I will be right back," Harry told the others as he got up off the floor and headed out to the front door.

A couple of minutes later he had reached the door and opened to see Tonks, Mrs. Weasley, Hermione, Ginny and Ron all standing there. He saw Mrs. Weasley had been just about to knock when he opened it.

"It's great to see you all," he exclaimed happy to see his friends and the one woman who did consider a mother to him. "Why don't you guys come in?"

They all nodded and stepped in one by one. Harry closed the door as Tonks was the last one in and ushered them down to the study where Remus and Sirius were.

They all had sat down, Remus carefully sitting up so Tonks could sit by him as well as Ginny. Sirius did the same for Molly, Hermione and Ron.

"So what brings you guys here? I thought you'd be working Tonks. And I didn't expect a visit from the rest of until next week when it's my birthday," Harry replied.

On their way over they decided that Tonks should be the one to explain what was happening to Harry and the others as she new the full story. They just hoped that Harry wouldn't lose it again, but that

hope was very little as they knew that the news would surely set him off.

Tonks was about to start when a large regal brown owl appeared in the room and flew towards Harry. He saw that it had a letter tied to one of its legs but he still slunk back not wanting to take it. At the same time Elsie spoke to him once again.

‘Do not fear Master the owl means you know harm.’

‘I know the owl wouldn’t but what about the letter,’ Harry asked unsure if he should take it.

‘The letter is perfectly safe,’ Elsie replied. If a house could sound bore then she would be at this conversation.

‘Okay the letter is safe but how did it get in.’

‘If an owl comes around me I can sense if it has any package or letter. If it means no harm and the item it is carrying is safe then I allow a window to appear for to come in.’

Harry didn’t know what to think about this. So he decided to not think anything to the house and instead settled with a thank you.

He waved his hand slightly in a gesturing to the owl that it could come over to him. Once it had he carefully untied the letter before thinking the bird. The bird gave a hoot in reply and took off. Harry assumed that it was leaving.

He turned the letter over and a puzzled look came over his face.

“What is it,” Sirius asked.

“It’s from the Ministry,” Harry replied still not taking his eyes off the letter.

He didn’t see the others pale at hearing that. He also didn’t hear the sharp intakes of breath either.

"What do they want," Sirius asked now suspicious.

"I don't know Sirius, but it's probably my O.W.L. results."

"They don't come out until next week," Hermione replied absentmindedly. As soon as the words left her mouth she clamped a hand over it and her eyes grew. She noticed that now all of the occupants in the room were looking. There were three there were giving incredulous looks and four giving angry glares. She knew that she had just screwed up.

Now curious more then ever at the letter, if not a little fearful as he hadn't received an owl from the ministry since last year when he used underage magic to protect him and Dudley from the Dementors. He was just about to open it when he heard a loud stop and did just that before looking up to see how had told him stop.

"How do you know what it is Tonks," Harry asked suspiciously.

Tonks gulped loudly as she saw Harry, Sirius and Remus' eyes on her. She could see the others all looking away trying to be inconspicuous.

"Yea cousin how do you know," Sirius echoed Harry's words.

"Um, well, I found out something today at the Ministry," the young Metamorphmagus replied a little cautiously knowing what she was about to tell the three men would undoubtedly cause an explosion.

"What about the Ministry," Harry asked a little afraid what he was about to be told.

"Harry before you do or say anything please let me say everything all right," she asked him as her hair began changing colors at rapid pace to show her growing nervousness.

"I'll try but no promises," Harry answered.

Seeing that was all she would get from the young boy sitting to her left she gave another gulp before starting in on her news.

So there you have it another chapter. I really do hope you liked it.

Note: The trial will be coming up in a few chapters. It's going to be one of those extremely explosive ones and may end up being two chapters.

Note #2: we will be seeing some of Harry training very, very soon. Also his Birthday will be coming soon. It will be a wonderful birthday but one for the history books. It's going to be a birthday for the ages or at least I hope it will be.

So please review and let me know what you thought.

Tonks took another breath and started in on the news that she had brought. The entire time, secretly hoping that Harry wouldn't explode like he usually did with bad news or the like. She explained how she found out about the trial that was to take place. How the Minister was the one to order it. How Dumbledore and his parents were the ones to convince Fudge to do this.

The whole time during her explanation, she watched as Harry's face became redder and redder the more she said. She saw that his hands were shaking now and it looked like he was about to drop the letter.

Finishing her story, she quietly sat there on the couch and watched as Harry comprehended everything she just told him. She also noticed out of the corner of her eye that Sirius had also become red.

A few minutes of silence went by, no one daring or knowing what to say to the young man that they all liked and loved. They watched as he stared off across the room as if in a trance; his face had paled considerably as the implications of what was to come hit him like a sledgehammer. Sirius, seeing this, stood up as quickly as possible made his way over to his godson, but he was still rather sore from the night before and didn't move at his usual speed. He hurriedly went over to Harry and sat down on the edge of the couch. He threw an arm over his Godson in a comforting gesture

"Harry, we will get through this. We're all here for you, no matter what happens. Why don't you open it and see what they have to say," Sirius suggested a little afraid of what his Godson would do after having read it.

Harry gave him a mute nod and slowly opened the letter. He opened the parchment and slowly began to read it.

The others all watched as his face paled then became red with fury. They were all thinking the same thing, 'This is not good.'

The letter read as follows.

Dear Mr. Potter,

You are hereby requested to appear in courtroom five on August 13 at 9:00 am. A hearing has been set in regards to your living arrangements as it has been brought to out attention that you were emancipated by one Sirius Black.

Normally we would not step in on such matters. We however find that with your parents as well as one Sirius Black who ordered your emancipation are all currently living we must therefore order this hearing.

You will be expected to prove to this court that there are strong enough reasons for this to stand. If we find that there is no overwhelming evidence to allow this to stand, then we will have no other choice then to declare your emancipation void and return you to your parents custody.

We must warn you that if you do not appear before this court then we will have no alternative but to void it.

Evelyn Corner,

Head of Children's Welfare

Everyone in the room began to feel extremely hot as the air itself seemed to be warming. Soon they were all frantically fanning themselves with their hands as it kept rising.

Sirius and Remus knew without an ounce of uncertainty that it was Harry's magic that was doing this. You could see it on his face and in his now flaming green eyes.

"Harry you must calm down. Your magic is getting out of control again. Please try and relax," Remus calmly said to the now incoherent boy.

Instead of calming down at all Harry jumped to his feet and began ranting to no one in particular.

"Who the hell do they think they are? I'm not some freaking toy for them to throw away when it's inconvenient to them and then want me

when it is! I am no one's toy and I am going to prove it! I am sick of this shit! I am sick of the Wizarding world," Harry shouted.

His anger had boiled over as he continued his furious pacing and ranting about his life. They all quickly braced themselves for the magical onslaught that was sure to come at any moment. That, however, was not what happened and suddenly they all jumped and screamed as several lightning bolts came crashing through the roof and slamming into the fireplace. The sheer power of the bolts caused the old and exquisitely built fireplace to come crashing in. It was a good thing that no one had been near it or they would have surely been either hit by one of the bolts or injured by the crashing mantle.

They gaped at the destruction, forgetting that Harry was still ranting, oblivious to what had just transpired. None of them had ever seen such a feat as this had been and did not know what to say.

Elsie also appeared and tried to get her Master's attention. However, regardless of what she tried he was either ignoring her or didn't hear what she was saying. And this was not a good thing as she gave him a back a nasty glare before once again disappearing.

Remus overcame his surprise first and turned to look at Harry. "Harry, you must calm down. Your emotions are once again out of control once again as well as your magic," Remus calmly spoke to the young man who was still pacing and ranting. Remus shook his head a little and tried another approach. "Harry if you do not calm down then we cannot discuss this rationally and help you. If you want to be an adult then you have to act like one and pull in your emotions. This does not help the situation," Remus still in his calm voice told him.

Unfortunately, the boys' action wasn't what he had expected and found himself regretting what he said.

Harry finally did hear Remus but all he heard was the words that he wasn't acting like an adult. Upon hearing these words, he whirled around and glared at the man. His arms now crossed over his chest and his green eyes burning fiercer than ever. "Why should I calm down? Tell me how that will do any good. I have seen and done more than any of you have in your adult life and you expect me to be calm.

You tell me that I'm not acting like an adult. I cannot believe you would say that to me. You were the one who was acting immature and irresponsible last night, so don't you dare give me that condescending bullshit," Harry yelled at the man.

Those present who didn't know what had happened looked at one another, confused expressions on their faces and silently asking the others if they knew what that was all about. But they all shrugged and shook their head in the negative before turning back to the now enraged boy.

"Those asses have gone too far and that includes that pompous jackass of a Minister. They all planned out my life without me and damn it I'm not going to allow it anymore. This is the first time since going to Hogwarts that I am truly happy and that is about to be taken. Well, no more. If they...wish to play, then I will too. If they want this trial then I will fight fire with fire and they better be ready," Harry said now in a cold tone, one that was very reminiscent of Snape's.

No one said a word, not even Remus, as he could tell just by the words spoken and the tone that Harry was pissed. He closed his eyes briefly and tried to come to terms with the words that he had just heard. He knew it was going to be bad and he was afraid, afraid for Harry. He had to say something, do anything get the boy to think rationally. It wouldn't do any good for him to go off "half-cocked" like he was at the moment.

Taking a deep breath and exhaled slowly, he opened his eyes and began to speak again

"I understand how you are feeling: betrayed, scared, and angry. I do understand but it will not help the situation if you do not calm down and act mature about the situation."

"I do not care if I am not acting like an adult. I am sick of all of it!"

He was about to go on another rant when he suddenly stopped, his mouth snapped shut and he stared at Remus. His eyes dimmed, the fire disappearing as his mind replayed Remus' words over and over in his head. He let out a scream that no one would ever forget for as

long as they lived. His knees buckled and he collapsed to the floor, screaming and crying.

With what Remus said, all of the pain he carried inside him since he was a child and had desperately tried to bury as deeps as he could was now brought to the surface. The pain that he had from the things that his relatives forced him to do, all of the things that he had had do or was somehow the cause of at Hogwarts to now, with his parents being alive all of this time. His heart was hurting as he felt the betrayal of his parents who he had always believed had died that night and saved him from being killed. It was hurting so much that it felt as if it would explode at any second.

No one could move as if they'd all been hit with the Petrificus Totalus spell. All they were able to do was stare down at the once angry young man with tears in their eyes and leaking down their faces. The once strong man was now broken as he cried and shook from the pain.

It was Molly who acted first as she hurried to his side and dropped down beside him. She enveloped him in a big hug and just held him as he cried. Her own heart was breaking at this scene as she heard him crying into her shoulder and this caused her to cry as well.

"Why, why do they hate me so much? What did I ever do to them?" Harry said through his bouts of crying. "All I ever wanted, all I needed was a family who would love me. I dreamt and wished every night for my parents to rescue me and love me.

"I don't know dear. I just don't know. But you do have a family. Most of it is here right now with you and we do love you, we love you so much. I consider you another son and would do anything to help you. You mean so much to me, to all of us," Molly quietly told him as she began to gently rock him.

"I can't do this anymore. I can't be the person they all want-I'm just a kid. I just want life of my own. I want everyone to see that I'm just Harry not some Savior," Harry stammered through his crying.

All of the watchers sat there crying for their friend, their godson, their brother. They too could feel his pain and anger and wanted to help him. Of course the younger ones knew that he kept many things to himself. They also knew some of his childhood but never really knew just how bad it had hurt him or even how his status also affected him. They did know that he hated it and didn't want it but it was this that made them see just how much he was a kid and how every adult expected him to be the strong one.

They wished they could erase the pain, the hurt he had inside and give him the life he so rightfully deserved. This was especially true with Molly and Sirius. For Molly it was the fact that she had considered him like another son and would do anything to protect him. She had taken to him as soon as she met him when he came to stay at the Burrow. He had always been a very polite young man and willing to lend a hand. It had been then when she began to look at him as another son.

For Sirius it was because Harry was his godson, but also due to how he looked upon the boy as his own son. He had always looked at him like that even when he was a baby. Back then he never thought that he would live this long to have a child of his own and so that was why Harry meant the world to him. It was also why he had gone and done what he did to get himself free. So he could give Harry the home he wanted the boy to have.

Even Remus was affected by this as he had taken to him when he saw him again when he taught him in his third year. The boy had been such a joy to be around as he was always polite, wanting to discuss his parents, which allowed Remus to remember the good times. He had found that Harry had a very infectious personality that just made you want to love and protect him.

"I can't do it. I just can't keep going on," Harry repeated again. It was as if this was some kind of mantra.

"Harry dear, we will get through this. We are all here to help you, just as we said earlier. You don't have to do anything by yourself any longer. You should never feel that way," Molly told him.

Soon Hermione and Ginny were by his side and helping Molly to comfort their friend. Trying to reassure him that every thing would be all right and they'd stand by him no matter what happened. The entire time they were talking to him, they both rubbing small circles in various spots of his back. They too were crying.

Sirius stood there, his charcoal gray eyes were of course filled with tears and slowly slipping down his face. He no longer looked like the immature, fun-loving person he was nor did he have that haunted look to him that had developed over the twelve years he'd been Azkaban. No, he now looked depressed and worried and even forlorn you could say. He felt helpless as if he'd failed once again. It wasn't because of Lily and James he felt this way, it was because he was unsure of how to help his Godson.

Remus as well looked on feeling helpless, wishing there was something he could do to help.

Ron, who had earlier been jealous of Harry, once again and been reminded that he shouldn't be had a stony look to his face. It was at the very moment that his best friend collapsed he realized and understood just what he had to live with all of his life, what everyone expected of him and just how scared Harry was of that. That was something he did not want happening to him and he made a vow that no matter what he would always be there as a friend, as a best friend always does. He would never ever want to be in Harry's shoes or jealous of what he got. Instead he would be happy and supportive. He made this vow not only to himself but to Merlin as well.

Tonks, who was sitting on the couch, had had to turn away when she saw Harry collapse. It wasn't like she hadn't seen people fall apart: she had indeed seen this too many times in her job. However, like the night when she thought Sirius had fallen through the veil, she felt helpless to do anything. It also, brought home something that she always knew, and that was you can't always help everyone.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

A meeting was taking place at Hogwarts in the Headmaster's office with all of the professors regarding the O.W.L. results of the students

from the year before. Snape was currently sitting next to Minerva with his arms crossed over his chest and a scowl on his face. Little Professor Flitwick was sitting on a stack of books over to his right with Pomona Sprout next to him. Hagrid who was coming back to teach once again was standing towards the back as he was a little too big to be sitting in a chair unless it was a specially conjured one and he had told Dumbledore not to bother. Professor Vector and Madam Hooch were sitting side by side on the left side of Dumbledore's desk, talking in hushed tones. The one surprising thing was that Lily and James Potter were also there standing next to Hagrid. The other professors were gathered in chairs around the room.

Albus walked into the room from the small anteroom that laid off his office on the right. He had a very serious look, yet his blue eyes were their usual self, twinkling. He strolled over and took his seat behind his desk and steeped his fingers.

His appearance caused all of the Professors to stop talking and look up at him.

"As you are all aware, yesterday I have received the O.W.L. results. We are here like every year to discuss these results, especially the Prefects and Quidditch teams. It is also when we begin to create the students' letters regarding what they can and cannot take."

"We know that all ready Albus please get on with this. I do have important business to attend to," Snape sneered.

Dumbledore didn't say a word at man's snarky attitude. He knew it was just the way the man was.

"Would you shut up Snivillus," James sneered at the man. Severus didn't even respond this time, telling himself that Potter was not worth his time.

"That will be quite enough James," Albus spoke up in a stern voice. This did cause James not to say another word and only glared at the Potions Master.

“Now, as I was saying I have received the O.W.L. results and upon reviewing them last night I found a few surprising things in them.”

“What was surprising, Albus,” McGonagall asked sternly, her lips pursed into a tight line.

This was the first time since the day she quit the Order she was in the company of Dumbledore; that is except for when she had to eat in the Great Hall.

“The first thing I noticed was that many of the students, more than we have had before scored Exceeds Expectations or higher in the Defense Against the Dark Arts.” He saw the raised eyebrows in question about this from the entire staff. “Yes, yes I know quite a surprise even if I say so myself. Another thing that I found was that our resident trio all scored in the top eight percent of the entire student body. This was quite a shock, not as much with Miss Granger, but it was certainly a surprise with Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasley. Mr. Weasley was the most surprising of them all.

All of the prefects also scored well enough to keep their positions and I am quite pleased with that. The Quidditch teams all did as well; except for two I am afraid.” He turned slightly so he could look at Severus clearly before he spoke next. “I’m sorry to have to inform you of this Severus, but your team will have to find two new beaters this year. Mr. Crabbe and Mr. Goyle did not fare as well in the tests. In fact they both failed nearly all of their O.W.L.S.”

Snape gave him a curt nod in understanding. He was well aware of the two boys’ lack of brains and because of this he had helped them, more like played favorites with the two in his class. It was the only thing he could do to keep their fathers from coming after him or telling the Dark Lord himself.

“Albus, may I ask how my son did?” Lily asked.

“Ah Lily, I will say this about your son, he did a remarkable job,” Albus replied his eyes twinkling even more.

“Harrumph! I’m surprised the brat did well.” James snorted.

All of the other professors turned and looked at him with surprise and questioning looks. That is all but Minerva; she had a look that clearly told him she did not approve of his attitude. Snape on the other hand had a questioning look but he was also committing to his memory James' attitude and words. He would go over them later in the privacy of his own room.

"With that finished, I do believe you all will find a copy of your students' results in your offices. I will expect to see your letters that will be sent out to the students in two weeks next Wednesday. That will assure I have enough time to check them and make any suggestions as well as time for all of you to make any necessary changes." They all nodded in agreement.

"Next Order of business I do believe is with Minerva and me. Therefore, you are all dismissed. Thank you for coming and I will see in the Great Hall for dinner." All of the Professors quietly stood up and filed out of his office.

Albus waited to assure himself that everyone had left before beginning to speak with his Deputy Headmistress and Head of Gryffindor.

"Minerva I believe we need to discuss candidates for the Captaincy of the Quidditch team."

"Yes Albus we do," Minerva replied curtly.

"Do you have anyone in mind?"

"I actually have two in mind. I believe that Mr. Potter or Mr. Weasley should be offered the position."

"Why would you suggest either one of them?" Albus asked, his brows raised.

"Mr. Potter has been on the team since his first year and is one of the best Seekers that we have ever had barring Charlie Weasley. He also

is a good leader as last year has proven with his illegal defense class,” she replied a small smile playing on her lips.

“That is true. He has proven himself to be a good leader. However, I am not sure that he would be a good choice to be the captain. Even though he has proven himself as a good leader he has also on several occasions shown that he can be reckless in things that he has done,” Albus explained.

Minerva’s lips formed tighter this time, almost as if they were about to disappear. Her eyes narrowed as she gave Albus a hard look.

“Now why don’t you tell me your reasons for suggesting Mr. Weasley,” Albus asked in a calm voice.

Nodding her head she began. “Mr. Weasley even though he has only been on the team for a short time had proven that he can be an excellent leader. He is also proven to be a great strategist as he proved this back in his first year. Though I do have my reservations regarding his abilities as he did not perform as well as he could have last year.”

Albus nodded and began to stroke his beard in thought. “Yes he did not do as well as he should have. Minerva, at of the two you have spoken on, who would your preferred choice,” he asked as he looked at her with a piercing stare.

She saw this and turned slightly so she wasn’t looking directly into his eyes. “My preferred choice would be Mr. Potter. He loves the game and after everything that had happened to him, I do believe he has more then earned it.”

“Yes I can see that. However I am afraid that I will have to override you on this.” Minerva shot him a glare of surprise. This was the first time that she could recall him ever overriding regarding the Quidditch team. Albus saw this but ignored her look. “I believe that Mr. Weasley would be the better choice and therefore he shall be given it.”

Minerva did not like this one bit. “Very well, Albus, I will offer the position to

Mr. Weasley.” She stood up and headed towards the door only to stop midway and turn around to look at him. “I do hope you know what you are doing and will not come to regret this decision.” With that said, she turned and headed out to go to her office.

The whole way through the halls her mind was on Albus and what he had said. She couldn’t understand how he could be so callous towards young Mr. Potter, especially after last year. She had wanted to give a prefect position to him but had been overruled by Albus. He had told her that Mr. Potter would be too busy to be able to perform the duties properly. He’d gone on to say that the boy needed to enjoy his teenage years and didn’t need the extra responsibility that came with the position. Now this, she was starting to wonder if Albus had lost his mind, yet she wasn’t going to dwell on it. She may not have liked what he had done to Mr. Potter but she wasn’t going to get involved with their problem.

She finally reached the portrait guarding her room. She gave the password and stepped in

before it could completely open. Walking over to her desk in the corner, she noticed a piece of paper that quite definitely had not been there before. She sat down and picked it up. By the time she’d read thoroughly, she actually was smiling as she laid it back down.

It had been good news for her and one that she would be able to use to advantage when the time came. She quickly reached for a blank parchment, grabbed a quill and dipped into the red ink. She then began writing furiously, the whole time the smile stayed on her face.

A couple of hours later James and Lily entered the Headmaster’s office after having been summoned for a small meeting. Both were curious as to what it might be but had some inkling that it had to do with their son and the hearing.

The two took the chairs in front of Albus; James was smirking as he slouched down in the chair. Lily sat there like a proper lady but had a frown on her lovely face as she wondered if this avenue was such a good idea. It wasn’t like she didn’t want her son back, it was just that

she was uncertain that if this worked, he wouldn't hate them more than he currently did.

"Ah, James and Lily, thank you for coming so soon. Would either of you like a lemon

drop?" They both shook their heads no. "How about a nice cup of tea then," he asked. At this they both nodded, and soon a tea service was in front of them.

Albus began to speak once again after having served the tea and took a sip of his. "I have just recently received news from Cornelius that the hearing will be held on the thirteenth of next month at nine a.m."

"Good, sooner the better I can start teaching my son manners," James said stiffly.

"James is that all you think about is manners. He is our son after all. Don't you think you shouldn't be a little nicer to him," Lilly asked her husband.

"Yes Lils you're probably right about that. Still he is in need of punishment for what he has said and done. And that you cannot disagree with," James replied not sounding one bit apologetic.

"He may need punishment but he also needs love. He didn't get it with my sister and you

know it."

"Now we need to begin on evidence that will be presented at the hearing. I am afraid that he may follow through with his threats and we must do everything to minimize the damage," Albus said, effectively cutting them off before they could continue their argument.

"What do you mean threats? He just spouted nonsense," James said angrily as he quickly sat up straighter.

"Yes, it may have been all nonsense but it could still hurt the case," Albus replied softly.

"So what are we to do Albus," Lily asked a little fearful.

"First thing we will need to do is point out all of the dangerous and reckless things he has done in the past. We must show the court that he is not mature enough to be on his own. That will help but I am afraid that it won't be enough," Albus replied thoughtfully.

"Why wouldn't that be enough? You have told us many times of the crazy things he has done. I may have been a little reckless in my youth but I never purposefully attacked a Professor like he did in his third year or take off flying to the ministry for some stupid vision," James spat.

"James, there were extenuating circumstances regarding his reasoning for doing them. You know as well as I do that he is the Boy-Who-Lived and most wizards and witches will believe him."

"No they won't. They"" do what they've always done, turn their backs once they've heard all of this," James snorted.

"That may be true, but we cannot be certain of their reaction. What we must do is to not only show that he is reckless in his actions but incapable of controlling his anger."

"That would do the trick; they would certainly turn on him then."

"I don't know James. You know he has many people who care about him and would willingly support him no matter the consequences," Lily replied.

"Then they are fools. He may have defeated Voldemort once but without us, especially me we cannot defeat him for good," James remarked.

Lily didn't say anything as she thought back to that night when Albus came over to tell him what was needed to insure the victory for the light.

Flashback

James and Lily were sitting on the couch at their hidden home in Godric's Hollow. Harry had just been put to bed and now the loving couple were spending some quiet time together, cuddling and basking in each others love for the other.

A knock came at the door causing the two to look at one another before pulling their wands, ready for an attack. The two slowly stood up and headed for the door. Once reaching the door, James grasped the door knob and pulled it open.

There in bright purple robes stood Albus Dumbledore, the Headmaster of Hogwarts, Head of the Wizengamot, and Leader of the light smiling at them. James ushered the man in before closing the door and following him and Lily into the parlor. They all took seats and Lily asked Dumbledore if he would like a cup of tea, which he kindly declined.

"Albus, what brings you here," James asked his mentor.

"I have brought some good news and some bad news for you," Albus replied as he stroked his beard, his blue eyes twinkling madly.

"Oh Merlin, how bad is it," Lily asked afraid of the answer.

"I shall start with the bad news first. I believe that we have a traitor in our midst and it is one who is close to you," Dumbledore spoke sadly.

Both the Potters gasped in shock at the news that they heard. Lily had tears welling up in her eyes as she knew what this meant. James looked pained from the news, yet he had a determined expression on his face.

"Albus the only three who are aware of this location is you, Sirius and Peter who is our Secret Keeper," James stated believing that was what the wizened Headmaster was speaking of.

"I am fully aware of that James. I know all of you have spoken on this matter before and came to the conclusion that it was Remus but I'm afraid that he may not be the only one who is a traitor to the cause.

"I'm sorry Albus but I cannot believe that they would do this to us. We have all been through so much together over the last few years. Besides, Sirius is not our Secret Keeper, therefore if he is a traitor he couldn't give away our whereabouts." Lily replied.

"He was there was he not when the Fidelius was cast and has he not been over a few times since the two of you went into hiding," Albus asked.

"Yes he was at the casting and he was just here the other day," James replied.

"Now can you see our dilemma? It seems as if one of your friends has become a traitor."

"I cannot see either one doing that," James said shaking his head. "Besides how did you come across this information? It doesn't sound like you now who the traitor is."

"I had suspected this for awhile now and earlier this evening I was brought information that Voldemort learned of our plans from the last meeting," Albus answered.

"What are we going to do," Lily cried.

"Ah yes I do have a plan for that. Also, I believe the two of you will be quite pleased with my other piece of news, especially you James," Albus said. This caused James to sit straight and look at the man.

"What is this news?"

"After having reviewed the prophecy again I have come to a conclusion that either you or Frank will be the one to succeed in destroying the Dark Lord."

"How can that be? You said that the prophecy meant either Harry or Neville would be the one," Lily asked clearly confused.

"That is correct I did say that and in a way it is true. Either one could be marked as his equal and have the power he knows not, but it does not clearly state that it will be your son or Neville. What I have interpreted is that either one of them will be marked and yes have power but I am not convinced that they will actually defeat him."

"I'm sorry Albus but I do not believe it. It is obvious that if he marks either one of them then they would have to be the one. It cannot be either Frank or I."

"That is not quite true James. Both you and Frank have Birthdays towards the end of the seventh month. Also, not only have you and the Longbottoms have thrice defied him, your parents did as well and only your parents were unfortunately killed on the fourth try. So as you see it is quite possible for this to happen."

"James has not been marked. If he isn't marked, then how can it be him in anyway," Lily asked, not believing a word of what the man just said.

"That is something I have yet to decipher," Albus replied thoughtfully.

"I don't know Albus but I think for once you are completely off on this," James said.

"I may be James but I do know that somehow you will become a vital part in the final confrontation."

"It could have to do with him coming here if he finds out," James said thoughtfully.

"Yes that is possible but I don't believe so."

"All right, then what do we do. Now I'm not saying I believe you about this new interpretation of the prophecy. However, I am agreement with you about playing a major part. I hate being cooped up like this and would like to end this."

"Then we need to have you and Lily leave Britain until the time you are needed," Albus said, a smile on his face and his eyes twinkling madly. At first he assumed that they weren't going to listen to him, especially after they didn't buy into his prophecy theory. He also realized that for once he had made a complete and utter fool of himself trying that.

"How will that save us," Lily asked. If this wasn't safe then she had no clue what could or would be.

"First we need to set up a background for the two of you. Once that is completed then I will send you to America where you can live a fairly peaceful life until unfortunately I have to call you back," Albus replied.

"That sounds fair. What do you think love," James asked and turned to look at his wife.

"I don't really know James. I'm still not convinced about this whole thing but I do agree that we need to be safe. I just hate the idea of having to leave our friends and the only place we truly know."

"Lily, it would only be for a short time. Then you can come back and explain everything to your friends," Albus replied, speaking in his usual Grandfatherly tone.

"All right I guess I would like Harry to be safe and that would work," Lily answered a little more convinced but not thoroughly and Albus knew this.

"I am afraid that Harry will not be able to go with you."

"What," both Potters exclaimed at the same time.

"Before you get upset let me explain why." He saw their nods and began to tell them. "Since we are aware of the Prophecy that has been made in regards to your son and to Neville they both must stay here."

“How can that be? Harry is only a little over a year old and I am not going to leave him!

He can’t care for himself,” Lily cried.

“I am aware of that Lily and I have a plan for that as well.”

“What is this plan?”

“I have two willing members of the Order who have already agreed to take your places here. They will use the Polyjuice potion that as you know will allow them to take on your appearances. Each one will have a flask that they will sip at the end of each hour to keep their appearances.”

“I still don’t agree to this, Albus. Harry needs his mother not someone looking like me,”

Lily said.

James who had been silent all this time was mulling over everything that he’d been told. Sure he hated the idea of leaving his son behind, but at the same time it really was the only way that they could be sure that they were safe. He also found that he quite liked the idea of playing a vital role in the end of the war.

In school he’d loved the attention that he was given by the other students. He loved to walk around and act as if he owned the school, playing pranks and getting into trouble. After all, that was what made it fun.

That attitude of his had changed when he decided to change for Lily. He had wanted her for a long time and in their seventh year he knew he would have to change his ways or she would still spurn him as she had been doing all along. But there had always been a part of that which was still in him yearning to break free. He wanted to be the start of the show, the one who received the praise like he’d done in school. And he couldn’t help but think that this was the best way to do as he just loathed being here.

"Lily I believe Albus is right. I don't like leaving Harry behind either, but it won't be for long and he will be back with us," James spoke up trying to placate his wife.

"How can you say that James," Lily asked sounding shocked and a little hurt. "I thought you loved him."

"Lils, I do love him. He is after all my son. But I have to agree with Albus we don't know which child is the one of the prophecy. If it's our Harry then he will need us later. If we stay we'll only be killed if Voldemort does attack."

"I would rather die protecting my son then run away and hide," Lily stated emphatically.

"Lily wouldn't be better if we could watch him grow up even at distance. Besides, it may only be for a couple of months that we will be gone. He'll still be too young to remember us and our disappearances," James calmly replied even though he was angry at his wife. He didn't want to die at the age of twenty-one. He wanted to live a long life and finally get the attention that he so rightfully deserved. If it meant leaving his son, then so be it he thought. He would after all see him again he reasoned.

"James I just don't know. I agree about being able to watch him grow but it won't be the same as it is now," Lily stated.

Albus watched this knowing that he had convinced at least James to go along with this plan. Lily though, she was a totally different problem. He had to get her convinced and quickly or else his entire plan would be ruined, especially if she convinced James to stay.

"Lily I understand your concern but wouldn't be better to live in a world where there is peace. Just think of how proud you'd be of Harry and James once Voldemort has been defeated. You'd be able to live in a world where people no longer despise you because of your blood. Never have to hide again and you would be able to take a position in the Ministry just like James. You and he would be highly sought after

for sacrificing your happiness to finally defeat Voldemort,” Albus spoke, coming up with this idea as he went.

“That does sound nice but I wouldn’t want to work in the Ministry. I would rather stay at home with Harry,” Lily said.

James on the other hand was looking ecstatic at what Albus said about the Ministry. Being involved in the final battle, probably the one to defeat Voldemort would surely get him a job at the Ministry. He could actually show everyone who he was and even make changes that were needed. He really liked that idea.

“Come on Lily, it’ll work and if you’d stop being so stubborn you’d see it too.”

“James Potter! What has gotten into you?” Lily cried at the way he’d just spoken to her. He sounded a little like his old self- the one that she disliked.

"I'm sorry Lily but I really think we should do this. We not only protect Harry this way we can protect ourselves," He replied, having the good graces to blush.

"I guess you're right, but I still don't have to like it," she said and gave a sigh of resignation.

“Lily I promise that I will protect Harry and you will see him soon,” Albus said knowing that he’d finally gotten the stubborn red head to acquiesce to his plan.

That was the night that had irrevocably changed her life. The night that started all of this mess they now found themselves in.

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It took awhile before Harry was calm once again and could discuss things rationally. He was now sitting back in the chair he had been in earlier. His eyes were closing every few seconds as he fought to keep them open. The emotional outburst that he'd had drained of him

of his energy and wanted to go to sleep but couldn't, not with what was happening.

The others all noticed this and gave him a quizzical look. They could see that he was tired but he waved them off and told them that he was fine and they needed to talk about this. Once again the strong willed boy was back and this pleased them yet at the same time concerned as he shouldn't be "this self-controlled-not now at least."

After a few more minutes Sirius and Molly both told him to go upstairs and rest for awhile. At first he argued with them but finally agreed and headed up to his room, making sure that they knew to call him for dinner.

Once they knew he was gone and wouldn't hear them they began to talk.

"He is so upset and I don't know how to help him," Sirius said exasperated.

"Sirius the best thing you can do is to just be there for him. Just like the rest of us," Molly told him.

He was about to make one of his retorts but was cut off by Remus. "Molly's right Sirius, he needs you and he needs all of us. I have never seen a kid so mixed up before. I know I was after the bite and even at Hogwarts for awhile but you and others helped me with that. That is what Harry needs right now. He needs someone who he looks up to, someone who is like a father but also a friend. He needs to know that he can come to you or any of us for that matter with anything and we will not judge him.

Siri, his whole life has been mapped out for him. He isn't looked at as any other normal teen. He's the Savior, the one who will rid us of Voldemort. I will even admit in some ways I look at him like that. We all do that at times and you know that.

He is so angry at the world, at the unfairness that he has had. It is obvious that he has bottled up most of his emotions for the benefit of

us, of the world. He has turned that all into anger and it will consume him just as it does to anyone who is that angry.”

“I cannot believe how angry and depressed he was. Why didn’t we see it? We are his friends,” Ron asked. “I thought he would have come to us, that he trusted us.”

“Ron it’s because we didn’t want to see it. You and I know first hand some of what he has gone through. Look at the way he comes back every year or the clothes he wears. We just didn’t want to see,” Hermione answered sadly.

“It still doesn’t explain why he didn’t trust us enough,” Ron said.

“Oh Ron, Professor Lupin’s right. Everyone in the Wizarding world expects him to be a certain way and so they don’t see him.”

“Well I don’t know about you two but I will be there by his side fighting for Harry Potter and not the Boy-Who-Lived. It wasn’t that person who saved me in my first year, it was Harry and I will help him anyway I can,” Ginny stated firmly.

“We all will dear, we all will,” Molly replied.

They fell in to troubled silence thinking about Harry and what they could do to help him. The first they had to do was help him with his trial. Then they would somehow get him to see how important he was to them as Harry and not his perceived persona. They needed to get him to know that no matter what Harry came first and foremost.

Well there it is. I hope you liked it. It took a couple of small turns but I think it works well with the plot. A couple of things I want to say about this one.

First, I know it is a little sad at the beginning but I had to do that. Harry has yet to actually deal with all of his pain that he has continued to suppress and so I had him brought down to earth.

Second, the issue with Dumbledore and the Potters as to why I wrote the way I did. I believe Dumbledore is a very smart man but he has

done many things wrong all because of whom he perceives himself to be. What I wanted to so was a little about how James' attitude began to change to what it is now. I know strange way of doing, especially since everyone knows the prophecy. I thought if he came up with a different interpretation that would effectively get the Potters to do what he wanted. But as you can see it really wasn't working and so he came up with something totally different.

So do not flame me on this as it was the best I could come up with that was unique yet different.

So please review and let me know what you think.

Next chapter will have the beginnings of training that Harry will start. Also, it will have the plans they make for the trial. If possible it will also have a few tidbits and plans that will be made for his birthday that is coming.

Over the course of the next several days, Harry's friends and surrogate family visited all of the time. Tonks would usually come after work, as she couldn't take the time off, and thought that it would be best if she were at the Ministry. This way she could try and hear more of what was planned.

It now had been four days since the dreadful letter had arrived, and Harry broke down. He had withdrawn a little from the others, as he was ashamed of what he had done. That didn't mean he didn't participate in the discussions that they had regarding the trial. That was far from it. When they were discussing it, he would become agitated and angry. This never went unnoticed, but no one chose to say anything to him. They were just glad that so far he was keeping his anger in check, or at least trying.

Today, Hermione had come up with a suggestion and now they were discussing the ramifications of it.

"So, what you are saying is that we should have Harry do an interview with the Daily Prophet," Sirius stated.

"Yes, it could help gain some support from the people for Harry," she stated emphatically.

"That may well be true Hermione, but that could also lead to trouble. You know Voldemort will undoubtedly have spies in the Prophet or at least one of his Death Eaters would give him the news," Remus replied thoughtfully.

"Moony, he all ready has spies in the Ministry. He probably all ready knows," Harry stated. "Still, I don't like it."

"Well, we do have that meeting tomorrow with the barrister," Remus said.

"Harry, listen to me for a minute," Hermione said. "I know you don't like the Prophet or the attention that it would bring. However, for once you could actually use your fame for something good."

"You know I hate my fame. I never wanted it to begin with," Harry said stubbornly.

"You know, she does have a point, pup. It would definitely cause some trouble for your parents and Dumbledore," Sirius spat the last name.

"Harry, dear, Hermione is right. I don't like what they've done to you either, but it would be all for the best," Molly said, giving her opinion. "Look it this way, they owe you after what they have said before."

"Mate, I'll be there by your side. Just like I have always said I would," Ron added.

"We could all say something," Ginny replied.

Harry still didn't sound convinced. He really hated the press, and that had gotten worse after last year.

Remus felt the same way. He had wanted to rip them apart last year for all of the lies they told about his cub. He never did trust them and what they did only made that feeling stronger in him. Still, he had to admit, if he thought about it with a level head, it did make sense.

"Harry, I think you should do it," Remus spoke thoughtfully.

"Moony, I thought you at least would have been on my side," the boy asked incredulously.

"I am cub, I am. As I am loathed to admit it, for once they could actually help you. Now I know everyone here is saying that you should, even Sirius and Molly. However, it just may be a way to get the ball rolling. We do after all have to stop them from winning."

Harry sat there quietly, thinking over everything that they said and wanted him to do. He didn't feel too comfortable about the idea. He was more afraid that they wouldn't believe anything he said, just as they had done before. Finally, he looked up and let his eyes glance from one person to the next, before he spoke.

"All right, I'll do it, but I don't like it," he said emphatically.

The others were secretly glad that he agreed to this initial part of the plan. But they were keenly aware of the possible ramifications that his interview may bring on them, especially him from the Potters and Dumbledore. And with his emotions being out of control most of the time, this made them a little leery. Still they had no choice and they knew it.

"All right, Harry how do you want to go about this," Sirius asked.

"I'm not to sure."

"Why don't I contact the Daily Prophet and see if they would be willing to do an interview. If they are, then we can set it up for next week," Hermione said.

"All right, I guess, but I don't know anyone there other then Skeeter. You all know how I hate that woman."

"Now the next thing we need to talk about is your magic and your emotions. We have been ignoring this for far too long now," Remus said.

Harry looked at him with surprise clearly showing in his eyes. He of course knew that they would eventually have to talk about this, but he had hoped it would be far in the future when they did.

"Harry, Remus is right. The last time you lost control, you blew the fireplace up with lightning bolts," Sirius said, hoping this would get him to talk.

Everyone had discussed this whenever he wasn't in the room. They never talked about it as a bad thing, but it had scared them. None of them had ever seen power like his before, and it did wrack their nerves.

"What do you want to talk about, then?"

"You know your magic is growing stronger every day. You have shown examples of being an elemental," Remus said matter of fact, believing that telling the young man the truth was the best way to go about it.

"Remus is right Harry. Every time you've lost your head, the magic that you display is that of an elemental," Molly added in here motherly tone.

"But...but...that can't be. I'm not an elemental," Harry stammered and shaking his head a little.

"Do you know what an elemental is, Harry," Remus asked.

Harry thought about the question he'd been just asked. If he were to admit it out loud, no he really didn't know what they were.

"Elementals are able to control the actual elements of nature. Some are capable of controlling earth, fire, water, air. They are able to call on them for protection or for fighting as well. Most elementals come into their abilities when they reach sixteen; however, it is known that they can come in to them as late as their eighteen birthday.

Most elementals are known to only be able to control one of the elements; but it has been known that there have been some to control two elements. It is rare but it does happen.

Also, their abilities are closely tied with their emotions, and as such until they learn to control them, they are very dangerous."

"Hermione, how do you know all this," Molly asked.

"Mum, Hermione's a bookworm, she probably just read that stuff in a book," Ron said, smirking a little at his friend.

"Don't be rude Ronald," she chastised him.

"That can't be true. I'm just Harry, a wizard, someone who gets lucky," Harry stated, sounding bewildered by what his bushy haired friend said.

"She may be right Harry. It does make some semblance of logic. I mean look at what you did with lightning. Then of course there's all of the damage that you did when this room was torn apart," Sirius said, trying to sound reassuring.

"No, I'm not an elemental. I can't be. Just because my magic gets out of control when I'm angry doesn't mean anything," Harry said, still not convinced in any way.

"Then how do you explain what has been happening," Remus asked.

"I don't know, but I'm not that."

Just then Elsie appeared in the room, startling many of the occupants with her sudden appearance. Ignoring this, she floated over to stand in front of Harry.

"My Lord, she is correct. You do seem to have some elemental abilities in you. I have sensed them when your emotions are high. You must begin to control them and soon."

"No, I am not an elemental. I am not that powerful." He stated, still refusing to listen to them.

"Harry, are you aware that your sixteenth birthday is next week. You are also aware, that when a wizard or witch turns sixteen, they will come into the magical inheritance," Remus said calmly.

"Yes, I do know about that. Hermione has mentioned it once or twice before," Harry replied.

"Then don't you think that this may just be part of your inheritance showing early," Remus asked.

'The werewolf is correct My Lord. You are showing your magical maturity early. May I suggest once again, that you begin to train? You will need it before your birthday,' Elsie told him in a tone that suggested she knew more than she was letting on.

“I don’t know. I guess I should really train, I mean I do have to defeat that snake faced bastard,” Harry said.

“Good, then tomorrow we shall start training.” Sirius stated in a no-nonsense kind of way, but he did have a smile on his face.

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It was on Monday when the Daily Prophet was sent out that Harry's interview would be read by the many who read it. He'd done the interview reluctantly with Rita the day before. It was to his luck that between Hermione and Sirius, they were able to force her into writing exactly what he told her.

At first she protested, telling them that she always told the truth. Eventually she did give in after she was threatened, albeit thinly about spending time in a jar again.

Albus, who was currently sitting in the Great Hall enjoying his breakfast, saw the owls swooping in to deliver the paper. He smiled slightly, assuming that there would be no true news in it as usual. Of course that didn't mean there might not be a report on an attack the previous night, but as he hadn't heard of any, he wasn't worried in the slightest.

A grey owl swooped up to the table and landed in front of him with grace. Putting his fork down, he reached over and untied the paper from the bird's leg. As soon as this had been done, the owl took off once again on his way back to the Prophet.

Albus absentmindedly unfolded the paper and began to read the front of page. However, as he saw the headline, his usual twinkling eyes dulled, and his face had paled slightly.

Boy Who Lived Reveals All

Yesterday, I had the pleasure of sitting down with Mr. Potter to discuss his life and the twists that it has taken recently. I was surprised and appalled at what he told me.

Unlike most articles, I felt that this one needed a different approach and am pleased to give you the actual interview.

Mr. Potter, how does it feel to have your parents back?

I do not want them here and I am not happy.

Why is that? I would have thought that you'd be happy.

My parents are liars and did not return from the dead. Did you know that they never died that night? They just abandoned me.

What do you mean by abandoned you?

They left me there-with who I do not know as I was too young to remember. They went into hiding and never returned until now. This was all part of Dumbledore's plan.

I don't know what to say. Those are strong accusations that you make.

I know they are. Everyone here can tell you the same thing. They were there when it all came out.

But why would the Headmaster do this. He has always looked out for you.

He may have but not for me, but his own reasons. Did you know that with my parents having been alive and Dumbledore knowing this, they allowed Sirius Black to go to prison.

If what you are saying is true, then they are wrong. No child should have had to grow through that. I know I've always done everything in my power to make people dislike you, I even made up lies. But, now, I cannot do that. I wish to apologize for my horrible ways to you.

Thank you Rita, that means a lot to me. Oh did you know that there is to be a trial next week.

A trial, why would there be a trial?

My parents and Dumbledore want me back under their control. So they convinced Fudge to try and block my emancipation. Just because they are alive, I want nothing to do with them. I have been lied to, made to live with people who hated me, and manipulated ever since I came to the Wizarding world. All I want is to live my life and enjoy having friends and a true family. Which I should point out is the Weasleys, Sirius Black, and Remus Lupin. They are the ones who love me for who I am and do not lie to me.

If the Potters and Dumbledore do not leave me alone, I will be leaving this world for good.

You can't leave! What about the Dark Lord?

I will leave everyone to him. If anyone is to blame if I leave, it will be the Potters and Dumbledore. They are the ones who are pushing me to leave.

As you can all read, I made this different instead of just a story where I quote someone. After having done the interview, the above format was the best I could think to allow Mr. Potter to tell his story.

Now I am still a little uncertain about the story he has told me. However, if it is true, I must ask myself why the Potters would leave their son behind to be killed. Why did they staying in hiding once the Dark Lord had been stopped? Why is Albus Dumbledore, the leader of the light agreeing to all of this and allowing the Potters to do what they did?

If he is for the Light as he says he is, then how can he be so cruel? We, the people of the Wizarding World, must ask ourselves these questions and begin to question his motives.

There is more to this story and I will have more of it in tomorrow's paper.

Rita Skeeter

By the time he had finished the article he was livid; his face had turned a sickly shade of purple and his hands were shaking with fury. 'How could he do that to him, after all, he had been the one to protect him all these years.' Dumbledore thought to himself.

Soon he noticed all of the other teachers who received the Daily Prophet were all looking at him with curious expressions. Not wanting to answer their questions, he stood up and headed out of the room. He was going to go to his office and have a good scream, which was unlike him to do.

James and Lily did not get the paper and so had no idea of what was taking place that is until they stepped into the Great Hall. It was then that they saw all of the other teachers turn and look up at them.

Lily had a brief thought that something may have happened to her son. She was about to voice her question to James when he cut in.

"What's going on?" He asked and continued his way to the table.

"Is it true, what the Prophet says?" Professor Vector asked.

"Is what true?" James asked as he sat down and watched his plate fill with various foods.

"Did the two of you abandon Harry?" the Muggle studies teacher asked.

"Huh, what are you talking about? We didn't abandon our son. Why are you asking this?"

"It says in the Daily Prophet that the two of you were alive all this time and left Harry behind to be killed," Professor Vector explained calmly.

James, who had just taken a sip of his pumpkin juice, spat it right back out, his hazel eyes growing with shock. Lily gasped at the comment and her green eyes widened in fear.

"Who says we abandoned our son?" James asked coldly.

"It's in the paper. Your son actually said it," Minerva told him, a smirk, which was unusual on her face. She knew the truth, as she had been at the meeting when they reappeared.

James stood up abruptly, anger on his face. "We did no such thing to him. It's obvious that he is just lying. I would never have thought any son of mine would be like this." With that said, James stormed out of the Great Hall.

Lily instead of moving to follow her husband buried her face in her hands and began to cry. Everything she had ever wanted, all of her dreams were now falling apart. And the worse thing was; it was her fault that this happened.

All over the Wizarding world people were grabbing up copies as fast as they could. They all had heard from their friends and family that there was an interview with the boy-who-lived. They'd heard that it wasn't rather flattering some of what he said and so they were eager to read it for themselves.

Rita sat at her desk in the Daily Prophet's offices working on the next installment. She had a vicious smile as she marked out several passages and rewrote them. Sure she may have agreed to tell the truth when it came to what Harry told her. But that didn't mean she couldn't embellish it, so it actually slanted towards him.

She had been appalled at what they told her. In his fourth year and before that she had suspected him of being an attention seeker, one who enjoyed his fame. However, she'd come away from this interview seeing him and his friends in a new light. He was definitely not an attention seeker, and in truth hated his fame. The boy who she believed had lived in style, instead lived in horrible conditions. Now, she was loathed to admit that she had been very wrong in the way she treated him, and made up lies just to sell papers.

She wouldn't do those things again to him, not now that she actually knew the truth. She would do everything she could to help him, like she should have been doing all along.

Hphphphphphphphphphphphphphphphph

In a small side street of Diagon Alley, Harry, Sirius, and Remus were just entering the office of Barrister Strathmore. They were hoping that the man, who they had heard was quite good in successfully trying cases against the Wizengamot as well as the other courts of the Ministry, would be willing to take this case.

A young girl of about eighteen, with long strawberry blond hair, and blue eyes was sitting behind nice polished oak desk. She hadn't seen them come in as she was writing something down on a piece of parchment. So, the three stood there quietly, not wanting to interrupt her. Soon she placed the paper to the side and looked up. She started slightly at seeing three people standing in front of her.

"Hello we're here to see Mr. Strathmore," Remus said for the three.

"Hello, my name is Emily. Do you have an appointment?"

"Yes, it's Harry Potter," Remus replied.

The young girl gasped, recognizing the name of the boy-who-lived. "Yes, let me just go tell Mr. Strathmore you are here." She stood up and hurried towards the door that was behind her. Within seconds she came back out and ushered them in.

Mr. Strathmore they could see was about forty years of age; he had grey hair that was obviously disappearing with age. The man was rather short and on the stocky side, he had a ruddy face and grey eyes that seem to be smiling.

"Hello, Mr. Potter, I'm Alistair Strathmore. What can I do for you today?" The man said, holding his hand out to shake Harry's hand.

After shaking hands with the barrister, the three took seats in front of the man. Mr. Strathmore quickly called for some tea and then sat back down as well.

"Now, could you tell me, what you are in need of?"

“Well, I have a trial coming up,” Harry started to say, sounding upset if not slightly embarrassed at having to tell this stranger.

“Yes...yes I heard about that today. It’s a terrible thing that the Ministry is doing to you. But, how can my services be of any help to you.”

“Sir, if you’d let me explain, I think it would be best.” Remus stepped in and said before Harry could get upset.

“A few weeks ago my friend, Sirius Black was in all intense purposes dead. Due to this, the Goblins at Gringotts released his will. In the will, Mr. Black stated that his godson, Harry Potter was to be emancipated. Even though he was still technically an escaped prisoner, his custody of Harry Potter was never relinquished in anyway. Mr. Black knew of the home life that his godson had and felt that this was the only way that Harry could have any sense of normalcy.

The day that Harry went to the will reading, his parents, James and Lily Potter resurfaced as if they had somehow come back from the dead. This was far from the truth as I’d been at the meeting when they arrived with Albus Dumbledore. It was explained to us that they were never dead, but in hiding until they were needed once again for the war.

Now Harry did not know of this as he was at Gringotts. Once the will reading had finished, he quickly signed the papers and as you know they were immediately sent to the Ministry.

Later he found out that they were alive and had been in hiding all of this time. In effect they had abandoned him and he felt betrayed. He exploded and told them that he wanted nothing to do with them; he also said this to Albus Dumbledore.

Now, somehow, they have convinced Fudge to hold a hearing to determine his emancipation.”

“Why would they want to do that? That is where I am unclear about.”

‘They want to use me as a pawn,’ Harry blurted out.

Mr. Strathmore's brows raised in surprise at the young man's outburst. "What do you mean use you as a pawn, Mr. Potter?"

So, giving a sigh of resignation, Harry told him the entire story, including the prophecy. By the time he'd finished the distinguished barrister looked pale; his eyes were now dull and sad.

"Can you help us with this Mr. Strathmore? Harry cannot go back to them, not after what they did." Remus asked calmly.

"My grandson is not a pawn and they abandoned him. They left him there to die," Sirius shouted.

"Mr. Black, please calm down. I can understand how you feel. What they have done is a horrible thing. You're correct that he should never have to go back, not to parents who would do such a thing. Yes I will help you, but we do have a couple of issues that may stand in our way."

"What are those," Harry asked.

"Well, the first is that even though you are emancipated and hold the title of Lord Black, you are not a Black. This is a problem as they can bring this up and the courts would have no other choice but to void your emancipation.

There is, however an easy way to get around this. Mr. Black would have to adopt you. This would immediately make you a Black and the Lord as that is what he wanted. However, because of the trial it cannot be done through the Ministry."

"Then how do we do it," Remus asked. He had noticed the crestfallen faces of his friend and Harry.

"Ah, now that is rather an interesting question, Mr. Lupin. You would have to do an adoption ritual. I am not sure of exactly how to do it, but I am sure that you would be able to find information on that at Flourish and Blotts. What I do know of the Ritual is that once it has been completed, it is like a bond, yet more powerful as the person

who is accepting the adoption will gain some of the powers that the family has.”

“You mean I can actually be adopted by Sirius?” Harry perked up at hearing this.

“Yes, that is correct. However, I must warn you, if you have any bad feelings toward him, then it will not work. That now brings me to the next problem. You will have to tell the court everything, and I do mean everything that has happened to you. They will need to see just how harsh a life you have lived, not only at your relatives but under the watchful eye of Albus. And that will be the hardest part, because of the man’s standing in our society.”

“I...I don’t know if I can do that. So many things have happened and I don’t think I could tell everyone. I mean my friends and all know everything now, but I don’t want everyone seeing me as weak.” Harry told the man, even though he was looking down at his hands.

“Harry, no one will think you are weak. You are very brave to live with all of this by yourself. It’s time that the world knows just what has happened to you. They need to see that you are not only their savior but a child as well. They need to understand that they cannot continue to put the weight of the world on you,” Remus calmly told him.

“I don’t know if I can Moony. It was hard enough talking with Rita yesterday about it. What if Voldemort finds out? He could use it against me.”

“No Harry, if everyone knows, more will stand up for you, for their own lives.” Sirius said, as he patted his godson on the back.

“We’ll be there all the way for you. You know that,” Remus added.

“I guess you’re right. I just hope it will help.” Harry finally said in a defeated tone.

“Good...good now let us get started, we don't have that long. I want you to tell me everything, everything as far back as you can remember.”

It was over two hours later when they left the office and headed for Flourish and Blotts. Remus and Sirius were both pleased at the outcome of the meeting. Harry however, was not as chipper; he hated having to tell the man everything about his life. He was sad that it was all going to come out and he feared that Wizarding world would once again turn on him.

The next morning arrived and as Rita promised there was another article about Harry Potter.

In my interview with Harry Potter, he told me a little about what his life was like when he lived with his muggle relatives.

“I knew nothing of the Wizarding world until Hagrid came and delivered my acceptance letter on my eleventh birthday. It was then when I found out that my parents had supposedly been killed by the Dark Lord. My relatives, the Dursley's, always told me that they were killed in a car crash because my father was a drunk.

Up until then I lived in a cupboard under the stairs. To them I was nothing but a freak, and they told me that every time they could. I was given very little food, and then it was usually scraps. I was forced to cook their meals since I can remember and had to do all of the chores.

My cousin had invented this game called, Harry Hunting. It was a game where him and his friends would chase me down and beat me up. At least he was the only one in the family that did anything like that. Still, it hurt a lot as we'd grown up together and he hated me.

Once I got my letter, they were afraid that the Wizarding world knew how they treated me, and so they gave me Dudley's second room. Still, that didn't mean I got any more food or less chores. They still gave me Dudley's old clothes, which were way too big for me.

During the summer before my third year, my uncle put bars on my window. That way I couldn't owl my friends or have anything freaky in his house. He would even lock my trunk up.

You know I dreamt of having a family, of my parents coming and taking me home. All I ever wanted was a family who loved me. But I never got that and it even got worse when I entered the Wizarding World.

Mr. Potter was rather upset when he explained this to me. Yes, I will not lie he did have tears in his eyes, but not in a silly way like I said a couple of years ago about him. These were genuine and heartfelt as he recalled the tragic events in his life.

I learned so much about this incredible young man, that I am actually ashamed of myself for what I did. The final part of my interview will be reported tomorrow. This one is rather interesting and I hope you will all read and take it to heart as I have.

Rita Skeeter

Once again, just like yesterday the paper was grabbed up faster then they could be printed. Dumbledore and the Potters read it and were furious at what Harry said, that is all but Lily. She was furious at how her Sister Petunia had treated him.

"Albus, why is my son continuing to tell lies. I cannot believe he would do this," James said.

"James, I told you that he would probably tell everyone about what his life has been like."

"Well that may be true, but I am sick of his lying. None of what he says is true. I knew he was an attention seeker and brat, but this has gone too far. He needs to learn respect and he needs to learn it soon," James said, balling his fists together. "When I get him back, I will punish him harder then the Dursleys ever did. It's obvious that he has been allowed to run around and not take any responsibility."

"James, he doesn't need to be punished," Lily sniffed.

understand that no matter how hard you try you will not be able to save everyone.”

“I know Sirius, but it feels like I have to try.”

“No, you do not have to. I for one do not expect that and in some ways wish you didn’t have to be a hero at all. I am pretty sure that the others feel the same. So why don’t you tell me if you have any problems with me.”

This is what he was dreading. He did have some issues with the man, but was never sure how to tell him. After all, he loved him and he had been there many times when he needed someone.

“Hey pup, come on and tell me. I know you have to have some issues,” Sirius said, his usual bright smile on his face and his voice filled with mischievousness.

“Well, please don’t take this wrong way, I don’t want to lose you,” Harry tentatively said.

“You’ll never lose me for saying the truth.” Sirius told him, as he moved over to sit by Harry on the opposite couch.

Harry took a long deep breath before he began to speak. He wanted to keep his cool when he said what he had to.

“I feel like you did what my parents did. I feel like when you faked your death was because of me, like you didn’t want me anymore. I’m angry at you for this, for keeping from me. I hate you for making me think I’d been the one to get you killed. I have a hard time being around you anymore, because I’m afraid you’re going to leave again. That I’m not worth your time.”

Sirius sat there stunned at what he had heard come from his godson. His intentions had never been to hurt him, no he wanted to be there all of the time; he wanted to give him the home that he deserved. He felt a pang of guilt for what he had now clearly done to Harry and he didn’t know what to say.

"See I told you. You probably don't want me now that I said that. I guess I will go pack my things and leave. I'll go back to my family." Harry spoke sadly as he stood up to leave.

Sirius coming out of his thoughts; grabbed Harry by the arm and sat him back down. "Harry, pup I never meant to do any of that to you. Like I told you all I wanted was to be free so that I could finally be the godfather that I was supposed to be. I guess I never really thought about what my actions would do to you.

I guess I was acting like the kid I usually am. I should have been more mature about it and at least told you about my plan. But Harry, I didn't want to get your hopes up, not like I did when we first met. I didn't want to see the pain you had losing me once in your eyes again. I never wanted to hear the sadness when I told you, you couldn't come with me, but now I see that I should have and I am so sorry for having put you through that.

You have so much on your shoulders and all I did was add more to it. Harry, all I ever wanted was to be there for you. I wanted to be able to take you to the platform on September first, to take you to Diagon Alley, I wanted to be seen with you in public and tell everyone how proud I am of you."

Harry looked up at the man, his green eyes glistening. "Did you mean that? Do you really want to do those things," Harry asked unsure if he'd heard correctly.

"Yes Harry I did. I know I've told you before how proud I am of you. But I am more proud of you now then ever. You have done so much, been through more then anyone should and you are still the wonderful young man that I knew you'd always be." Sirius told him as he pulled his godson into a tight hug.

It was this that Remus walked in on a few minutes later. He smiled brightly at the two, knowing that they two had finally talked out what they needed. Oh Remus knew how Harry felt, not because Harry had told him anything, but because the wolf inside had sensed his sadness and fear. Turning around he quietly left the two, secure that the ritual would now work.

He had some work to do at the moment and so headed towards the library. Ever since the day after he'd attacked the Dursleys, he'd been thinking about what Elsie had said about him embracing the wolf.

Remus, even taking the wolfsbane potion, he would always fight the wolf. He hated it ever since he was bitten and wanted to do everything he could to get rid of it. He was considered a dark creature by society and therefore was an outcast. His worse fear had come true that night when he'd attacked those people. Now that things were working out, he would devote time to finding the book and seeing what embracing the wolf would mean for him.

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The following morning like Rita Skeeter promised, the final installment of her interview with Harry was published. And like the last two days, it was grabbed up by everyone, eager to learn more about the boy.

This is the final part of the interview that I conducted with the boy-who-lived. This one like the last one will surprise and shock many of you readers out there. I know it did that to me.

Harry Potter told me about his life since he'd entered the Wizarding world.

“I was so excited to be coming to the Wizarding world my first year, it was like a fantasy to me. I mean all of the magic that I saw when I was in Diagon Alley. I learned from Hagrid about why everyone was staring at me or thanking me. It bothered me a little at the time because I never really felt special. I was just Harry, a small boy who wasn’t special. I also learned then what happened to my parents and how I got my scar. That made me sad, because I knew then that my parents would never come to get me and that they’d died protecting me.

I made my first friend on the train, Ron Weasley. We hit it off right away and on the way we talked about the houses that Hogwarts had.

He explained to me about them and which one he would be in. Since I didn't know anything, I didn't know which house I'd be in.

I made another friend by the name of Hermione Granger. It's kind of funny how we all became friends. It was on Halloween and Professor Quirrell came stumbling into the Great Hall, he said that there was a troll in the castle. We were all ordered back to our tower but Ron and I didn't go because we remembered that Hermione was in a bathroom crying. So we went to save her. I don't know why the Professors weren't around but well, Ron and I were able to defeat it and save her. I guess it was just dumb luck that two eleven year olds were able to do that.

Later that year we found out that Professor Dumbledore was hiding the Philosopher's stone in the castle and that someone was after it. At the time we thought it was Professor Snape who was after it and had gone to warn the Headmaster. When we got there we found that he had left the castle.

So the three of us eleven year olds went after it, hoping to keep it safe and not be stolen. Ron was injured on a giant chess set. I ended up going alone to the end and found that it wasn't Professor Snape who had been trying to steal the stone. In fact it was the stuttering Professor Quirrell who was after it. He told me that he was working for the Dark Lord. He also had the spirit of the man on the back of his head and that was why he always wore that turban.

To this day I can't understand how the Headmaster did not know the man was a Death Eater.

Second year was worse as we found out that I was a parsletongue. It was also the year that students were being petrified by something. When everyone found out about my ability, they all turned on me and said I was the Heir of Slytherin. In the end Ron and I had again had to go save Ginny, Ron's sister who had been taken into the Chamber of Secrets. I nearly died in there because of a bite by the Basilisk. The only reason I lived was because Fawkes, Dumbledore's Phoenix arrived with the sorting hat and Gryffindor's sword.

Third year came and that was a strange one. Sirius Black had escaped from Azkaban and was presumably coming after me to kill me. The Minister of Magic sent Dementors to guard the school. I found out later in the Shrieking Shack that it wasn't Sirius Black who had betrayed my parents, but it had been Peter Pettigrew, the real secret keeper. I also saw Peter as he had been hiding as Ron's pet rat. However, in the end he got away. I tried to go after him and help my godfather, but we were attacked by the Dementors and I was nearly given the kiss.

We explained everything to the Headmaster but he didn't do anything about it. He didn't go to the Minister and tell him. He didn't even suggest we put the memories in a penseive. If he had done that, then Sirius would have been found innocent. Instead the Minister was going to administer the kiss. Also, I might add we found out that Sirius had never been given a trial. If he had been, then again he would have been found innocent, especially if they'd used Veritaserum.

Fourth year came and I was hoping for a nice quiet year. That's laugh, isn't it Rita? I found that my name had been put in the Goblet of Fire and actually was pulled as a participant. I was not old enough to enter and I didn't want to, but that didn't matter as I was forced to.

The maze came and I just wanted to survive it. Unfortunately, I made a huge mistake that I have felt guilty about ever since. Cedric Diggory and I reached the cup at the same time. I, wanting to be fair suggested that we take the cup together. Well, we did, but found that it was a portkey that sent us to a graveyard. We started to get to our feet and look around when a voice rang out 'Kill the spare'. I didn't have enough time to warn Cedric and I saw Peter send the killing curse directly at him.

The next thing I knew, I was being tied to a grave stone, and the stone ironically was Tom Riddle, Sr. Peter then started a ritual, he forcibly took some of my blood and put it in a giant cauldron, then he cut off his hand and let it fall into the cauldron. After that he put what he was holding, which looked like a baby.

The next thing I saw was the Dark Lord standing up in the cauldron. He called for his faithful and soon several people in black robes and

white masks appeared. Eventually, he ended up forcing me to duel him. Once I was able to make it back to Hogwarts I then was nearly killed again by Barty Crouch, Jr. who had been impersonating Mad-Eye Moody all year.

I felt so bad, so guilty about Cedric dying, but I was once again forced back to my relatives. I didn't receive any letters from my friends all summer and it made me angry.

One night when I was leaving the park down the street from my home I saw my cousin heading home as well. I really didn't want to be seen so I lagged back. It was then that I felt the coldness that you feel when Dementors are around. I knew I had to protect my cousin and so I cast the Patronus Charm.

Once we got home I received a letter from the Ministry that I would be expelled and I had to go to a hearing. I was terrified; I didn't want to be expelled. Also, I was only protecting myself and my cousin, not deliberately using underage magic.

The trial was in front of the whole Wizengamot. I got lucky and they didn't expel me. But that was only the beginning of the worst year that I've had at Hogwarts.

The papers were all calling me a liar and other things. Most people at Hogwarts wouldn't associate with me. Also, Dolores Umbridge came from the Ministry and eventually became the High Inquisitor. She forced me to use a blood quill in every detention that I had with her, when I did lines. I have a permanent scar that says, "I will not tell lies", etched into my hand. She tried to cast the Crucio on me. She even confessed in front of many witnesses that she was the one who sent the Dementors after me during the summer.

Overall, it was a horrible year and I don't want to remember it if I can help it.

Ladies and Gentleman, I hope you all feel as outraged as I am at the treatment that we have put Mr. Potter through. He didn't even know about us until he was eleven. We then treated him very badly

whenever he said or did something that we just didn't want to hear or see.

I have to wonder why the estimable Albus Dumbledore would have allowed a student to be involved in many dangerous events at Hogwarts. Why did he not do anything about it until it was over? We must ask ourselves what the man is actually doing to protect us.

I then have to wonder about our own Ministry, especially the Minister of Magic and his Undersecretary. Why would they allow these things to happen? Did the Minister know of or order the Dementor attack on Mr. Potter, the use of the blood quill.

I for one have to say am upset at what has been happening to a young man who has obviously been involved in things that as a child should never be subjected to. I am also upset that our Ministry has allowed these things to take place and has in fact instigated some of them.

Rita Skeeter

Albus had just thrown the paper down when his fireplace roared to life and Cornelius Fudge stepped out. He noticed that the portly man looked furious and was holding a copy of the Prophet.

"What is the meaning of this, Albus?" Fudge shouted.

"I can assure you Cornelius that I had nothing to do with any of the articles. It seems as if young Mr. Potter has been telling the world about his life."

"This will ruin me, you do know that right!"

"Cornelius, please calm down. Mr. Potter is angry at the moment because of the hearing. He is just trying to gain sympathy," Albus replied calmly.

"I don't know Albus, it doesn't really sound like that. Not with what he said about Dolores and last year. Something has to be done about

that boy. I cannot, no I simply refuse to loose my position as the Minister,” Fudge stated adamantly.

“Do not worry yourself Cornelius. Once the trial is over, everything will return to normal.”

“It better or so help me I will cut off all funds the Ministry gives the school.” With that said Fudge whirled around and threw some powder into the fire before leaving.

‘This is not good, that damn boy is running everything. I’ve got to make sure he loses or it will be a disaster for the light,’ Albus thought to himself.

So there it is. I hope you all liked it. I summarized his years and I know I left some things out. I just wanted to get some of the important things in there.

Now, as to why I put that in about the funds from the Ministry. I believe that the school would not only be given funds from the parents and the School Governors, but the Ministry would probably be giving some as well.

Next Chapter: Harry’s Birthday and his inheritance. Also, it will be the start of the trial.

So, as always please review.

The days leading up to Harry's birthday had been hectic for everyone as they ran around like chickens with their heads cut off. They'd decided that Harry should rightfully have a party, and one that would be one to remember. Oh they knew from what he'd told them that he'd never been given one, but that wasn't the only reason why they wanted to give him one. This was a way that they thought they could show him just how much they cared and loved him.

The days were also filled with Hermione spending as much time as possible in the library researching elementals. She wanted to be able to help her friend as much as possible with his new found abilities, but there was an underlying reason as well. Elementals, were one of the things about magic that she'd wanted to know more about. Ever since she came across a book in the Hogwarts library about them, she had become intrigued and thirsted for more information on them. But there had been only so much there and she'd eventually had stop her reading, that is until now, when she found that the library here had so much more on them.

She also found many ancient books that discussed ancient magic, magic that she was sure no one used any longer. Finding these other books only added to her quest of knowledge, and soon she was spending every waking moment that she could find in the library reading.

Harry, along with Sirius and Remus had spent most of the day time going back and forth between their home and the Barrister's office. The adoption ritual had been successful as a golden light surrounded them once they finished the incantation and the mixing of their blood. What had surprised both of them, but especially Harry was that he seemed to have gain more knowledge about his godfather's family and the entire Black family history as well. That is the history which had been ingrained or at least tried to be by his family. Elsie even had sensed the shift and change in Harry. She seemed to now have a glow around her.

It was now the night before his sixteenth birthday and as always, he was lying in his bed counting down the minutes until midnight. All of the Weasley family and Hermione were spending the night as he had asked them to. He really wasn't sure why he'd asked them as he

knew he would be seeing them the next day, but for some reason he just wanted them there, wanted all of his friends and family with him to spend his entire birthday with.

His mind wandered back to a few nights ago when he and Sirius had done the adoption ritual. It was nothing like he'd been expecting, in fact he actually was quite surprised.

Flashback

It was three days after they'd had their talk, or rather Harry's issues being talked about. At the moment, he was currently sitting on his bed, nervously twisting his shirt as he waited for Hermione to finish the potion. Sirius was currently sitting in one of the green chairs a few feet away from Harry, just as nervous as Harry was.

Sirius wanted this so much, he wanted to give Harry that family, that Harry so rightfully deserved. Only, he was nervous, nervous because of the talks that they'd been having since he found Harry had been upset with him. He didn't want anything to go wrong and now prayed to Merlin that all would go as planned.

The two started, when they heard Hermione coming into the room. They both looked up and saw her carrying two vials of a strange blue concoction. She had a bright smile that reached up to her brown eyes.

"Here you are Harry, Sirius. You know how this works right?" She asked them, fully expecting to lecture them on the ritual.

"We know what to do. Thanks Hermione." Harry said, trying to give her a reassuring smile. She saw his look and knew better.

"Harry, everything will be just fine. It isn't dark magic and you have nothing to fear."

With that said, she turned and headed back out, leaving the two men to do their ritual.

It ten minutes before either one said or did anything, both thinking of the possible consequences, yet wanting it to succeed. Harry was the

one to move first, and unfurled his leg so that he could stand up. He walked over to the other chair before sitting down again.

On the small table that sat next to them; sat the book opened to the ritual, an Athame sat along side it, as well as a small bowl made of gold.

Harry picked up the book carefully, after having placed his vial down. Slowly he read the ritual again.

To perform the ancient adoption ritual, blood from the participants must be mixed. However, this cannot be done until hereditary potion has been made and drunk. Unlike a normal hereditary potion, this one does not reveal a person's history as it does not use a drop of blood. What this does, is it open your heritage within, mainly in your magical core, which then flows into your very blood. Any unique magical powers that are lying dormant, will be brought to the surface, only momentarily though. This potion does not fully awaken your magic to your conscious mind.

Once this has been completed, you must cut your palm, and allow a few drops to fall into a gold bowl or cauldron. This is to be done by all who are involved. The blood then will mix together in the bowl and if accepted, they will combine. If they combine, then those involved must physically mix their blood by placing their palms together and saying the following

'I call upon the Order of Merlin and Merlin himself to bare witness to approve of this adoption by the magic of the Ancients.'

If it is accepted, a white light should appear, encircling those who are performing it. Once the light has appeared, the one who is offering the adoption must ask the other one if they accept this gift. Also, if the head of the family is being offered as well, this must be spoken as well, and they must swear their loyalty to the new Head

Once this part has been completed, the one who has been offered the adoption and/or Head of the family is now required to either accept or decline. If the offer is declined then all will go back as it was. However, if it is accepted, then the white light will glow brighter and

those involved will begin to feel warmth, and a bonding to one another. This bond can be either; a parent-child relationship, or that of Lord and family member.

Warning: If the offer is accepted and the full trust is not there on either side, then this will cause irreparable damage to those involved.

Harry finished his reading and then in a quiet voice told Sirius what they had to say. Ever since he'd spoke of the anger and betrayal he felt towards Sirius, he felt much better. It had taken another weight from his shoulders. Over the last few days, he actually had found himself trusting Sirius a little more, going so far as to actually listening to him about some of the crazy things he wanted to do but shouldn't.

He'd arrived to this night, nervous and excited. The excitement was not really from the idea of being the Head of the Black Family, but more from actually being adopted by someone who he had come to accept did love him. The nervousness was from something going wrong and it not working, and also he was afraid that Sirius might back out of it at the last moment.

"Kiddo, are you all right?" Sirius asked, noticing that Harry was more nervous than he was. Harry just nodded weakly in answer. "If you say so, then let's get this done."

Fifteen minutes later, the two men's hands were clasped in a handshake, their blood mixing. Sirius began the offer of adoption and Head of the Family, adding his willingness to abdicate the title as the last true living member of the family.

Once he finished, Harry took a deep breath and began his acceptance of the offer and title. This was what he wanted and had for so long. He had just finished the acceptance when the two men both started and looked around the room nervously.

When Harry had said the final word, their hands seem to become glued to one another. The white light that they had seen earlier, glowing around them, began shimmering to gold. They could hear what sounded like an ethereal male voice.

“We, the Order of Merlin, having witnessed this adoption, deem it worthy. As is customary, the new member of the family shall gain knowledge and some of the heredity magic that is passed down from generation to generation.” With that said the voice faded off, leaving the room in silence once again.

Harry tried to pull his hand away from Sirius', but it wouldn't budge. Suddenly, as if he was hit by a shock of electricity, his mind began to fill with knowledge of the Dark Arts and some of the Ancient magic that is no longer taught. His eyes rolled back in his head and he fell backwards, taking Sirius with him as their hands were still connected.

This wasn't the only problem that occurred. Sirius' mind began to fill with knowledge as well, his knowledge was more of spells and various other ways to use fire. He too ended up passing out from the rush of knowledge.

End of Flashback

He chuckled to himself, remembering that night and how when he and Sirius awoke, they found themselves confused and a little disorientated. Harry had found that he had knowledge of the Black family that was passed down from generation to generation to Sirius. What was surprising about that was he seemed to also have gained knowledge about the first Lord Black as well. He now understood more about the Dark Arts, their intent and purposes then he had ever wanted to know, like petrification spells, the ones that Dumbledore had once told him were dark. He even knew of some dark rituals that could be performed, which would alter the natural order of things.

This scared him a little as he had known for awhile now that he would possibly having to learn some of the Dark Arts in his battle with Voldemort, especially if he anted to live. However, he hadn't actually thought of doing anything other then reading the theory, even though it was rather boring to him.

He and Sirius had talked about all of this, his fears and new knowledge ever since that day. After that night, they decided not to tell anyone else about Harry having gained knowledge on the Dark Arts. He didn't want the others to fear him or leave because of it.

Sirius had quickly agreed and so they made sure that when they talked, they were always in private and had several privacy charms up.

Glancing over top his table, he saw that his little magical clock showed that it was now five minutes to midnight.

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What he didn't know was that someone else was currently awake. Several hundred miles away at Hogwarts a woman with very dark red and rather long hair was sitting on the ledge of her bedroom window staring out at the clear beautiful sky. Her brilliant green almond shaped eyes had tears slowly flowing from them down her beautiful face as she stared out at the twinkling stars in the sky. Her mind filled with thoughts of all the horrible things that she had done over the past fifteen years.

When she went into hiding with her husband, leaving their only son behind, she had been afraid that it was a mistake. She was afraid for her son's life and wanted to be there to protect him, but she allowed herself to be talked into leaving by her husband and Albus Dumbledore. The only thing she'd thought about during those years was how her son was doing and how she wanted to be there for him. She wanted to hold him and tell him just how much she loved him. But whenever she would bring this up to either of the two men in her life, she would always be told that it wasn't time. She was also reassured that he was doing fine and well protected. That however never stopped her from worrying.

Then her daughter had come along and she was so happy to have another child. She'd pampered her, spoiled her, all of the things that she wanted to do to her son. Still, the whole time she did this, she was thinking of Harry. She even told her daughter about him and all of the things that she had known about him.

Every year when his birthday came, she would stay up all night, wondering what he was doing and if he was having a good birthday. It was also one of the days that she was extremely depressed and

would hardly speak to anyone except for her daughter. When she was told that it was time to come back, was the happiest day of her life. Lily couldn't wait to see her baby boy, even though she knew he was no baby any longer.

She also watched her husband, who had calmed down and became a caring, loving man when they got married change. He slowly fell back to his old ways, becoming arrogant and a complete ass. In her mind he was becoming the one thing that had turned her off from dating him her first several years at Hogwarts.

James would strut in the evenings, giving her a kiss and wanting to know what was for dinner. He never asked her how her day was or even how their daughter was doing. She scolded him several times, threatening to go back to the Isles, but he would suddenly change again be the man that she fell in love. Though, he would change back to that awful person once again. She loved him so much; he was after all the love of her life and stayed with him regardless. Finally, after a couple of years of his pompous, spoiled, arrogant attitude she pushed her feeling to the back of her mind and hoped for the day they would finally go home.

The day that they had arrived at Grimmauld Place for the Order of the Phoenix meeting where everyone was to be told was a very nerve wracking a day for her. She didn't want to be there, she'd rather have been picking up her son. Then he stormed in, looking furious and screaming at them. She wanted to rush over and envelope him in a huge hug, but had been stopped by his words, when he told them that he wanted nothing to do with them, and in fact said that he hated them. It was then that her hopes had been crushed and her heart shattered.

The whole situation was blown out of proportion she thought as they were planning on having a trial so that they could get him back. Yes, she wanted him back as her son, but knew that this wasn't the best way to go about it. Lily feared that the trial would only make the situation worse then it was now.

Now, as she sat there staring at the stars and silently crying she wished there was something, anything she could do to change what

was happening. Of course she knew that she could always use a time turner but was acutely aware that the repressions could be just as bad as the situation she found herself in now.

Taking a moment out of her staring, she glanced down at her watch and saw that it was now exactly midnight. Turning back to the open window, she quietly said, "Happy Birthday my Son." With that said she got up off the ledge and headed for the bed to get some sleep.

Lily slid underneath the covers, careful not to wake her husband and rolled over on her side. She allowed the tears to fall, closing her eyes and trying to fall to sleep.

Meanwhile, several hundred miles away, Harry watched the hands of his clock turn to midnight. He was about to mutter his usual 'Happy Birthday to me,' when a jolt of pain ran through him. He managed to scream before darkness shrouded him and he sunk into unconsciousness.

His scream woke everyone up in the house, including Dobby, the hyper active house elf. They scrambled to throw on robes and rushed out of the rooms at dead run towards Harry's room. Unfortunately, they all reached the door at the same time and collided with one another. The collision caused the group to fall in various directions and on to one another. Harry would have been laughing his head off if he'd seen it as they were now a tangled mess of limbs, all shouting at one another to get up.

After several minutes and lots of arguing, the group finally got themselves untangled and to their feet. Sirius immediately grabbed the handle of the door and threw it open. They started pushing one another to get inside, arguing that Harry needed them. It was just as comical as before, because they all once again nearly ended up crashing to the ground, only this time Sirius would have been on the bottom, and they on top of him. Luckily, that didn't happen and they were able to safely get inside.

Once inside their jaws fell open as they noticed that the room was all ready lit, but not by the lights that were in there. Their heads snapped

as one to the bed when their mouths fell open in one collective gasp as they took in the scene.

Harry was lying flat on his back, his arms out to his sides. He was floating a few feet above his bed; surrounded by an unknown white light, his black hair was blowing around his head as if an unseen wind was controlling it.

Remus was the first this time to come out of his stupor. Pulling his wand, he ran over towards the bed and began to cast the, "Finite Incantatem." Only instead of it dispelling the light, it somehow lashed out, sending Remus flying backwards. He crashed into the assembled group, sending them all to the ground. They scrambled back to their feet, not bothering to see if anyone was hurt.

"We've got to do something." Molly cried, sounding desperate.

They all silently agreed, but didn't know what to do, and Arthur said this. "Molly, I don't know what we can do. I've never seen anything like this."

"Mr. Weasley we have to do something. Harry could be hurt," Hermione cried, trying not to sound overly scared.

"Dobby may know. Dobby maybe can help kind Master Harry." The little house elf said, wringing his hands as he looked up at the wizards and witches.

"Dobby, can you tell us what that light is." Ginny asked him as she knelt down in front of the elf.

"Dobby not sure, Miss Wheezy. Dobby thinks it is a special light helping the Great Harry Potter."

"How can you be so sure?" Ron asked.

"Dobby not sure, but Dobby knows someone who may." Before anyone could ask who the person was, the little house elf popped away.

“Well, if that isn’t just great.” Sirius sarcastically remarked.

“Why don’t we all try using our wands and cast the, “Finite Incantatem,” Bill suggested. He had never seen anything like this either and in his job as a curse breaker for Gringotts, he came across many strange and unusual things.

They all agreed to try this and pulled their wands. That was all but the kids who were still in school as they still couldn’t perform magic. The adults cast the dispelling spell at the light. The beams all impacted on the light, but to their horror, they were forced to duck as their spells rebounded and headed for them.

“What in Merlin’s name is happening here?” Sirius shouted, ducking his own spell.

“I don’t know...I just don’t know Padfoot.”

Elsie soon floated into the room and Dobby popped back in looking almost maniacal with the huge smile that was showing his yellowed teeth.

“You do not have anything to fear. Lord Black is quite safe and out of harm.”

“How can you tell us not to be worried? You’re nothing but a house.” Sirius angrily said to the manifestation.

“Mr. Black, you will calm down this instant or I will remove you.” Elsie told him in a tone that said not to provoke her.

“Can you tell us what is happening to Harry?” Charlie asked, standing next to Bill, his eyes glancing between Elsie and Harry.

“Yes, I can, as I have seen this before. However, I will not speak of this here as Lord Black needs this time alone.” With that she floated down to the study to wait the others.

The others all scrambled out of the room and headed for the stairs. Remus had a hard time getting Sirius to leave, but he did finally convince him and they were the last to arrive in the study.

Taking various seats on the couches, chairs and even the floor, they all looked up at the woman expectantly.

“Lord Black is currently in stasis while he receives his magical inheritance. The light as you call it is protecting his body from any outside dangers that may be lurking. It is also helping him through the pain that he is currently feeling.”

“I’ve never heard of that happening when someone comes into the inheritance.” Arthur said.

“Yea, I don’t recall having that happening to me.” Sirius stated.

“That is because not all go through this.”

“What do you mean go through this? And by the way how do you even know?” Sirius asked sharply.

“That is simple. The first Lord Black, as I have explained imbued me with all of the knowledge that he had gained as well as being able to keep up with what is currently happening. As for what Lord Black is going through, that is quite simple. You all guessed awhile ago that he was an Elemental. What you do not know is that he has several other abilities as well. Now due to his elemental powers and the others that he is now receiving, the light was needed to protect him. Lord Black is currently going through a transformation, one that will enable him to handle his new found powers. In essence, his magical core is being enlarged as we speak so that once his inheritance finishes, he won’t blow me up or even go insane.”

“Go insane?” Molly repeated, terrified of what the young boy she always wanted and considered another son was going through.

“Yes, I am afraid that without the protection, he could very well go insane.”

“How...how could that be?” Hermione stammered, now thoroughly frightened for her best friend.

“When a wizard or a witch gains their inheritance and it is beyond what their body can handle, they either will be protected from magic herself, or they will go insane as the magic consumes them. In Lord Black’s case, his body cannot handle his abilities and therefore must go through a transformation. Magic rarely chooses to step in and protect one of her children, but occasionally she will. In the case of Lord Black, she has deemed him worthy and therefore will protect him and help with his transformation. For her to do this, she must have a specific reason as to what he is destined to do.

“How can magic deem someone worthy of protecting?” Remus asked.

“Yea, magic is just that...magic.” Charlie added.

“Magic is more than just magic as you call it. Magic is what brings life to all; it is a being who watches all. She is the one who makes the decision on what we become; muggle, wizard, animal. She is the overseer of our world, the very one who can give or take life with just cause. She is the one who controls the weather; you understand what I’m trying to say.”

So magic is like a being, a supreme one.” Hermione remarked.

“That is correct. She is called many things, by many different people.”

“This transformation you keep talking about, what is it exactly? Will Harry look different, act different?” Sirius started rambling out the questions, butting in.

“Yes, he may look a little different than what you remember. He will most assuredly grow in height as his body must grow in order for his core to be enlarged. I do not think he will act any different than he already does. He may be uncertain of what has happened and be worried, but as I just said he should not act any differently. I will say this, he must begin to learn control immediately, and this cannot wait any longer. His elemental powers will now manifest with any emotion and can be quite devastating.”

“Do you know how long he will be in this stasis as you call it?” Molly asked fearfully. She partially understood what they were being told, but was worried that Harry would not come out of this thing for a very long time.

“That I am afraid I do not know. I can suggest that you go to the library; there is a book there that will explain magical inheritances and elemental powers in depth. The first Lord Black loved gathering books and assuring that his library would be full of any book that could be of use to his descendants.” With that she slowly disappeared, leaving them to ponder what she told them.

“I’m going to the library.” Hermione stated as she hopped to her feet and headed out of the room, not waiting to see if anyone else was coming.

“For once I’m going to the library on my own.” Ron replied and got to his feet.

“Our little Ronnikins...”

“Is going to a library...”

“On his own.”

“Did he just get smart?” Ginny quipped sarcastically, effectively cutting off the twins’ antics.

“Well, I don’t care if you guys aren’t worried about Harry like I am. But if I can help by going to the library, then I’m going.” No one got a chance to remark back as he hurried out of the room.

“Well, I’m going back to Harry’s room.” Sirius stated dryly and stood up.

“Padfoot, I’m not sure that would be a good idea.”

“Look Remus, I don’t care what you do, but I’m at least going to stay in the same room as my godson. I’m too worried about him as it is, and I won’t be able to go back to sleep.” Sirius firmly stated.

"I'm coming too." Molly said as she stood as well.

The two left in a hurry, leaving the others to sit there and decide what they were going to. Right now, the only concern that either one had was being with Harry when he awoke.

"I guess I'll join them too." Remus replied and he too stood up to leave. "Arthur, are you coming too?"

"I think I will." Arthur decided, making up his mind as he stood. "Molly will be fretting all night and someone should be there."

“Well, we’re going to bed.” George replied.

“Yea, we got lots to do in the morning.” Was Fred’s reply, and he had a devilish smile on his face, even in the current situation.

Bill and Charlie looked at one another, shrugged their shoulders and said that they'd go get some sleep as someone should. Ginny, just stood up and hurried out of the room. They weren't to sure where she was going, but assumed that she was headed for the library as well.

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The four who'd gone up to stay with Harry were in the small sitting room where they could see Harry. The door to his bedroom wide open and him still floating above the bed, they all had silently agreed to stay in the sitting room and just watch from there as they didn't want to get hit by the light like they had before. Also they knew that they would see the light leave him when it did and so they could get to him immediately.

Currently, a fire was burning in the fireplace, giving them some comfort in their hour of need. Though they had to put a charm on the front of it as the invisible wind kept blowing through causing a few embers to fly out and land on the carpet.

Sirius stood up and silently walked across the room to stand in Harry's door. He watched as his godson and now head of his family floated. Turning around after a few minutes he stormed back to where the others were waiting, his face a mixture of worry and anger. He dropped down into the chair before letting out some of his anger.

"How the hell long is he going to be like that." Sirius shouted.

There was a problem when he shouted, one that he didn't see until it was pointed out.

"Siri...Sirius your hand is on fire." Molly stammered; who was sitting across from the man and saw his hand turn into fire.

Sirius was about to retort when Remus and Arthur asked the same thing. Looking down, he saw his hand was indeed on fire. Yelping in his barking tone, he jumped to his feet and started shaking his hand frantically.

"Somebody help me." Sirius asked in a frantic tone, still shaking his hand and waving it in the air.

"Sirius, stop that." Remus stated, as he stood up and took his wand out of his pocket. He pointed it at Sirius' hand and cast the universal counter charm. His eyebrows rose as he saw that the hand was still in flames. "Sirius, what have you done?"

"Nothing...Nothing Remus...I've done nothing, I swear." Sirius stammered now beginning to panic.

Arthur and Molly just sat there staring at the two men. They weren't about to get involved thinking that it may be one of those pranks that the two were infamous for.

"Okay, Sirius, I think you should calm down. We're not going to get anywhere with you waving your hand around like that."

"Moony, what am I supposed to do. My hand is on fire and I can't get it to stop." Sirius whined.

"Sirius, either calm down or I'm going to stun you." Remus said deciding that this was the only way he was going to get through to the man.

Sirius seeing the determined glint in Remus' eyes, gulped before sitting back down and calming down. The whole time he was watching his hand. The strange thing was, even though his hand was now on fire, he didn't feel it burning him.

It took nearly fifteen minutes for Sirius to calm down, as he was worried about Harry and now his hand. If it hadn't been for the others there, he may have never calmed down. Luckily he did and the best part of his calming down was that his hand was back to being a hand.

"Sirius, do you have any idea how that happened." Arthur asked him quizzically.

"No not really." Sirius replied, still staring at his hand.

"Padfoot, what happened when you and Harry did the adoption ritual? We all know that it worked as you told us, but you never really said anything else." Remus asked.

"Nothing unusual," Sirius calmly said while keeping his eyes downcast, knowing full aware that he was lying and the wolf could smell lies.

Remus narrowed his eyes at his friend but didn't call him on it. He knew that Sirius was lying; something did happen and whatever it was. The question is why was Sirius lying to him, and he knew he would find out eventually. Until then, he'd just observe his friends' actions.

Arthur, not knowing when most people lied, that is except his kids, took what the animagus said as truth and went back to staring at the fire once again. Molly was a different story as she'd learned over the years with having so many children how to tell when someone was either lying flat out or trying to hide something. Yet, she was more worried about Harry to even think about Sirius.

Down in the library, Ron, Ginny, and Hermione were pouring over a vast amount of the books to see if they could find any information on what was happening to their friend. When Ron walked in, he couldn't keep from groaning as he saw floor to ceiling bookcases lining the walls of the room. There were even a few in the middle, making a row like in the Hogwarts' library.

“Hermione, I thought you’d all ready been in here?” Ron asked her in a surprising tone.

Ron's face had gone red in embarrassment. He mentally kicked himself for once again upsetting the girl he liked. Brushing his feelings away, he went after her, knowing that he was going to be doing research.

It was a couple of hours and they were all starting to fall asleep. They hadn't found one paragraph about magic protecting someone during their inheritance. Yet they'd barely even made a dent in the books and would have to keep looking that is until Ginny made a comment, and it would start an interesting conversation.

"I wonder if this is what happened to Vo...Voldemort." Ginny asked, still stuttering a little over the Dark Lords name as she looked up from the book she had been currently looking through.

"What are you talking about, Ginny?" Ron asked, clearly confused.

"Oh Ron, if you'd pay a little more attention. Ginny is talking about how Elsie, the house, told us how if someone can't handle their magical inheritance and magic doesn't protect them, they go insane." Hermione said in her usual tone of voice, without looking up from the book she had on elementals.

"Oh." Ron said still confused.

"So what do you guys think?"

"I don't know Ginny. He's just a crazy man." Ron replied.

"You could be right Ginny. But, I don't think that was all that caused the man go to insane. You know he has done many rituals over the years, looking for immortality." Hermione said, still not looking up.

"Well, it was just an idea." Ginny huffed out before going back to her book.

Unknown to the occupants, as they were all involved in their own worries and such, another strange occurrence was taking place.

Outside in the moonlit night, the various animals of the forest were making their way towards the home. Some of them were flying; obvious birds, but there were a couple of startling ones. Others walking on their legs or slithering through leaf covered ground.

They'd all heard or rather sensed magic; herself being at the house. They felt the powerful energy that floated in the air, rustling the trees, blowing some of the leaves around, it was as if they were being pulled or told to go to the home. Having rarely ventured forth out of their home, this changed that as they now made their way.

Once the final animal had made it, they all stopped, taking positions around and patiently waited. What they were waiting for, they could not tell.

The sun rose in the east, sending bright rays of light into the east wing. The four adults were startled awake by the bright light hitting them, as they had all fell asleep a few hours ago. Sirius was the first to jump to his feet and curse at his stupidity for falling asleep. Now this was unusual for the man, he hated getting up before noon regardless of the reason. He was even known to cast a hex on anyone who dared to wake him. But now that didn't matter as his godson needed him. Before anyone could say a word or doing anything, the dark haired man bounded towards the bedroom.

The others quickly followed as soon as they were coherent enough to do so. Getting there, they saw to their relief, the protective light had vanished and Harry was now sleeping soundly on his bed.

Sirius, being Sirius didn't even think and he bounded across the room, changing into Padfoot halfway and bounded up on the bed. He landed right on top of Harry, which like it would anyone, startled the boy awake. Harry bolted up out of the bed looking as if he'd jumped several feet, a banishing charm coming out of his mouth and slamming into Sirius/Padfoot. Sirius having no time to react went flying across the room and slamming into the wall.

The other three who were making their way in at more sedate pace, watched in a mixture of horror and awe at what Harry had done to Sirius.

By this time Harry was awake enough to see what had happened. His face took on a horror stricken expression as he stared at his godfather and now relative.

"What...what...how did I? Did I do that," Harry stammered incoherently and pointed towards the unmoving dog, his green eyes wide with shock and fear.

"Yes Harry you did." Arthur stated before rushing over to check on Sirius with Remus.

Molly hearing Harry sounded confused and worried hurried over to the bed and plopped down beside him. She grabbed him, pulled him into one of her famous hugs and squeezed for dear life as if someone was trying to kill her and Harry was her protector.

"I'm so glad you're all right dear. We were so worried about you." Molly cried, still holding him for dear life.

"Mrs. Weasley, I...I need to breathe." Harry stammered his eyes still on Sirius and the others.

"Oh, sorry Dear, I was just so worried." Molly replied sheepishly and let go of him.

Sirius finally awoke from his forced sleep thanks to an enervate from Arthur. He changed back to his human self and began rubbing the side of his head, where it had impacted with the wall.

"What happened?" He asked them, sounding as if he'd drunk a few too many Fire Whiskeys.

"Harry's what happened." Remus chuckled lightly.

"You startled him and somehow hit you with the banishing charm." Arthur told him in his calm yet excited voice that was usually reserved for muggle things.

"He did what? My godson caught me off guard." Sirius asked ruefully.

"Mrs. Weasley, can you tell me what happened." Harry asked the kind woman.

"Harry, it would take me a while to tell you and I think you should get up. It is after all your birthday and you need to have a good breakfast. So, I'm going to go wash up and go to the kitchen and cook a feast for you." Molly told him as she climbed off the bed.

"I don't need a big breakfast."

"Yes, you do Harry. You're still too thin. I also need to wake the others." With that said she walked out of the room and headed for her own.

"If you're all right Sirius, I think I better go after her." Arthur told him and receiving a nod in return.

That left Harry still sitting on his bed along with Sirius and Remus, who were both sitting on the floor now.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that." Harry told his godfather, but not looking at the man as he began to play with the bed sheet.

"You don't need to go feeling sorry or blaming yourself for an accident. I'm perfectly all right; it would take a lot more than a banishing charm to hurt me." Sirius replied, rising to his feet and feeling a little wobbly. Remus seeing this took a hold of his arm and guided them over to the bed.

"So how do you feel kiddo?"

"Fine, but why are you asking me that." Harry asked suspiciously.

"You went through your magical inheritance last night. And well, I was just wondering if you're all right." Sirius stated feeling a little uncomfortable as he ran a hand through his hair.

"Why wouldn't I be fine? I mean I just got all of my magic."

"Well, that's true. But..."

"But what," Harry asked now truly suspicious about what had happened.

"Why don't you go and see for yourself. You can also get ready." Remus hurriedly replied effectively cutting off his friend from making a fool of himself with his stammering.

Harry jumped off the bed and ran for the bathroom. Before he reached it, he caught his reflection in the full length mirror and gasped at what he saw.

He had somehow grown at least three inches over night. His messy black was not as messy as usual as it was now longer and somehow thicker. He noticed that his entire body looked bigger then it had been; his shoulders were broader, his chest also looked broader, the shape of his face was slightly different, as it was more angular, and he was still skinny, not as much as he had been, but it was still obvious. He noticed that his green eyes were more vibrant then before, they looked like to flawlessly cut emeralds that you could see clear through. Overall, he really wasn't much different, yet you could see the changes and gave him somewhat of an intimidating look.

He turned, a flabbergasted expression, his mouth opening and closing without any words coming out as he stared at the two men who'd followed him.

"What happened to me? I look different."

"You don't look that different." Remus stated calmly.

"So, you're hairs' longer and you're a little taller, there's nothing wrong with that." Sirius said, shrugging his shoulders and smiling at his godson in a mischievous kind of way.

"Nothing wrong with this," Harry said incredulously. "Have you been drinking again? Because this just makes no sense and you know it." Before Sirius or Remus could reply, Harry had turned and head for the bathroom.

"That went well."

"I guess...if you say so Sirius." Remus left the room, shaking his head at his best friends' words.

"Hey, it's not like he blew anything up." Sirius stated firmly, following after his friend.

“We don’t know what else he has gained. So what do you think he’s going to do when he finds out about all of his powers?” Remus shot back over his shoulder, still continuing down the hallway.

“He’ll be fine Moony. He’s a strong kid.” Sirius replied.

“Whatever you say...whatever you say. Just don’t come whining to me when he blows up.”

Molly had gone downstairs by now to make a feast for Harry’s birthday when she remembered her kids and Hermione. So instead of going directly to the kitchen, she headed off towards the library, assuming that they’d probably fallen asleep in their.

An hour later Molly and Dobby after a few small arguments about who was going to cook, a large breakfast was ready and being placed on the table. Molly had just placed a plate of pancakes when the others all came walking into the room. She smiled at Harry before going back into the kitchen.

They were halfway through the meal, Ron shoveling in the food as fast as he could and getting glares of disapproval from his mother and Hermione. The talking was all about Harry’s birthday and what they were going to do, making sure that they didn’t give away the surprise that they had planned for later when Harry dropped his fork on his plate, mouth falling open.

The others all noticed this and looked at Harry in concern.

“What’s wrong Harry?” Hermione asked.

“You’re glowing.” That was all he could say as he stared at her before shifting his eyes between those who were there. “You’re...you’re all glowing. What is going on?” Harry blinked and rubbed his eyes several times before looking again, but still saw them all glowing.

“What do you mean we’re glowing?” Charlie asked.

“I think he’s able to see our auras.” Hermione stated. She then started lecturing everyone about the ability.

“Auras are the invisible energy that we have. They can show our emotional state; like when we are angry, sad, in pain. As we are Wizards and Witches, they also show the level of our magic.

Auras are made up of various colors, each one representing something different. There is usually more than one color. The main one that we have and is usually separate from the others, as it is brighter and the farthest away from our body is our magic level. The only reason for that as I have said is because we are Wizards and Witches. In the muggle world that color may mean something totally different.

It is quite rare for anyone to see auras, as the ability stems from our minds. Those who can see them are highly sought after for healers, counselors, etc. In the muggle world it is the same except...” Here she paused, not sure how to say it without getting everyone upset at muggles.

“Except what Hermione,” Harry asked her.

Sighing deeply she began to speak. “Except that in the muggle world, these people are usually ridiculed, scoffed out, and generally treated as if they are crazy.”

“Why is that?” Molly asked, surprised at how truly different the two worlds were. It wasn’t that she thought they were close; on the contrary, she was fully aware that they were very different. However, to know that a magical gift like this was treated badly was what shocked her.

“It’s like how they feel about us, in many ways. They don’t understand the ability. Most muggles are afraid of things that they don’t understand or find a logical explanation for.”

All of what she had said made sense to those in attendance. Still, that didn’t keep them from being awed at the young witch’s knowledge, even though they knew she was a bookworm.

“Hermione, how do you know all this?” Bill asked, clearly impressed by her.

“She’s a bookworm, that’s how.” Ron said, without even thinking like he usually does.

Hermione just turned and smacked him up side the head for his rude comment. “I’m no book worm and you should know that by now. Just because I love to read and learn, doesn’t mean I don’t have other interests. I told you this last night.” She scolded him, causing everyone in the room to snicker at Ron’s discomfort. “You are forgetting that I am a muggleborn as well, so I should know about that world as well.”

“O...Kay, if I can see auras as you say, how did I get this...um...ability. I mean I never had it before.” Harry asked his intelligent friend.

“If I had to make an educated guess, I would say that you got this ability with your magical inheritance.”

“All right, if you say so.” Harry commented even though he was still unsure of what she told them. “Then can you tell me why yours is a light blue mixed with dark brown and a medium blue that seems to be further away from the others.”

“That’s easy. Depending on how light the blue is that could either mean, I have a high-level of sensitivity or strong natural instincts. I would have to say that it means both in my case. The dark brown area means, that I have common sense. Which I know for a fact even if I can’t see yours, you do not have.” This again caused everyone to snicker and Harry to blush lightly. “Now for the medium blue, that one is probably my magic and level of consciousness. Those two go hand in hand as being wizards and witches; we need to have a fairly high level of consciousness.”

Harry buried his face in his hands and began mumbling, “why me? Why does everything happen to me? I wish I could just disappear.”

They could hear him mumbling and they all knew that he didn't like this new ability.

"Look! Where'd Harry go?" Ginny yelled causing everyone to look at the now empty seat.

"I'm still here Ginny. I didn't go anywhere." A disembodied voice said.

His voice made them all jump out of their seats and look around the room frantically. All trying to see where he was hiding or if this was some strange prank that he was pulling on them.

"What's wrong with you guys?"

"Harry, where are you Mate?" Ron asked his voice breaking.

"I'm right here." Harry said from his seat.

"No, Harry, you're not." Arthur replied.

"Yes, I am Mr. Wesley. Hey, are you guys playing a prank on me." Harry said, now sounding stern.

"Kiddo, we can't see you." Sirius replied.

"You what," Harry shouted at them.

"We can't see you." Hermione spoke up and said

"Oh Merlin, someone help me." Harry cried, starting to panic.

"Cub, you need to calm down first. It's not going to help the situation if you panic."

"Then help me. I don't want to be invisible."

Hermione, who was standing behind her chair, was in deep thought. She had come across this last night in one of the books, but at the time brushed it away as just the writer's imagination. Then something

clicked and she looked up, her head snapping up and causing her neck to hurt slightly.

“Harry, can you tell us what you were thinking and saying right before you vanished.”

“Um...well I was thinking and wishing that I could disappear.” Harry’s voice said sounding embarrassed.

“That’s it. This must be something you gained from your inheritance.” She said sounding a little smug.

“That doesn’t tell me how to appear.” Harry replied exasperatedly.

“If Hermione’s right in her theory, then you would probably need to think and want to be visible again.” Remus supplied.

Harry didn’t reply but he started thinking and wishing to be seen again. They watched in silence, hoping that it would work. And a few minutes later, Harry materialized in his seat, right where he’d been before.

Harry looked at himself, then at everyone else. “Can you all see me now?”

“Yes Harry we can.” Arthur answered.

“That was fantastic.”

“How did...”

“You do that?”

“Hey George.”

“That would be a great prank. If we could find a way so...”

“...people could be invisible.”

“Yea students could disappear...”

“...in front of the teachers.”

“We could prank...”

“...Snape all the time.”

“The greasy git would never know...”

“...it was us,” Fred finished.

“You two will do no such thing.” Molly said sternly.

“But Mum, the Greasy Git deserves it.” Ron tried to say. He too thought it was cool and a way to pay back Snape for all of the things he had done to them.

“Ronald Bilius Weasley, you will do no such thing. And you will not say things like that about one of your professors.” Molly reprimanded her youngest son.

“Guys, I don’t understand any of this.” Harry said, shaking his head.

“What don’t you understand kiddo?”

“How this whole magical inheritance thing works. I mean how am I able to do these things, especially if I couldn’t before. I know what you all have told me before, but I still don’t understand it.”

“That is easy, Harry.” Hermione spoke up. “Magical Inheritance is just what it says; you come into your full magical capabilities. Any dormant abilities that you may have are awakened, allowing you to use them. A person may see something like a shimmer of light around a person, but until they go through their inheritance rite, the ability to read auras will not fully manifest.

Magical inheritance also solidifies your core. Thus, allowing you to be at your full potential. Your spells will become stronger, and various other attributes will manifest as I said. Sometimes a person’s core will

not only solidify but also enlarge depending on what they have in power level.”

“That still doesn’t explain my new abilities. I never saw shimmering lights or even once been able to become slightly invisible.” Harry responded, still not fully understanding.

“Harry, it is simple. Somewhere in your heritage, there was at least one relative who had the capability to do these things. They can be kept dormant for the rest of the family line, or they can reappear in another relative. Think of it this way, in the muggle world, scientists are currently breaking down a person’s DNA or genetic code. They are finding that there are actual genes that can be carried through a family that cause various diseases. It doesn’t mean that this gene will become activated in every member of the family, but at some point it will once again manifest.” Hermione said exasperatedly as she saw that no one at the table understood anything she said.

“Harry, what I am trying to say is that your ability is just something that has been passed down through your family tree. I don’t if it is your mother’s family or father’s but they are just appearing in you for some reason.”

The conversation was about to begin again after several minutes of silence. They were all trying to understand what Hermione had told them, but their brains had no understanding or than, Harry abilities were not anything truly new. Harry was about to speak when Elsie popped in to the room.

“My Lord, if I may?”

“What is it?”

“You have several visitors outside that are waiting for you.”

“Who are these visitors and what do they want?” Harry asked suspiciously.

“They do not wish you any harm My Lord.” With that said, she disappeared once again.

“Well, let’s go and see who’s here to see me.” Harry left the room and headed for the door, everyone else trailing behind him.

Opening the door, Harry’s eyes bugged out at the sight in front of him. There patiently waiting for him were a motley bunch of animals. Before he had a chance to say anything, his eyes rolled back and he fell into a dead faint. Luckily, Remus was right behind him and caught him before he could hit the floor.

The others weren’t even looking at Harry and Remus; their eyes were on the various creatures that were outside. They saw various snakes, a winged horse that was standing towards the front of the group, there was a strange ape like creature sitting a little ways away from the horse and eating some leaves. There was another animal that they saw; it was sitting a little ways away from the other and this puzzled them as it looked like any ordinary dog that is until it seems to fade slightly. There was a winged snake floating a few feet above the ground, and it seemed to be about fifteen feet. There were several others that they could see but then another one appeared, causing them all to scream and step back a few feet from the door and tremble in fear.

There now stood a creature of huge proportions; it had the body of a lion, brown, almost a golden coat. Its wings, beak, and, head were that of an eagle and they could see a tail swishing behind the great beast. They noticed that all of the other creatures move to the side when it had appeared as if it were somehow their leader. Even the unicorns that were there had stepped back.

“That’s a Griffin.” Hermione said hesitantly.

“We know.” The others all said simultaneously.

Remus who was holding Harry had forgotten to wake him when the Griffin appeared as he too was staring at the large beast outside of the door.

‘Young one, we have come to speak with you. We felt that we were needed here.’ The Griffin spoke through his mind to Harry.

“Ahhhhhhhh!” Harry screamed, shooting out of Remus’ hands and staring wildly around him.

His scream caught everyone by surprise, making them either jump or give startled exclamations of their own.

“It is just I, Gridon. I do not wish you harm.”

“Who...who is there and talking to me, in my head?” Harry thought in is head. I must be going crazy.”

“You are perfectly fine human. I am the Griffin that is outside.”

“How can I be talking to you?”

“You have the ability to speak with most animals no.”

“Huh? What do you mean by that?”

“Magic herself unlocked it in you. We all have come to speak with you as we felt the pull to come and a despair coming from within your building.”

“Where did you come from? How did you get here?”

“My group lives within your forest. There is a large cave that we live in. I and my clan guard the other animals and the forest.”

“But I thought you only guarded treasure?”

“That is not correct young one. We guard anything that we believe is a treasure. The forest of yours is our treasure.”

Harry stepped outside at this point, no longer fearing the animal(s). The others tried to stop him but he shook them off and went anyway.

He stopped a few feet away from the Griffin and stared at it.

“You are a magnificent animal and I am honored that you guard my forest. Can you tell me about this ability you spoke of?”

“There are very few humans who have the ability to speak with animals, especially through thought. Those that have the ability are known as shape shifters.”

“What is a shape shifter?”

“Ah, shape shifters are very rare. They have the ability to change into certain animals. These animals are ones who deem the person worthy of their friendship.”

“So Shape shifter is like being an animagus.”

“They are similar, yes, but not truly.”

Harry was about to ask another question when he heard screams and his name being shouted. Without warning, his entire body began to hurt and he felt as if it was trying to rearrange itself.

“Very well done young one, I am pleased to see you have done it all ready.” The griffin spoke.

“What did I do?”

“You have turned into me.” The griffin replied, amusement in his words.

“What! No! I don’t want to be you. How do I change back? I don’t want to be stuck!”

This whole time the others were just staring, fixated on the boy who had been standing there and then within a blink of an eye, there was another griffin in his place. And it looked exactly like the other one.

It took Gridon a few minutes to calm Harry down so that he was able to explain how to turn back. He told Harry he would need to learn more about his abilities as they could and would probably get out of control. He explained, that all of the animals gathered he would be

able to turn into, and that they would be there if he ever needed them. With that said, the griffin and the others all began to leave and head back into the forest. Leaving Harry and the rest to stand there stunned, speechless, and unable to move because of what had taken place.

The rest of the day went by uneventful. Harry received various gifts from everyone; he got a couple of books from Hermione to a new broom cleaning kit from Ron. One of the presents he cherished the most was a new broom, it was called the Excelsior and made by the same ones who made his firebolt. He found that it could go up to 200 mph and had various spells placed on it, from a cushioning charm to one that would allow the rider to stay on regardless of what it was hit with, that is as long as the rider wasn't the one actually struck by a hex or curse.

When he'd gone to bed later that night, he was exhausted, especially after the days' events. Yet, he was upset at Remus too. Earlier the man told Harry that they needed to begin his training the next day and that it would have to be more intense than what they had been doing. Harry was in no mood to train regardless of the reason. It wasn't because he didn't want to. He of course knew that he would need all the training that he could get, especially with his strange new abilities, especially if he was going to fulfill his destiny. The reason was simple, he wanted to enjoy the next two weeks before the trial began. That didn't mean he was going to be able to just horse around with his friends or finally go exploring the forest, no, he had a few more appointments with his Lawyer. And he knew they would be trying on him.

[illegible]

The day of the trial arrived and Harry was extremely nervous about the whole thing, almost as bad as when he thought he was going to be expelled last year. He had no desire of ever going back with his biological family and he had come up with a contingency plan on his own if he was forced to. He hadn't told anyone of it as he knew they'd talk him out of it.

It was a little after eight when Harry, Remus and Sirius stepped into the atrium. A few feet a way he saw the Weasleys and Hermione discussing something with his lawyer. To his surprise he also saw Neville and Luna with the others.

The three headed over to the others so they could all go down to the courtroom. However, Harry stopped in mid-stride as he saw a blond pale boy strolling over to him in his usual swagger. A scowl appeared on his face as Draco stepped up to him.

"I see you made it Potter." Draco smirked at his nemesis.

"What do you mean by that Malfoy and just what are you doing here? Oh that's right I forgot you have to do your daddy's dirty work now that he's in Azkaban." Harry replied, smirking right back.

"You better watch yourself Potter. Saying things like that might just get you killed. But then that would be no great loss." Draco replied in a sneer.

"Whatever Malfoy, your threats don't bother me."

"Listen here, Potter, I am sick and tired of your attitude; always showing me up and hanging around with those losers. You make me sick, a half-blood acting better than a Malfoy. I'll have you know that I am the best there is."

"Malfoy, I'm not going to get into a fight with you. Besides, I could kick your arse any day." With that said, Harry started to move around Draco when stopped and turned to the blond. "I was curious how you knew my parents were back."

"I didn't."

"That makes no sense Malfoy." Harry replied and shook his head, once again leaving.

Draco scowled at Harry's back; Potter was too stupid to get it. "Potter I meant you should be with them, dead." Draco shouted across the atrium.

His outburst caused everyone in the atrium to stop and stare at the young Malfoy heir. Ron heard this and his face turned purple and he balled his hands. Draco seeing the reaction his outburst got from all of the people there, spun on his heel and ran out of the Ministry. Furious with himself for letting Potter get to him once again.

Harry, who had stopped when he heard Malfoy shout, smiled lightly and walked over to the rest.

“What was all that about?” Remus asked, a scowl showing on his face

“Oh, Malfoy you mean. That was just him being a prat as usual.”

“Ha...He’s worse then a prat. He’s probably a Death Eater by now.” Ron scoffed and ducked his head in time from getting cuffed by his mother.

The group headed to one of the lifts that would carry them to Level ten where the courtrooms were. Before stepping inside, Harry got a memory flash of being here last year and having to go down there himself, but then he was being taken to courtroom ten where the Wizengamot presided. Shuddering a little, he stepped in, not seeing the concerned looks on everyone’s faces.

In a few minutes they were now exiting the stair well and starting towards the courtroom. Harry noticed all of the messages flying around on their way to who ever was supposed to get them. He passed several people who were walking up and down the hall.

He could feel his earlier nervousness come back ten fold as his heart raced and he started to shake. Ginny and Hermione were the only ones to notice his little problem. They stepped forward as they had been behind, they both took a hold of one of his hands and gave them a squeeze. He’d been startled by this at first, but soon he relaxed and relished his friends for their caring and protectiveness of him as he knew that was what they were doing.

They all stopped at the doors of the courtroom. Harry with Hermione and Ginny holding his hands; was trying to get his nervousness under control. He was taking small calming breaths, trying to get the courage to open the doors. He was aware that he had the courage to do this and that he needed to, but he couldn't help being nervous and scared, just as he had been when Fudge brought him up the year before in front of the Wizengamot. This time however it was a little different, instead of fighting to stay in school, he was now fighting for his right to be an adult. It would also be the first time he would see his parents and Dumbledore since that day at Grimmauld Place when he blew up at them. And this time just like the last wasn't sure if he could keep his anger in check.

Mr. Strathmore, who had been standing directly behind Harry, noticed that his client wasn't making any move to open the doors. He, himself, was beginning to feel angry at what his client had gone through. He of course had been angry at the injustice that had been heaped on his client when he accepted the case. But now he could see just how they were affecting his client, as he had changed from the angry young man he had met just a short time ago, to a scared, nervous boy who wanted to run away and he knew that was what Harry wanted to do. He steeled himself, and stepped around to open the doors himself.

Mr. Strathmore glanced at his client, giving him a reassuring smile before pushing the doors open. The doors swung open to reveal the courtroom, everyone gasped at what they saw inside. None, believing that this could have or even been allowed to happen in such a case as this was. Hermione and Ginny gave Harry's hands a squeeze of reassurance and was about to go in when it happened.

Harry saw immediately what the courtroom looked like and gasped in shocked. His heart, which had slowed down a little, was once again racing even faster. He felt the girls' squeeze his hands, but it wasn't enough. He quickly shook their hands off and turned on his heel.

Before anyone could say or do anything, Harry tore down the hallway, running as fast as his legs would carry him. The first to come out of their surprise was Sirius and Remus. The two men quickly took off after Harry, yelling for him to stop.

Okay, the day of the trial is upon Harry and his friends. As to his new found powers, he will be learning more about them and others later on in the story. Yes, he will be powerful but he will have many issues with them.

Now, as to Lily's feelings of guilt, this will be detailed further as we go into the story. However, she will not be joining Harry, as I have a very different plan for her.

I will get the next chapter up as soon as I can. Thank you for reading and please leave me a review.

Harry ran as fast as he could down the hall, he could hear the shouts for him to stop, but he just couldn't. Skidding to the door, he wrenched it open and flew up the stairs. He had no idea where he was going, only that he had to get out of there.

It had been too much for him, to see the courtroom brimming to capacity with the public. Seeing, all those unfamiliar faces had brought up the fear, hurt and anger that he tried so desperately to hide. He'd learned a while back that the world expected him to be the confident, self-assured savior that once saved them and then was now expected to do it again. Sure, he'd broken down before, and in front of his true family and friends, showing them how much of a kid he truly was. But, he got over that unexpected emotional breakdown rather quickly and went back to burying those feelings.

Yes, he wanted his true parents to regret ever abandoning him; that was evident when his anger towards them would surface. Yet, what no one knew was that the anger was not only that; anger towards them for what they did, but also it covered the hurt and pain of the betrayal that he felt not only in his heart, but all the way to the depths of his soul.

Up until today he had allowed his anger to be the main emotion he felt regarding them but this morning that was gone completely. It had been replaced with sheer nervousness of the outcome as well as what would be said regarding him. Simply put, he knew that over the last five years he'd done some rather reckless things, but they'd all been because he was placed in them, or rather manipulated into doing them. He always knew that if it hadn't been for his friends, especially Hermione and her extensive knowledge he would be dead by now. And that was why he was nervous and scared about the whole trial.

Once he'd seen the courtroom, his fear took over and that was the reason for his fleeing. He had to get a way, had to get his emotions under control.

He saw a black door and yanked open before running in and hearing it slam behind him as he ran through the room, which only had some candles burning lightly. He saw another door and wrenched it open,

flinging himself through and into another dimly lit room only to stop suddenly and gasp at where he had found himself.

He saw the stone benches that ran along the rectangular room and the stairs that descended toward the raised dais which stood in the center of the pit. The archway unsupported by any of the other wall and with its tattered black curtain fluttering ever so lightly in the cold room stood on dais just as it had months ago.

He wanted to run again, get out of the Death Chamber, but he felt like he was frozen to the spot as that night came back. He watched Tonks battling with Bellatrix and then falling from a curse, only to be replaced by Sirius. He saw his godfather/father as he now considered him since the ritual battling with the woman. He could see the lackluster way that Sirius was dueling with his insane cousin. He then saw the spell hit Sirius, sending him flying towards the veil. He heard himself screaming for Sirius as it appeared that the man fell into the veil.

He had barely thought about the events of that night, not wanting to dwell on his stupidity. But now, he was back here again, reliving that night in his mind.

It was too much for Harry and he crumbled to his knees, buried his face in his hands and begun to cry. Soon the cries became louder as he wailed for the pain, for what he could see in his minds' eye.

This was how Sirius and Remus found him after having chased after their 'son'. Remus was the first to see where they were, and his own breath hitched in surprise. He too could see the battle and the loss of his best friend that night. Unlike Harry, he was able to recover quickly secure in the knowledge that Sirius was right there beside him.

Sirius hadn't seen where they were as his only thoughts were on his godson/son. Who he, upon entering had seen collapsed on the stone floor, crying and to him wailing as he had his head buried in his hand. He rushed over to him and got down beside him. Believing that the reason for this was because of the trial, he pulled him into a tight hug and began whispering soothing words into the boys black hair.

"It's all right pup, I'm here. You can do this, their not going to win." Sirius quietly said into the boy's hair as he gently rocked him.

"I...I...I can't do it. I don't want to be here. I don't want to remember. I'm not strong. " Harry spluttered through his tears. Only his words had been muffled from having his head buried in Sirius' shoulder.

"What can't you do Kiddo? What don't you want to remember?" Sirius asked him as he began rubbing calming circles on his back.

"All of it, the memories of this place, what I did to you and to the others. Going into that courtroom and telling them what happened to me with so many people there. I...I thought it would be empty except for those involved. Knowing that my parents are going to be there acting as if they love me and want me back. Having to talk about all the stupid things I've done, remembering how I nearly got so many people killed." Harry said not holding one thing back at this point.

Sirius didn't say anything, but look up at Remus who had now come over and placed a reassuring hand on Sirius' shoulder. Remus saw the look of despair in his friends' eyes, one that clearly stated I don't know what to do.

Remus gave his friend a sympathetic smile as he too felt the same way during Harry's admissions. He had been afraid of this, especially after the previous breakdown when Harry went back to being the way he always was, ignoring his own problems, the ones that ran deeper than anyone knew. He'd only hoped that it wouldn't happen here or anywhere within the Ministry, not with so much on the line.

"Harry, you are a very strong man. I am very proud of what you have done over the years. You did those things to save others with no regards to yourself. Yes, you should have thought first before rushing in, but then that wouldn't be you. You have not deliberately tried to get someone killed. Those that chose to go with you went because they are your friends. If they didn't then they wouldn't be true friends. Yes, you did rush off to here without thinking, but you did that because you wanted to save Sirius. You wanted to protect him and there were no adults around to help you. You did tell Snape, but you had know way of knowing if he'd tell anyone or not and you were

afraid that even if he did, we'd be too late. Anyone of us would have done the same thing for you, if it had been the other way around. That was why we all came after you even Sirius. We all love you in our own way. You are a very special person to us, to those who know you. People look up to you because of your courage. What happened here was a horrible mistake and before you try and voice your disagreement to that. There are only two people who are to blame and those two are Voldemort and Bellatrix." Remus told the boy, his voice calm yet determined.

"I know that Moony, but I can't help feeling that it was my fault. If I'd only listened to Hermione, then none of it would have happened." Harry stated emphatically. He was now looking up at his former professor, his eyes red and puffy, but he still held onto Sirius.

"Harry, if you had listened to Hermione and stayed at Hogwarts, you would be feeling just as guilty if the vision had turned out to be true. You would have believed that it was your entire fault because you hadn't come to rescue me."

"Still, I nearly got Sirius killed and I almost got you killed too."

"Harry, you didn't get me killed or even nearly as you say. Like old Moony said, I came with the others to rescue you. It was my decision to come, just like it was yours to come here thinking that I needed to be rescued. That is what families and friends do for one another. And as you can see, I am not dead, I'm here with you, the place that I want to be." Sirius said his voice unusually calm.

"No, it's true, I made you come chasing after me because I was too stupid to realize that the vision was a fake." He replied vehemently not wanting to listen to them. "I saw it all happen again when I came in here. I saw how Bellatrix hit you, how you fell through the veil."

"Harry, I did not fall through the veil. I was able to keep from doing that. If anyone other than those two devils are to be blamed for what happened, then it should be me." He saw the incredulous look on Harry's face and went on. "I know I should have been more serious about the duel. I shouldn't have been horsing around like that,

especially with her. But you need to remember that my thoughts at the time were on how I could use the whole situation to my advantage.

“What you did in here, fighting those idiots who are or were stronger than you, because you thought I was in danger makes me very proud. You hadn’t known me that long, and you willingly put yourself in a dangerous situation to help me. To me that don’t say you are weak, reckless, or stupid. What it says that you are a strong and loving person, who has a heart of gold. You are just what I wanted my Godson to be and now Son as well. You are the most perfect person that I have ever met and I am just proud to be around you.” Sirius told him. Remus who was listening and staring in awe at his friend of many years had been surprised at the level of maturity and responsibility that he showed. He’d always wondered if his friend would ever grow up and now it looked as if he had.

“Harry why did you come back here,” Remus asked

“I...I don’t know. I was just running, scared and ran in here.”

“All right and how about what you said about getting me killed?”

“Um, well you know...when the shack happened.” Harry said, his eyes looking down.

“Harry, that incident had nothing to do with you. It was my own forgetfulness that I didn’t take the potion. So I don’t ever want you to think that way about that night. I have dealt with what I did and the consequences of my actions. So don’t you now go thinking it was your fault,” Remus scolded Harry. He then added, “Harry we need to get back to the courtroom.”

Harry looked up at the man with a look of unease. He was coming to terms about what transpired here and finally understood that it had not been his fault. The trial however, he’d put at the back of his mind when they discussing what happened, but now he was reminded of it.

“Harry, you can do this. We can do this. What they have done to you is wrong and it’s time that everyone knows. People can’t go around believing lies like they have told. You are a boy, a man who has been

through too much for your age and they cannot be allowed to believe that your life is wonderful and you are the perfect savior. You were able to do those interviews for the Daily Prophet. I know you can do this too.”

“Remus is right Harry. You can do this. It’s time that the world knows the truth.” Sirius stated emphatically.

By now Harry had completely calmed down, even his nervousness or fear wasn’t strong like it had been awhile ago. Looking between the two older men, all he saw was their silent love for him. And it was then that he knew he could do this, he could finally be just Harry and not the bloody Boy-Who-Lived.

Harry stood up and brushed off his royal blue dress robe. “Let’s go.” And with that he started for the door.

“Are you ready to do this?” Sirius asked him.

“I think so. I still don’t want all those people in there.” Harry told them.

“Don’t you worry about those idiots, they don’t care about you. There all there because of whom they see you as. That’s also the only reason there even allowed in.” Sirius told him.

Harry thought about this for a minute and then slowly nodded his head. He wiped the tears from his eyes and took the wet cloth that Remus had conjured for him to wash his face.

The three soon left the room, but not before Harry had turned around to give the room and the veil one last look. The look was not one of sadness or anger, it was one of understanding, the final piece that he had needed all this time. A smile played on his lips as the memories faded to the back of his mind to be just blurs. The closure that he so desperately need without even realizing it had now come and a small weight was lifted from his shoulder.

The three headed back to the courtroom to begin a very tiring day. He still felt a little nervous but now he felt something else. At first he wasn’t sure what it was, soon, however, he realized that it was a new

resolve. One that would allow him to do exactly what he intended on doing and with that he was secure in the knowledge that no matter what happened, he would be all right.

A few minutes later the trio stepped into the courtroom. Now Harry got a better look of it and gave a slight shudder at the memory of last year. The room was rather reminiscent of the one that he had had to go to last year, but it did have its differences. The walls were of dark stone and lit with many torches hanging around the wall. In the front there was a raised seating area where he guessed the jury sat. Next to that was another raised area but higher and he guessed this was where the judge sat as he saw a bald head man sitting there. Instead of the chained seat, it was just a plain simple wooden one that sat off a little ways from the juror box, yet not quite in the middle. There were rows and rows of seats that were filled with many wizards and witches. In front of them was a small low level wall which separated them from two long tables. The one on the right he saw his parents and Dumbledore sitting at. The one that was on the left, he saw Mr. Strathmore sitting there, looking at a piece of parchment.

He straightened his shoulders, which were now broader then compared to the thin sluggish look. This was all due to the ritual and his inheritance. He lifted his chin slightly, thinking of the arrogant war Malfoy strutted around, but not as much. It was more of a confident look then one of arrogance. With that he strolled down the aisle to sit with his attorney, while Sirius and Remus went to sit with the Weasley's.

Everyone present watched the new Harry Potter confidently walk up to the front of the courtroom. The first thing that they all noticed was that he now had somewhat of an aristocratic look to him. His shoulders were broader, his normally unruly hair now laid flat and longer then it had been. The boy, no man's face had an elegant look to it, with a stronger looking squared jaw, his normally green eyes seemed to have another color in them even though it was hard to tell behind his glasses. His new appearance caused several whispered talking about how he looked slightly like Sirius Black now. There was one other thing that surprised all those in attendance, and that was the power that was rolling off Harry in his royal blue robes.

Harry had heard or at least snippets of some of the conversations about his new appearance, but paid no mind to them. Right now his mind was on keeping his emotions in check and not looking over at those who betrayed him. The one thing that he did not notice was the reporters in the back furiously writing about his appearance.

Albus, James, and Lily were sitting at the long table to the right in front of the courtroom. All three were wearing formal robes and looking very serious. All three had watched the scene earlier with varying thoughts about it. James and Albus' thoughts were similar as they both looked at it as an advantage to their case. After all, Harry had shown just how much of a kid he still was in front of an entire audience, including the Judge and jury. Lily on the other hand didn't see it that way at all. Her thoughts were on the shock and fear that she saw appear on her son's face when he noticed all of the people here. She watched as he turned and fled. Of course she was aware that it was probably due to what they were doing to him and he probably hadn't fully dealt with the implications. For a brief moment she thought about going after him, but knew she couldn't. After all, she left him behind. She sighed in relief as she saw Sirius and Remus take off after him. She knew with those two he'd be all right.

Lily watched with a small smile at his entrance and was pleased to see that he looked better then when she'd seen him last. In her thoughts she couldn't be happier at how he looked so beautiful in his royal blue robe and his hair was not all over the place. She briefly caught site of his face as he was about to turn away and noticed the redness of his eyes. This caused her heart to pain at the knowledge he'd been crying.

Harry walked over to the left table and took his seat by Mr. Strathmore. He sat straight in the chair, his legs flat and his shoulders squared. He turned and gave the man a nod that he was all right. He could hear his lawyer sigh in relief as he turned back to look at the judge.

He noticed and scowled slightly at the sight of the Minister sitting towards a group of people who were now sitting in the place where he previously assumed the jury would be. He did not like this man one bit and that had only intensified because of this stupid trial. He

could see that the portly man was holding his bowler and twisting it slightly, the man's face had a worried expression to it.

"As Mr. Potter-Black has arrived, we can start the preceding. I am Malcolm Burley, Chief Judge for all juvenile cases. Seeing that this is quite an unusual case, and that I have allowed viewers and reporters into the trial, I must warn all of you. I will not tolerate any outbursts from any one of you. If I do, you will be immediately taken out and barred from the rest of the hearing? Is this clear?" He saw everyone in the courtroom give a silent nod, satisfied he continued.

"As you all are aware this hearing is to determine if Mr. Potter-Black who was emancipated by his Godfather, Sirius Black, shall remain as an emancipated teen. Mr. Black upon the reading of his will, added a stipulation and the ability for his godson to be emancipated if he so chose, which we know he accepted readily.

Under normal circumstances any emancipation such as this would stand, however this is a rather unusual case. Mr. Potter-Black's parents, whom thought to be dead, have come back. Also, another factor is that his godfather, in reality did not die as everyone believed to have happened.

Therefore, we find ourselves here. Mr. and Mrs. Potter have requested a trial to void the emancipation of their son and have him put back in their custody. Mr. Potter-Black is fighting this as we all know from the articles that have been printed. The jury have been sworn in under a magical oath that they can come to an unbiased decision. All witnesses will be required to do the same in order to insure their truth in what they say."

This caused Lily and James to look at one another in surprise. Dumbledore looked just as surprised as things would undoubtedly come out that should not. However, he knew there was nothing he could do, even if he were the head of the Wizengamot.

"James and Lily Potter will be represented by Albus Dumbledore, Head of the Wizengamot and Headmaster of Hogwarts. Mr. Potter is being represented by Mr. Strathmore. Please start with your opening comments, Mr. Dumbledore."

Albus stood up, cleared his throat and began his statement. "Ladies and gentleman, I am here today representing Mr. and Mrs. Potter in their attempt to regain custody of their son. I do not need to go into the history of what took place in 1981 as that is a matter for the history books. The Potters have miraculously returned to us, which I for one am pleased. They wished to regain their son from those that he had been living with since that fateful night. However, Mr. Potter upon hearing that they had returned, he became quite angry and told them as well as several other witnesses that he wanted nothing to do with them. He then proceeded to exclaim that there was nothing anyone could do as he was now emancipated.

This is only one of many situations that you will hear about when Mr. Potter has acted irrationally, immature and irresponsible. You will hear where he has intentionally caused harm to befall his friends as well as himself. In the end you will see that he is not capable of being a mature adult at the age of sixteen and is in need of guidance." With that said, he sat back down to wait for Mr. Strathmore's statement.

Harry sat there, quietly seething at Dumbledore's words regarding him. He had never intentionally gotten anyone hurt. He knew that now as he remembered the words that Sirius and Remus spoke to him earlier. Besides, he couldn't help but believe that every one of the incidents that would be brought up had been the direct result of Dumbledore.

"Thank you Mr. Dumbledore. Mr. Strathmore, if you will." The judge asked his attorney.

Mr. Strathmore stood up and began. "Yes, it was true that my client was angry at his parents. At the time he had every right to be. He is after all a sixteen year old who had been told over the years that his parents died to protect him. Only he found that was not the truth. You will hear that they did not die as they want us all to believe, nor did they make some miraculous return from the dead. It is simple they abandoned him to a life with his muggle relatives, who they knew disliked our kind. They have now returned only to want their family back together. My client has told them no, but they have not obeyed his wishes and now have brought him here. You must ask yourselves,

why they have done this. If they love him so much, then why did they abandon him? These questions will be answered through testimony of various witnesses.

My esteemed colleague mentioned that my client was immature and irresponsible, which caused his friends to be injured as well as himself. This is far from the truth as we will show. In each of these incidents my client and his friends were the only ones who willingly stuck their lives on the line to save all of us and the students of Hogwarts. I might add that our esteemed Albus Dumbledore in each incident was not involved.

Just because Mr. Black is not dead, this does not mean that the emancipation should be voided. There are many factors in upholding the paper.” Mr. Strathmore finished and sat back down to await the first witness.

The reporters in the back of the room were busily writing down what both the representatives had said. They were excited at the prospect of having front page articles for the various papers they wrote for.

“You may call your first witness.” Judge Burley said to Dumbledore.

He called Minerva McGonagall to the stand. He watched her stand up, her lips pursed in a tight firm line and a scowl on her face. She walked up to the stand and sat down, glaring at her boss as she took the oath.

“Professor McGonagall, could you tell us about Mr. Potter’s life at Hogwarts?” Albus said as he stood up and walked over to a podium that appeared in the center of the room.

“Mr. Potter’s life is like any normal as any normal student at Hogwarts. He has several friends in his house and is a well liked student.”

“Has he not gotten in to quite a bit of trouble, receiving several detentions?”

“Yes, he has had several detentions dating back to his first year. Like I said he’s just like the other students.” Her voice had become stern with what she said.

“Would you please elaborate on them a little?”

“He’s had detentions for being out after curfew, talking back to a professor, and using magic in the corridors.”

“So what you are saying is that he has willingly broken two of the main rules at Hogwarts. Is he considered a troublemaker because of his rule-breaking?”

“No, I wouldn’t say he is considered a troublemaker. Although, Professor Snape says that he is a troublemaker all the time. I’ve had other students who were known as troublemakers by everyone at school.” She said, making sure to get a dig at James.

“That is irrelevant as we are currently here regarding Mr. Potter.” Dumbledore stated a little too sternly. He did not like the comment about James and he knew that was what she was doing.

“Has Mr. Potter had any, shall we say adventures that normal students would not have?”

This question did it, now she knew what he wanted and she was not happy in the least about it. Still she answered him. “Yes, Mr. Potter and his friends have had several adventures at school.”

“These adventures have they broken any rules of the school, and has anyone been injured due to them?”

“Yes, they have broken school rules and yes someone had been injured.”

“Could you tell us about last year regarding his attitude towards his fellow students and friends?” Dumbledore switched gears now. She had played right into his hands.

This question had her raging inside and she wanted to snap at him for doing this. "Last year Mr. Potter was very angry. He could be seen yelling at his friends and fellow students."

"So he is known to have anger problems. Has Mr. Potter ever been reckless?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. But I wouldn't call it reckless so much as I would consider it impulsiveness."

"Would you please elaborate on some of his recklessness and his adventures for the court?"

She gave him the deadliest glare she could before answering his question. "In his first year, Mr. Potter along with two of his friends went after something that was being hidden in Hogwarts. He had gone in the Chamber of Secrets and eventually splayed a Basilisk that was petrifying students. Those incidents were reckless and did endanger him as well as others."

"What about last year? Did he do anything reckless?"

She knew by this question what he wanted her to tell everyone. She gave him a tight lipped frown that showed she was extremely pissed at him for doing all of this. "Last year at the end he took several friends with him to the Department of Mysteries where they encountered Death Eaters." She stated reluctantly.

"Thank you Professor McGonagall." Dumbledore spoke before turning around and sitting back down, pleased at what she told them. He had seen the looks that she gave him, but ignored them as he had other business to attend at the moment.

Seeing his opponent finish his questioning and sit back down, Mr. Strathmore walked up to the small podium to start his cross examination.

"Professor, these adventures that have been mentioned was any of them actually due to his reckless behavior or caused directly by my client?"

“No, they were not.”

“Could you elaborate?”

“In his first year they actually had come to me about their suspicions, but I did not believe them. After all, they were three eleven year olds and what was being hidden we all thought was well protected.”

“Could you elaborate on what was being hidden at Hogwarts?”

She looked a little flustered at this question, but recovered her stern appearance quickly deciding that since the stone had been destroyed it would be safe to speak on it. “Albus Dumbledore was keeping the Philosopher’s stone within the walls of Hogwarts for his friend Nicholas Flammel.” There a few startled gasps upon hearing this news and the reporters’ quills were writing once again.

“You earlier spoke of the protections that had been put in place to guard the stone, did the protections work, and was it safe?”

“The various protections that we placed around the stone, we believed were extremely strong, however we soon found that they were not powerful enough. This was shown to us as Mr. Potter and his friends who seemingly had easily gotten through the protections quite easily.”

“So by your own testimony Mr. Potter did not go off on some reckless adventure. In fact the and his friends went to save the Philosopher’s stone from being retrieved by the spirit of the Dark Lord, who I may add had attached himself to one of the professors.”

Minerva just nodded her heard in agreement to Mr. Strathmore’s summarization of the events. She happened to notice there was no twinkle in Albus’ eyes as he stared at her.

“Did his friends go willingly or did he make them?”

“No, they went willingly. That was obvious as they had all come together to warn me and to speak with the Headmaster. The only

truly reckless things that I know Mr. Potter has done were to go after a mountain troll that had been let loose in the castle and some of the stunts that he does when he is playing Quidditch.” She heard the gasps in the room.

“Why do you say that it was reckless?”

“He was eleven years old and at the time had no true knowledge of our world. However, I will say this, his reasoning was admirable.”

“And what was his reasoning?”

“Miss Granger, who is the best student at Hogwarts, had gone after the troll on her own. She told Professor Snape, Quirrell and I that she believed she could handle the beast. If Mr. Potter and his only friend at the time Mr. Weasley hadn’t gone after her, she would have surely been killed.”

“So let me understand this. My client was reckless because he went after a troll, yet by doing so he saved the life of Miss Granger.”

“That is correct. It was a reckless thing to do, but I have to admit I am extremely proud that he did. It was also the beginning of his friendship with Miss Granger. It was the best for the two of them, especially Miss Granger.” The stern witch replied, her lips curling slightly into a smile, fondly remembering how the incident had helped her best student to come out of her shell somewhat and begin to enjoy Hogwarts.

“Can you tell the court about this Chamber of Secrets adventure?”

“As everyone here is aware the Chamber of Secrets had been reopened. Miss Weasley had been taken into the chamber and was being held captive. None of the Professors knew where it was at the time that is no one but supposedly Professor Lockhart. From what I was told by Mr. Weasley, it had been mostly his idea to go and save his sister. Mr. Potter agreed as he didn’t want to see someone killed, especially his best friend’s sister. And so he readily agreed to accompany the Professor to the Chamber as they were the ones who actually knew where the Chamber was. Again, if it had not been for

Mr. Potter, young Miss Weasley would have been killed in the Chamber.”

“How did Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasley know where the entrance was?

“That I do not know.”

By now Albus was fuming at his Deputy Headmistress. He was on his feet faster than anyone would have thought for someone his age. “Your honor I object to this line of questioning. It does not go to Mr. Potter’s immaturity.”

“Overruled,” the judge said. “You were the one who asked about Mr. Potter-Black’s recklessness. This has everything to do with that.”

Albus gave the judge a glare before sitting back down.

“Professor, could you now tell us about last year including the summer regarding Mr. Potter’s actions?”

“Last year was a very bad year for all of us as you are well aware. Mr. Potter over the summer had been left with his relatives, the Dursleys. This was directly after he had witnessed the murder of a fellow student. During the summer he was attacked in his own neighborhood by Dementors as well as his cousin, a muggle. He had used his wand and cast his ‘Patronus’ to defend them. That however was a big mistake.” She said sadly.

“I must object again. I do not see what last summer has to do with anything. It also does not pertain to the school year as was previously mentioned.”

“Your honor it is my belief that the events of the summer are directly connected with Mr. Potter’s actions and attitude.” Mr. Strathmore replied, turning to look at the judge.

“Yes, I do happen to agree as we are all aware of the trial that took place last summer.” The judge spoke before turning his head to look at the now standing Dumbledore. “Your objection is once again overruled. Carry on Mr. Strathmore,” the judge replied. This once

again caused Dumbledore to fume quietly. It also made James and Lily fume. James because his favorite Professor was siding against them in this case as it was being made obvious in what she was saying. Lily on the other hand was fuming about what had been taking place in her son's life and at how she had not been fully made aware of these incidents as she had thought.

"Professor, please continue."

"Mr. Potter was brought up on charges for the use of underage magic. His trial to all of us had been before the entire Wizengamot. He was scared as well as being angry about what was happening to him."

"Why was Mr. Potter angry and scared about this?"

"Mr. Potter was angry because the Ministry had brought the charges of underage magic and was forcing him to a trial when all he had been doing was defending him and his cousin who I might add is not a wizard. He was brought in front of a full Wizengamot on this charge. He was scared because he was afraid that they would expel him from Hogwarts and break his wands. Another reason he was angry and I believe had every right to was what the papers were saying about him."

"What happened when he returned to school?"

"His anger unfortunately did not go away. Many of his fellow students, including a couple of his roommates believed the reports. There was another incident as well that may have caused his anger to be more then any other time."

"And what was that, if I might ask?"

"The Ministry sent Dolores Umbridge, the Undersecretary to the Minister to Hogwarts to teach Defense against the Dark Arts. As you are aware, the Ministry was denying the return of the Dark Lord and doing what they could to harm the reputation of Mr. Potter and Albus Dumbledore. Any time Mr. Potter would stand up against her with the truth, she would give him detentions. She also banned him from Quidditch for life as he along with three other boys got into a fight."

“Why did she ban him for getting into a fight and what happened to the other boys?”

“Fred and George Weasley, I believe were also given lifetime bans. The boy who started the entire fight, Draco Malfoy received no punishment whatsoever.”

“Let me get this clear. Mr. Potter was angry because everyone including his own house members who had known him since he arrived all believed that he was an attention seeker. The undersecretary banned him for life from Quidditch simply because he got into a fight.”

“That is correct.”

“Mr. Strathmore asked her a few more questions, regarding Harry’s life at Hogwarts and what had transpired last year. Finally he asked her if there was anything else that she believed the court should now.

Minerva turned slightly in the witness box so that she could look them squarely in the eye before speaking. “Mr. Potter is a good boy. He has never once started a fight, even if he ends up in one. He is always there defending his friends or anyone else who may be in need. Mr. Potter has shown bravery beyond his years, and love for his fellow man and woman. Mr. Potter has unfortunately been involved in many things that someone his age should never be. I am honored that I know Mr. Potter and will always feel that way about him.”

“Thank you Professor McGonagall.” Mr. Strathmore said to the stern witch. He strolled back over to the table and sat back down. Minerva stepped down and headed to the back of the courtroom, where she had taken a seat alongside Molly Weasley.

Dumbledore stood up and called Severus Snape to the stand. Snape who had been standing in the back of the courtroom in the shadows looked slightly startled at being called as a witness for his enemy. Unfolding his arms, which he had subconsciously folded over his chest put his usual sneer on and glided gracefully down the aisle to

take his seat. He had watched with a hidden glee some of those blasted reporters jump, startled that he had been standing next to them in the shadows.

“Professor Snape, can you tell the court about Mr. Potter’s life at Hogwarts. Or at least what you know of,” Dumbledore added.

“Mr. Potter is in my opinion arrogant and reckless just as his father had been.” Snape sneered, seeing James about to protest and his face turn red.

“Can you please tell us why you feel this way?”

“Over the past five years he has shown no regard for the rules. I have caught him out past curfew as I am aware others have as well. He rushes into things that he has no right to be involved in. These problems and issues should only be dealt with by an adult. His grades in my class are dismal as he believes him to be above anyone else, and therefore doesn’t have to do the work. He shows no respect for any adult figure. There have also been times that he has actually yelled at me.”

“And why has he yelled at you?”

“Simple, as I all ready stated, he does not believe he has to listen to anyone and since I am extremely hard on my students, he does not like that. If I might add, as everyone here has been speaking about last term, Mr. Potter did blindly run to the Department of Ministry with several of his fans to try and save his godfather. Once again that was a foolish, reckless disregard of the rules not only at Hogwarts but also the Ministry.” Snape sneered as he looked over at Harry. He had expected the brat to jump up shouting at him, but instead he saw the calm expression on the boys’ face, and if he were to admit it out loud, this actually scared him.

“Was there anyone present who could have stopped him last year?”

“I am afraid not. I was there, but he wouldn’t listen to a word I said. He and his friends just stormed out of the school and left.”

“Were you present when Mr. Potter found out about his parents having returned?”

“Yes I was, standing in the shadows as I usually do. It is the perfect place to observe people from.”

“Could you tell us what you saw?”

“Mr. Potter came storming in the room, obviously angry. Somehow he had all ready been told that they had returned. He then proceeded to rant and scream at the top of his lungs at them and the rest of us.”

“Do you recall what he said?”

“I remember him saying that they weren’t his parents and that he hated them. He also said with a smug expression that he had been emancipated and would never go back with them.”

“Did anyone try to explain what had happened to him?”

“Yes, I believe you did as well as them.”

“Did anything else happen?”

“Yes, he attacked his father.” This caused the entire room to gasp in surprise as they had never known the boy-who-lived to actually attack anyone. The jurors also sat straighter when they heard this as well.

A few questions later, Dumbledore was finished with his spy before sitting down. He was quite pleased with the sour man’s testimony.

Harry was shaking inside at what his most hated Professor said about him. He knew the man would say things about him that were either fallacies or twist the truth, but that last bit had been a little to close for his liking. Luckily, he was able to rein in his anger as he watched his lawyer stand up.

“You have taught my client potions for the last five years. You have also stated that his grades are dismal because he believes himself to be above anyone else, is that correct.”

"Yes it is." Snape said without his usual sneer or smirk. It was obvious that the man knew something and it was now unsettling him.

"Is it true that you have never given him a chance in your class?"

"That is wrong. I have given him every chance, just as I do every other one of my students." Snape stated with a hint of anger in his voice.

"Are you not biased of my client because he is the son of James Potter, the boy who with his friends tormented you all through school? Are you also not biased because of what he did as a baby with the defeat of the Dark Lord? Have you not used these reasons to turn a blind eye to what your own students due in the class? Namely, one Draco Malfoy who consistently makes rude comments to Mr. Potter and throws things into his cauldron." Mr. Strathmore asked, an eyebrow raised, his face a plain mask other then the brow.

Snape forced the lump that had formed in his throat upon hearing the man's first question. He could also feel the sweat that was forming on his brows as he stared at the man ahead of him. His mind began racing, trying to come up with suitable answers that wouldn't give anything a way. He couldn't have this information being published in the papers as it would undoubtedly cause him to be seen as a traitor to the Dark Lord.

"Professor Snape, please answer the questions?"

"Fine, I am biased. He is an attention seeking brat, just as the daily Prophet said. He thinks he should be given special treatment because he defeated the Dark Lord." Snape nearly shouted at Mr. Strathmore. This caused the reporters to once again start writing furiously.

"Thank you. However, you did not answer my last question in regards to one Draco Malfoy."

"I have never seen Mr. Malfoy throw anything in Mr. Potter's cauldron. I am aware that he does make snide comments to Mr. Potter. But he

should thicken his hide and ignore what Mr. Malfoy says.” Snape sneered.

“You have heard as we all have that Mr. Potter gets into duels in the halls, which is against the rules. Could you tell us who he gets into these duels with and if he starts them?”

Snape shifted in the chair uncomfortably at this change in the questioning. These questions were digging his grave for him. “What I have seen of the fights, they are usually with Mr. Malfoy and his friends. And no I do not know who starts them; however, I believe that it is Mr. Potter who does.” Snape smirked as he looked over at the boy.

“You have just told us that Mr. Malfoy does indeed taunt Mr. Potter and that he is the one that is usually in these fights and duels with my client. Even if my client starts them, do you not punish both as they did break the rules together.”

“I take points away and give detentions as well.”

“Do you do this to both boys as is in the rules to do?”

“No I do not.” Snape said truthfully knowing that he couldn’t lie even if he wanted to. There were too many people who would gladly testify to this, and he was under that damn oath.

“Then who do you do this to?”

“Mr. Potter,” Snape sneered, but it wasn’t as powerful a sneer as it usually was.

“Then you admit that you are biased towards my client?” Mr. Strathmore didn’t give him a chance to answer as he shifted to a new line of questioning. “Professor Snape, did you tutor or give Mr. Potter detentions privately last year?”

Snape’s eyes went wide at this before flicking over to look at Dumbledore. He noticed that the wizened old man was just as shocked as he was at the question. He didn’t know at all what to do.

His spying and Slytherin side lost in confusion of what he should say. For the first time since the first war, when he had been arrested for being a Death Eater, had he not have a plan to get him out of a situation. He was now sure that his life would be over within days.

“Professor Snape, you must answer the question.” Judge Burley stated loudly after Mr. Strathmore had tried unsuccessfully.

“I...I gave Mr. Potter detentions.” Snape said less confident than he had ever been in his entire life. He saw Harry’s face break out into a smile as well as his nemesis James Potter.

“What were these detentions for, or were they actual detentions and not a cover up for something else?”

That was it Snape had had enough. He wasn’t going to take the fall for Dumbledore on this. He’d deal with consequences later. If they wanted all of it, then he’d give to them.

“Mr. Potter was having strange dreams or what we found out later to be visions from the Dark Lord. The scar that he was given that night somehow has connected them to one another. How, I do not know and neither does the Headmaster. The only guess that we have is that it’s due to the killing curse backfiring as it did as well as the resurrection.” He saw out of the corner of his eye that Albus was turning purple and the usual twinkle in his blue eyes was nonexistent. Still, he continued his story.

“Due to these visions, the Headmaster ordered me to teach him Occlumency in order to block the visions. These lessons were covered up by him having detentions with me. Mr. Potter couldn’t learn anything in them and I had wanted to stop them as he was not learning a thing. However, I was overruled on the matter as I was when asked to do this.”

“If he wasn’t able to learn, why were you overruled and told to continue them?”

“The Headmaster knows that neither one of us likes the other, but he insisted that I be the one to do them, regardless of our animosity

towards one another,” the words coming out in a sneering manner that showed his dislike for Harry.

“To your knowledge was there a particular reason why you had to be the one to teach Mr. Potter this?”

“I was only told that the two of us needed to learn to work together because of the Dark Lord’s return,” Snape stated with no hint of sarcasm or a sneer. Internally he cringed at his answer knowing that was the final nail in his coffin.

“The lessons did however cease.” Mr. Strathmore asked.

“Yes they did.”

“Can you tell the court why?”

“I caught Mr. Potter in my person penseive. It was this reason that I threw him out of my chambers and ceased the training.”

“Was there anyone else who could have taught Mr. Potter?”

“Yes, the Headmaster could have. He is just as proficient if not better than I am in the art of Occlumency.”

“I object to this entire line of questioning.” Albus roared as he stood up. All those who could see his face, saw that it was purple even in the dim light.

“Your honor, this goes to the witnesses’ credibility in regards to his attitude towards my client. It also goes to show that Professor Snape was on orders last year and may have played a part in my client’s anger. Which will be explained when the defense testifies.” Mr. Strathmore stated plainly.

“Yes, it does go to the witnesses’ credibility. However, I must warn you to limit your questions to the matter at hand.” Mr. Strathmore nodded in understanding.

Dumbledore sunk down in his seat, a defeated look now on his face.

A few more questions and Snape was able to leave the stand. He swept out of the courtroom and headed out of the Ministry. His scowl was back in place as he felt rage inside at having been put on the proverbial muggle hook.

Lily, who had sat there calmly listening to Minerva and Severus give their testimony had been slowly getting angrier and angrier. She of course had all ready been upset with what Minerva had said, but what Severus said infuriated her. Albus had never told them why the Occlumency lessons failed or how Severus had truly treated her boy. But at the moment her anger was pointed at someone else. That person was Severus Snape, who she saw sweep out of there. She knew that they had hurt Harry badly, but what Severus had done was just too much for her to forgive that man. Silently she vowed she would teach the bat a lesson, and it would be one he'd never forget.

James was also fuming about what Snape had done to his son. He always had known that Snivillus was a sneaky Slytherin, who'd do anything to hurt anything that was his. But this had gone too far and he'd get the man back. Still, that didn't mean that he was going to be nice to his son. After all, he did agree with Snivillus that his son was a brat and arrogant.

Albus, however, was angry at Snape for a completely different reason. His resident spy, whom he trusted with his very own life, had turned on him when the pressure had gotten too much. The man had actually told the truth about the Occlumency lessons and that he, Albus Dumbledore could have also taught Harry. Oh, Snape would get what was coming to him for this treachery Dumbledore told himself.

"I believe that as it is nearing one o'clock, we should adjourn for the day as it has been quite an eventful day. We will reconvene here tomorrow morning at nine am." The judge said as he stood and swept out of the courtroom.

This statement caused a flurry of activity. All of the reporters made a mad dash for the doors. They were all eager to get their reports to their respective papers for a late afternoon edition. The audience in

the room began talking loudly among themselves about what they had heard. Many of them discussing Snape's testimony and his admittance of his hatred towards the boy-who-lived and how the dark, brooding potions master had gone out of his way to make their young saviors life a living nightmare.

Harry's friends as soon as the judge had left ran up to him and his attorney, who was putting his notes away. Hermione threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly, her face beaming. Ginny seeing this pushed her away and did the same thing, but going further and giving him a peck on the cheek. Hermione scowled at her friend, whom she considered her best girlfriend, if not the only one.

"Harry, I am so proud of you," Ginny gushed.

"Yea Mate, you didn't get angry once, especially when Snape was up there." Ron stated.

The others soon gave him their praise at how well he was so far handling the trial. His face flushed a brilliant red in embarrassment at all of their praise and mumbled a thank you to them all.

"Harry, we will need to get together this afternoon to go over what will happen tomorrow. You are aware that since your parents did not testify because the judge chose to cut the trial short today, that they will be doing so tomorrow."

"Yes, Mr. Strathmore, I am aware. I just hope I can keep from getting angry at them."

"You'll do just fine, pup." Sirius reassuringly replied and patted his godson on the shoulder.

"Thanks Padfoot."

"What time would you like to meet and where?" Harry asked his Barrister.

Looking at his watch and seeing that it was after one all ready, he decided to suggest that they meet around five. He had some

paperwork to do back at his office and he knew that Harry and his friends probably wanted to go get something to eat and forget this horrible business for a short time. He suggested this and Harry quickly agreed. With that settled, Mr. Strathmore closed his briefcase, which magically locked itself and grabbed it before leaving the courtroom.

The gathered group headed out after Mr. Strathmore, talking about what the two Professors had said on the stand. They all admitted that they'd been stunned at how Snape actually told the truth. None of them had expected, especially since in a trial such as this Vertiaserum wasn't used. That is unless both sides agreed to it, and that was highly unlikely in this case.

As soon as the Judge called it a day, Albus and the Potters took off without even a backward glance at Harry. Now they were currently in Albus' office discussing the events of the trial. Albus was sitting in his chair, trying to keep calm and look the grandfatherly persona that he always used. Lily was sitting in one of the chairs opposite the man with a sad expression on her face. James, well James was being his old self once again. He was pacing back and forth, ranting and raving about how Severus or Snivillus as he called the man would pay for his treachery.

"James, you must calm down. This will not help the situation that we are in." Albus calmly said.

James turned on his heel and glared at the man. "I know that Albus, but what do you want me to do. You assured us that the Greasy Git would back us. You said that despite Minerva quitting the Order, she too would convince the jury. And what do those two do, they make it out to look like Harry wasn't the reason behind what has happened. Albus, you said that Harry needed control, needed guidance, and now we're being to look like fools?" James was shouting by the end of his rant.

"James, darling, please calm down and sit. There isn't much we can do about it now." Lily said, her voice sounding defeated. She wanted her son back so much but as she had thought on his birthday, maybe

they were going about the wrong way. Well, at least it was looking more and more like that to the red headed woman.

“There is something I can do about it and I intend on doing that right now.” James stated his voice a deathly cold tone as he turned and stormed out of the office. The other two watching him disappear.

“Excuse me Albus, but I better go get him.” Lily said as she stood up to go after her husband.

“Lily, you do not have to worry. James will not find Severus, as I have been made aware that he is not within these walls.”

Lily sighed in relief before sinking back down into the chair. She had been afraid of what her husband would do to Severus if he'd found the man in the mood that he was currently in.

“Lily, you are aware of what you need to do tomorrow.” Albus stated before conjuring a tea set with some scones.

“Yes, Albus, I know what I have to do.” Lily replied, her voice flat. “I just think that there has to be another way to go about doing this.”

“I’m afraid there isn’t. You know that your son is vital to the war and he needs the guidance that only you and James can give him. You also are aware that it will be James who will end the war. But for that to happen, your son must learn to control his emotions. He will be needed at the final battle. As to how I’ve yet to find that out.”

Albus knew exactly what roles both James and Harry would be playing in the final battle. In his beliefs, everyone had a part to play in the world as well as the war, after all he was the leader of the light and no one questioned his motives. And the parts that each person currently played and would in time were only known to him as he played the game like he would a game of chess. Only this game of chess was like no other one, even the giant chess board in Harry’s first year, instead it was a game using real people. And once the game was finished, the true master of the game would be crowned and he intended it to be him. It had to be or the light would finally fall to the dark.

Lily sat there staring at her Mentor, her green eyes dulling with the knowledge that she would in all actuality lose both her son and her husband. It wasn't as if she hadn't all ready lost her son, but all the hope she held in her heart about getting him back would be shattered, destroyed in one blow. That alone made her want to break down and cry, just as she had the day she left her precious green-eyed baby behind.

HP
HPHPHPH

Every paper in the Wizarding World, including magazines rushed a special edition in regards to the trial of their savior. They knew they could have waited and ran it in the paper the following day, but they decided to separate it. This way they could get more money with a special edition as they were all aware that every person who lived in the Wizarding Community were chomping at the bit to get any piece of information about it.

Dolores Umbridge, the Undersecretary to the Minister or more commonly known as the toad, at least at Hogwarts that is hurriedly walked into the Minister's office with the paper. She had read the article and her toad like face changed to what could look like one of a toad on speed. It was probably the only time that you could see real excitement in her eyes and on her face, instead of the usual sour expression that she had. She also looked as if she was triumphant regarding an unknown item. For whatever this reason was for her strange upbeat attitude and look was known only to her.

She saw fudge sitting behind his desk, slumped over, holding his head with his pudgy hands and shaking it from side to side.

“What is wrong Cornelius?” she asked the Minister, her expression not changing an ounce as she sat down in one of the chairs.

“This blasted trial Dolores.” Fudge whined.

“Speaking of, have you seen the special edition of the Daily Prophet?”

“Another special edition, oh God, I’ll be ruined.” Fudge replied in a whining tone.

“Here, you might want to read it.” She told him and shoved it under his face.

Fudge stared down at it briefly, trying to decide if he really wanted to read it. Finally, he decided to read it and picked it up, so that he could read it.

DAILY PROPHET

SPECIAL EDITION

The Trial of Harry Potter Begins

Today the trial to determine the emancipation of one, Harry James Potter, also known as the Boy-Who-Lived started. The Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts, Minerva McGonagall was the first to take the stand for James and Lily Potter. In her testimony it was revealed that upon his entrance into the Wizarding World, Harry Potter along with his friend, Ronald Weasley fought a fully grown Mountain Troll that had been unleashed in the school. The reason for them fighting this beast was to save one Hermione Granger from it. It was then that the three became friends. We have been told by a fellow student of theirs, that the three are known as the Golden Trio.

Also, during her testimony we were enlightened as to what happened to Mr. Potter last summer and his trial. Mr. Potter had been home with his muggle relatives when for some reason; Dementors appeared and attacked our savior and his muggle cousin. As you are all aware, Mr. Potter has been able to perform the ‘Patronus Charm’ since he was thirteen. He performed this charm that night as it was the only way to save them. The rest you should remember, he was brought up on charges of the use of underage magic. What you may not know is that the Ministry had kept it a secret; was his trial was against the entire Wizengamot, with the threat of being expelled and the breaking of his wand.

The Deputy Headmistress also informed the court that the Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic, Dolores Umbridge consistently gave him detentions for standing up to her. He also started a dueling club, which at the time had been held in secret as Dolores Umbridge, who coincidentally was the Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor refused to teach the students any practical defense spells.

It was further discovered that she gave Mr. Potter a lifetime ban playing Quidditch because he was in a fight with another student. However, the other student, who was the actual instigator of the fight walked away without even a detention.

We the people of the British Isles must truly and irrevocably question the abilities of our current Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge to protect us in the dark times ahead. We must ask ourselves why the Minister would charge a young boy with the use of underage magic when said boy was protecting his family. Another question we must ask ourselves is just how much power Dolores Umbridge has with what she had done during her time at Hogwarts, or had she been ordered by the Minister to do these things.

We all know the facts that the Ministry last year was hiding the knowledge the Dark Lord had truly returned and cajoled, lied, and gave us false information that led to us writing horrible stories about Harry Potter. We all owe an apology to Harry Potter for having not believed him and will from this day forward report only the truth regarding Mr. Potter. After all, we were the ones who turned our backs on the one person who had saved us because of our dear Minister. Who by the way, this writer is starting to wonder if he isn't truly incompetent and fearful that Harry Potter might try to usurp his authority.

The only other witness of the day was Severus Snape, Potions Master and the potions professor at Hogwarts. It was revealed that he is biased towards Mr. Potter-Black. The reason simply is because of Mr. Potter's father, James Potter and his own defeat the first time of the Dark Lord. He also revealed that Mr. Potter's detentions with him last year was not that, instead they were a cover to teach him Occlumency, a practice of shielding your mind. After his testimony

had finished, Professor Snape, swept out of the courtroom as fast as he could.

This reporter wonders why someone who has admitted that they are biased towards a student and obviously looks the other way when said student has a problem is teaching our children. It is obvious that the dark man should not be anywhere near them and are there others that he treats like this.

I will have further news regarding today's testimony in the morning paper. Until then, please support Harry Potter in his fight.

By Rita Skeeter

Fudge stared at the words, trying to get them to change to a more favorable light for him. His eyes unblinking as they refused to change and the implications of what that Skeeter woman wrote. He knew that his career was crumbling down around him; it had all ready had a few pieces broken from the debacle last year, but now. Well now it was more obvious with the article. Blasted Dumbledore he thought. It was all his doing that this was happening.

Dolores Umbridge sat back, a smug expression on her toad like face as she watched the emotions play on her boss' face. It had been a stroke of genius or maybe stupidity that she had seemingly begun her plan last year. And now she wouldn't have much too actually do to further her plans. That knowledge made her a very happy witch and soon she would be able to put the next piece of her plan into action. 'Yes, everything is going accordingly,' she told herself.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

Later that evening Lucius Malfoy strolled into the throne room of his Masters', an air of confidence surrounded him. In his hand he held a copy of the Daily Prophet as he knelt down in front of his Lord before kissing the hem of the man's robe. His pale face held a satisfied smirk on it, which was unusual when he would come to see his Master, but this visit was unlike any other.

“You may stand Lucius.” Voldemort hissed.

Lucius complied and handed the paper to the Dark Lord. The man accepted it with a question gleam in his eyes. Rather than saying anything, he read the article quickly, his snake like lips curving into a smile.

"This is good news you have brought me. You have done well, my loyal servant." He said in less of a hiss than was normal for the snake faced mad man.

"Thank you my Lord. I am honored by your words."

"This will make my plans easier. You must see to it that our Mr. Potter does not go back to Dumbledore or his parents." He spat the last names as well as Harry's.

"As you wish My Lord," Malfoy drawled and bowed at the waist. "May I ask how you wish me to do this?"

The next thing the blond aristocrat knew, he was on the stone floor writhing in pain and screaming from the 'Crucio' that his Master had hit him with.

"Do not expect me to answer your stupid question. You have a brain, use it. That is why I count on you with the more delicate situations." Voldemort hissed as he took off the curse.

"Yes...My...Lord...I apologize...and...beg... forgiveness." Lucius stammered as he dragged himself to his feet.

"Now...Has your son found out anything?"

"Yes, my Lord. This very morning he came across Potter and his friends at the Ministry."

"Very good, I do believe he will make an excellent addition to my army. What did he find out there?"

“He tried to get into a fight with Potter as always, however, Mr. Potter would not be baited. It seems as if he is somehow getting control over his emotions.”

“That is not good. That boy cannot learn control or he will be dangerous.”

“My Lord, I must beg for your indulgence.”

Voldemort looked at the blond man in front of him, his red eyes glowing and his twisted mind debated on allowing this or not. Finally, he gave in to the man’s question.

“He is no match for you. Why should his controlling his emotions make him a threat to you?” Lucius asked and immediately braced himself for another round of pain.

“No, he is not a threat to me, or at least not yet. His emotions rule him as I have seen with the connection I have with him. However, if in anyway he should gain control of his emotions, then he shall gain a stronger hold on his magic as you are aware or magic is tied with our emotions. That is something I cannot allow. If I am to destroy him as I plan, then he must be kept an emotional wreck as I was once. I had assumed that with his mutt of a godfather being killed in front of him; that would have made him even more emotional, if not mentally damaged. As that is far from the truth, we must be the ones to do this. However, I must warn you, if anything should happen to him before I destroy him, then you shall feel the full wrath of Lord Voldemort.” The snake man hissed.

“I understand fully. What would you wish me to do to further this plan if yours?”

“Tell your son that he is to stop his attacks on Potter.” This caused the blond man to raise a brow in confusion. “He is to go after his friends. Do whatever he wishes with them, especially that Mudblood. You are to help him in this as well. We will hurt them; use them to make Potter angry once again. He is too stupid to control his emotions where his friends are involved. Yes, this will be good.” Voldemort laughed, which sounded almost demonic.

‘My Lord, there are several owls waiting for you. Would you like me to allow them entrance?’

‘I thought you had said that you would do that whenever they weren’t a threat to me.’ Harry mentally asked in a confused and tired tone.

‘That is correct My Lord. However, you were unavailable to accept them; therefore, I told them that they would have to wait until you returned.’

‘You...You can speak with animals. You never told me that.’ Trying not to sound upset about things being hidden from him again.

‘I believe I did My Lord. If I did not then I apologize for the lack of information. Yes, I can speak with the animals in the forest as well as owls or familiars. There are many things that I can do. However, I must warn you, you should not tell anyone of all the magic that I am capable of. That could be detrimental to you and your friends as it would become a disadvantage if something were to happen here.’ Elsie cautioned him.

Harry thought about what he had been told, and he found himself agreeing with the house. ‘You are right, Elsie. Yes, go ahead and allow them entrance.’

He turned to his friends and was about to tell them about the owls when several came flying into the entrance, all having letters tied to one of their legs. He watched as eight owls headed toward them. Two of the owls he watched fly towards Hermione, another two to Ron, and one to Ginny. The other three flew towards him and settled on the small wall in front of him

He carefully untied the letters, thanking each one as he did. They hooted in response before flying back to where they came from. He was puzzled as to who would be writing, and then he remembered that they hadn’t received their O.W.L. results yet. So he guessed that one of them was his results and at least another was his letter from Hogwarts. The other one however was a complete mystery to him. And so that was the one he opened first.

He saw that it was a letter from the Ministry and silently moaned. But the thing that struck him odd was it wasn't from any of the expected Departments that would have sent him letter. After reading the letter and his breathing became hurried, he suddenly fell backwards, hitting his head on the floor.

Sirius and Remus both saw this at the same time but had been unable to block Harry's fall as they were a few feet away from him. Remus, seeing the letter still clutched in Harry's hand, grabbed and began to read. His own eyes growing wide and tears filling his eyes at the content of the letter, his entire body now frozen to the spot he was standing in.

The letter read

Mr. Potter,

I am Mathilda Bracken, the head of the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures. A few days ago it was brought to my attention that a Muggle was bitten by a werewolf last month.

This case is highly unusual; however, the woman in question is fully aware of our world and therefore, falls under our jurisdiction and laws. This woman has stated vehemently that she hates our world and wants nothing to do with it. Unfortunately, she is now faced with our world and not in a good light.

You may be wondering why I have contacted you on such a trivial matter. That reason is simple; the woman in question is one Petunia Dursley. We are aware that she is your aunt and therefore she is now a ward of yours by law.

We ask that you come to the Ministry and our offices at your earliest convenience to sign the papers and take her back to live with you.

Signed,

Mathilda Bracken

Head of the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures.

Remus let the letter fall to his side as he crumpled to his knees, moaning and muttering to himself, burying his face in his hands. "What have I done? Merlin, what have I done? My worse fear has come true. What have I done?" He continued muttering these things to himself while the others forgetting that Harry was in a dead faint, looked among themselves and then back to the man on his knees in confusion. Sirius was the only one who had a reasonable idea of what was in the letter, quickly reached down and snatched it up.

"Sirius, what is that letter? What has caused this?" Arthur asked, still looking at Remus.

Sirius looked up from the paper and stared blankly at Arthur. His face now pale as it had been after his confinement in Azkaban. Even his eyes looked haunted once again. This made the younger ones, shiver slightly as they recalled what he looked like when they first encountered the man.

Molly was about to ask him once again about the letter, having seen that whatever was in it, was not good news when she remembered poor Harry lying unconscious on the floor. She gasped, pulled her wand and said, "Ennervate" The spell hit Harry causing him to open his eyes as he regained his consciousness. However, instead of speaking a word, he just sat there, a blank look on his face as well as in his eyes. This did not go unnoticed by anyone except for Remus, who was still moaning on the floor and Sirius who seemed to have something else on his mind.

"Harry, who's the letter from," Ginny asked

"Yea Mate, what does it say?" Ron said.

"Um...It's about my aunt." That was all he could splutter out as an answer, his mind trying to comprehend what had just happened.

The others all now looked shocked at his answer. They were all thinking the same thing, "Who would be writing to him about that woman."

Unlike the others, Hermione had that look she always got when she figured something out. She didn't want what she deduced to be true, but it was hard to do as she glanced between the now distraught Professor Lupin and her friend. If she was correct, then Harry's situation was just made ten times harder than it all ready was. Still, she made a solemn vow that she would stand by her friend as well as the Professor regardless of the consequences.

"Harry what about your aunt?" Molly asked, coming over and kneeling beside him.

Harry looked at her before glancing at those who were assembled in the hall. These people were his friends, his family and he was afraid that this news would cause a rift between them, especially with Remus. After everything that had occurred the month before, he had begun to look at his former professor as an uncle, maybe even as a father figure. The man had stood beside him through all of the horrible things that had happened to him. The man, never even tried to blame him for Sirius' death, instead he stood by him when it was found that his parents had returned.

This alone made him want to help the man, to be there through the trials of life. It was this that made him want to become an animagus, so that he could be with him on the nights of the full moon. Even now with the letter and knowing what Remus had done to his aunt, he didn't want to run the other way. That was far from the truth and it made him want to comfort the older man, like he had done for him.

He turned his head slightly so that he could look Molly in the eyes before speaking. "My aunt has become a werewolf." Harry answered his voice flat.

Everyone in the hall gasped at the news of what happened regarding the woman. Yet, they couldn't muster an ounce of sympathy for the woman who had been one of the ones to have made Harry's life a living hell and that was stated by one tall, gangly red head.

“Serves her right,” Ron blurted out. No one in the room, not even his mother chastised him for an awful comment like that. Instead they all just stood or sat where they were thinking on the newest problem in Harry’s life.

“What are they going to do with her? She’s not a witch.” Ginny asked before Hermione could.

Harry looked up at the young girl. “The ministry has put her in my custody.”

“Bloody hell, Harry,” Ron exclaimed. This did get a reaction from Hermione; she cuffed him on the head, which in turn caused him to “eep” at her.

“That does not make any sense. The full moon isn’t until the end of the month. How would they know she was a werewolf, especially seeing as she is a muggle?” Hermione commented to no one in particular.

“Because, she knows about this world, and, well, she is my aunt. The Ministry knows that or could look it up. That is, if she didn’t tell them herself.” Harry told her.

“That may be true Harry, but it doesn’t explain how they came to find out. Hermione’s right, the full moon isn’t until the end of the week.” Arthur replied.

“What are you going to do about it?” Sirius asked, coming out of his self induced trance. It was with that question when he noticed that Remus was still in the same position as he had been. Forgetting about his question, he went over and knelt down beside his friend. He threw an arm around the man’s shaking shoulders and started calmly talking to him, in hopes of getting him to calm down.

It was at the point that Hermione’s eyes went wide and her suspicions had been confirmed. For some reason, Professor Lupin attacked Harry’s aunt last month.

"I have to go to the Ministry and sign some papers. Then I will have to bring her back here." Harry stated; a grimace on his face as he got to his feet.

"What about your uncle and cousin? They should be the ones who take care of her, not you!" Ginny haughtily exclaimed.

"I don't what has happened with my aunt and uncle but the Ministry says I have to take her."

"What about your parents, Harry? Surely, they should take more than you. She is the sister of your mother." Bill said.

"That may be, but I'm the one that has to get stuck with a horse faced werewolf." Harry replied sarcastically. "Well, I guess I had better go and get her." He stated and started to head for the door.

"Harry, you cannot go at this time of night. It is after seven o'clock and nobody will be there." Molly exclaimed, getting to her feet now after having tried to comfort Harry.

"The letter says I need to go as soon as I can. I guess this is the best time as ever. I won't be able to deal with her tomorrow." Harry said to the Weasley Matriarch with a sigh.

"Molly, he's correct, that department has someone there all the time." Arthur told his wife. Molly started to protest about Harry going but her husband cut off. "I will go with him." This seemed to mollify her somewhat, but she still didn't like the idea.

"You want me to go too." Ron asked his friend.

"No thanks Ron, I'll be fine, especially with your dad there." Harry said, reassuring his friend as well as the others.

The two stepped outside, ready to go get his 'loving' aunt. This would be his first task as an adult, and regardless what he thought or felt about his aunt, he would do the proper thing. He only hoped that she

would calm her ranting about freaks, especially around his godfather, since she was in her own words now, 'a freak' like him.

Once they were gone Molly ordered the others to their rooms, that still in her eyes, kids. There was a lot of protesting but in the end she got her way, just like she always did.

Once they were gone, she walked over to Remus who was still rather distraught over what he had done. She put a comforting hand on Sirius' shoulder and suggested that he take Remus into the usual study. He silently nodded at the woman before gently helping his friend to his feet and guiding him towards the study. The entire way, Remus just kept muttering the same things that he had been for awhile now.

The trial has now started and it's going to be a wild ride for Harry and his friends. Oh, I will warn you that there will be at least one huge surprise witness for Harry. Let me know what you thought of it and what I did with Petunia in a review.

It was well over two hours before Harry, Arthur, and of course Petunia arrived back at the house. The others had all begun to worry that something might have happened to them. What they didn't know was that the entire trip to the Ministry had been more of a mess than expected.

When Harry and Arthur arrived they'd been met by Mathilda and shown to a small room where she explained in detail everything that had happened and was still going on. By the time they finished, they found Petunia in one of the other smaller offices, cowering against the far wall. There was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with blond hair kneeling down, trying his best to calm the woman down.

Harry had known immediately what had caused this, and guessed that it had been like this for the last couple of days with his aunt. She had never liked nor would ever like anything to do with the wizarding world. She had made this point clear on many occasions; especially when she would consistently call Harry a freak, or when someone from his world would show up at their house. Each time she would give a startled scream and with faint or cower in fear.

It took a very long time in his opinion to get the woman calm enough to listen to them. By the time they were ready to leave, she was livid and yelling at him for having been the cause of all her family's problems. He had just rolled her eyes and grabbed her by the arm, nearly dragging her out of the ministry.

What he had found out from Mathilda and through Petunia ranting like a lunatic at him, was that Vernon was still in the hospital from that creature's attack. He'd been unconscious for several days as the doctor had explained that his lungs had been early crushed, which they had been forced to do surgery to re-inflate them. His heart had been severely bruised, and with the previous strain on it from his weight, made the issue very serious. He had a severe concussion and several broken ribs. The doctor had told her, Vernon had been very lucky to be alive, even though he was still unconscious.

Dudley was still in the hospital as well. The whale of a boy in his attempts to hide behind the refrigerator caused the entire right side of his chest to become badly bruised, even going so far as to cause

damage to the lung. His right shoulder somehow had been dislocated and his foot somehow how became mangled from where he had stuck in the refrigerator. The only reason the doctors suspected for this to have happened, was his foot had been caught in the motor section, more precisely the fan that turns on and off when the box needs to cool.

Petunia had been forced to stay in the hospital because she had several deep lacerations on her arms, from the monster that had attacked her. She had a severely sprained neck from when she had been thrashed around in the arms of it. They'd found that she had three cracked ribs from the fall, then, there was the two ruptured disks in her lower back and the mild concussion. She would have still been in their or at Marge Dursley's home, if it hadn't been for the ministry.

The reason she was hear was the day after the attack, an employee of the department; one, Mr. John Lovegood had happened to hear of the attack through his brother. At first he'd thought it was another one of the man's crazy stories, but soon he found that was not the case. He'd gone into the muggle section of London and found one of their newspapers. After having read it, which had recounted a description of the monster, and what the Dursleys had said when they were taken away, he could help but think that it sounded an awful lot like a werewolf.

However, the ministry didn't get involved on a normal basis with attacks by werewolves on muggles. But, with the war having started and the possible attacks by the Dark Lord and his minions on unsuspecting muggles he thought he'd at least take it to his superior.

Still, Mathilda had been a little reluctant, especially since they did not know if any of the three had actually been bitten by the werewolf. However, Mr. Lovegood had expected this and suggested that they do the blood test that they used to verify if a person was indeed a werewolf. He also, told her that if none of them had been, they could easily modify all of those involved. This soothed her uncertainty, and so she allowed him, along with two others to go and find where the Dursleys were and perform the test.

During the initial investigating, John had come across something through his brother that he had never expected to be a part of what he was working on. It had been one night when he was having dinner over at his brother's home and listening to all of the crazy stories that the man and his daughter were telling him. He'd had a hard time keeping his eyes from rolling and looking as if he were interested in what they were saying. However, the conversation had changed to Harry Potter and his niece, Luna happened to mention that the Boy-Who-Lived was probably happy that he didn't have to deal with his awful relatives anymore.

This had piqued his interest a little, as it seemed as if everyone knew that he was no longer with his relatives. That was all thanks to the Minister of Magic of course. He was about to ask her a question when his brother spoke up, sending a shockwave through him.

"From what you have told me about his family, I'm glad that he doesn't have to deal with the Dursleys any longer."

John realized that had just changed the scope of his investigation and he would have to inform Mathilda in the morning. He assumed that she would up the investigation, with it being involved with the Boy-Who-Lived.

And she did just that the very next morning, telling him that he was to find them immediately.

It took them several days, but eventually they were able to find the hospital where they were at. They decided to go in and do the tests at night, since there would be a less likelihood of them being seen, and having less muggles to have to modify their minds if they were seen.

And so, they went in one night to perform the required tests, and they were able to find that Petunia Dursley had indeed been bitten. The next day, one of the men had gone back with falsified documents and had the woman released into his care, where she was immediately taken back to the ministry. There they would explain the situation to her. She had been there for several days, until they could decide where to place her and then to find where Harry was staying at.

Now, another question that you may be wondering is why she was given to Harry instead of Lily, since she would be the logical choice, but that is easily explainable. Mr. Lovegood, who knew the truth regarding Harry's parents, and again that, was all due to his niece. He was able to convince Mathilda that the woman would be safer in Harry's custody and that she would also be helped with the transformation, since Remus Lupin was a friend of Harry's, he would be there. He had explained to her that even though the well known werewolf was also a friend of the Potters, had turned his back on them because of what they did to their son. At first, Mathilda hadn't been convinced, especially knowing that the boy was currently going through a trial regarding his adult status. However, in the end John convinced her by suggesting that even if Harry was to lose his status, they could always switch the custody over to Lily with a stipulation. That stipulation was; that Remus Lupin would have to be there to help the woman with the transformations and come to terms with what had happened to her.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

Harry and his companions, apparated back to the house, it was now dark and they would have to walk a little ways to the door with a very frightened Petunia Dursley. What they hadn't expected was that as soon as they appeared, they heard a thud. The two wizards quickly pulled out their wands and cast 'Lumos'. Harry began to laugh at what the light was showing them.

There on the ground, lay Petunia. She apparently fainted from having apparated. However, that didn't make it as funny as the scene was. What did make it funny was that her eyes may have rolled back into her head, but for some reason, her eyelids were still open and all you could see was the whiteness. This even caused Arthur to laugh, since he knew the woman's opinion of magic.

Finally, they were able to stop laughing and instead of waking her they bent down and lifted the woman up. Carrying her into the house, they were soon bombarded by Molly, Sirius, and Tonks all wanting to know what was happening. Arthur simply told them that they would explain everything once they put Petunia to bed in one of the spare

rooms. Satisfied by the answer, they turned and went back into the study to wait.

Fifteen minutes later Arthur and a very tired looking Harry walked into the study. Harry not really paying attention, found himself on the floor, instead of the chair he had been trying to sit in. This caused several snickers from the others, which they received a nasty glare from Harry.

“Arthur, what happened at the Ministry?” Molly asked, just as soon as they all had sat down

“When we got there we were surprisingly met by Mathilda, who was still there doing some paperwork. She explained that they had found out about the attack through one of their employees. It turns out that Luna Lovegood has an uncle who works in the department. It was through her that they found out about all of it.”

“And now we get saddled with the woman.” Sirius stated contemptuously. “Why now, don't they know what is going on in his life at the moment?”

The others didn't say anything regarding his attitude, for they felt the same way.

“I don't know why. I know that every department knows the trial.” Arthur replied. “Sirius, where is Remus? I would have expected him to be waiting with you.” Arthur asked, just noticing that Remus was not there.

“He's upstairs a sleep already.” Sirius replied.

“I would have thought he'd have been here waiting with the rest of you.”

Sirius looked a little uncomfortable at the comment. “Um, well, yes he would have, but he wasn't feeling well. So I told him to get some rest and we could fill him in tomorrow.” Sirius said quickly. Arthur gave him a nod in understanding, but he could tell that there was more to

the reason. He just wasn't going to ask, and wait until one of the two men decided to tell the rest of them.

"Harry, dear, I think you should go to bed. We can deal with this in the morning." Molly told him in her usual motherly tone, after noticing that he was falling asleep.

Harry mumbled incoherently, before standing and heading out of the room. The others all looked at him with either a serious expression or a sad one.

Bill turned to Sirius once he was sure that Harry was out of hearing range. "Sirius, Harry doesn't look like he's taking any of this well."

"No, he's not Bill."

"I hate to bring this up, but I think he needs to begin training." Charlie said.

"Charles Weasley, Harry needs to get over this before he can do that." Molly yelled at her second eldest son.

"I know mum, but if he would at least start doing some, it may help him."

"Charlie's right Molly, Harry does need to begin his training. It won't be long before he and the others return to Hogwarts and he won't be able to get most of the training he needs there." Arthur replied to his wife. "You know that this war seems to be centered on him. He told us that himself awhile ago."

"I know that Arthur, but I don't like it. Harry is still a kid and he should be allowed to be one." Molly argued.

"Mum, Harry may still be a kid, but look at all of what has happened to him. He needs this training, especially with his new powers." Bill told his mother.

"He won't do it." Sirius replied sadly.

"Why, won't he do it?" Arthur asked.

"It's not that he refuses to train, as he knows that he needs to. However, with everything else that has been happening in his life, he just keeps putting it for later."

"That may be true cousin, but we somehow have to convince him. Do you realize what could happen in the courtroom if he has no control?" Tonks asked from her seat next to Sirius.

"I think that's enough of this talk for tonight. We all need to get some rest." Molly stated firmly as she stood up.

The group all tramped up to their rooms, Sirius deciding not to go to his room immediately, headed for Remus' room instead. He needed to get his friend to discuss what had happened. He knew from experience, guilt would only eat you alive, and he wasn't going to allow that to happen to his friend.

He carefully opened the door, and stepped in, closing the door just quietly. He allowed his eyes to be accustomed to the dark, before noticing that Remus was sitting on his bed. Sighing, Sirius walked over to the bed and sat down. He took his wand out and muttered a word causing the lights in the room to turn on.

Turning back to his friend, he could see that the man was not taking the news that well at all. The man's face was very pale, his eyes looked haunted; just like his did after getting out of Azkaban. He also, noticed that even though the man wasn't moving, his entire body was shaking slightly. This was not good and Sirius knew it. However, there was a problem; he was never good at being the one to comfort another. In their group that had always been Remus, but now it was him that needed the comfort.

"Remus, we should discuss this." Sirius said softly. However, he didn't get a reply and so he went on. Hoping that he would be able to do this and not blow it. "Remus, this whole thing was not your fault." That got a spark from Remus.

"Sirius, it was my fault and you know it! That beast is a part of me, and so it is my fault! I've done the one thing that I have always feared and now I may lose Harry because of what I did." Remus stated in a melancholy tone.

"No Remus, it isn't your fault that this happened. You had no control over the wolf and if you had, then you would never have done it on purpose. And you're not going to lose Harry over this. We told him what happened and he didn't tell you to get out then. So what makes you think he will now?"

"Because...."

"Because why Moony?"

"Because I bit his aunt and now she has to stay here."

"No Moony, you're wrong there. You are letting your fear take over, just as Harry does, just as we all do sometimes. Harry is a strong person, with weaknesses like everyone else. However, he isn't going to hold a simple mistake against someone. Hell, if he did, he'd have thrown me out a lot sooner." Sirius told his friend, hoping the last part would help to get him out of his depressive mood.

Remus thought about this and realized that his friend was right. It was a mistake and Harry wouldn't hold it against him, or at least he hoped he didn't. "Thanks Padfoot, I needed that."

"Have you thought more about what the house told us?"

"About what," Remus asked.

"That you really do need to stop fighting with the wolf and accept it as a part of you. Become one with it instead."

"I have been thinking about it and actually," a small smile appeared on the man's face. "I have found a couple of books in the library and have been reading them."

"That's great Remus. I do think it may help you." Sirius said his voice sounding lighter then it had been.

"Sirius, do you remember if I bit Mrs. Dursley.

"No, I don't remember." Sirius replied thoughtfully. "I was too busy trying to get you out of the house." Sirius said, a lopsided smile forming.

"I don't remember it either. I really don't think that I did."

"What do you remember, Moony?"

"I remember grabbing her and shaking her before I dropped her on the ground. I thought that was all I did to her. Oh God, I bit a muggle, they'll kill me for doing this." Remus cried, before burying his head in his hands.

"They're not going to do that Moony and you should know that. They don't even know that the wolf that did this was you. Besides, there are so many werewolves that even if they suspected you, they could never get enough proof."

"Is it possible that I didn't bite her, that she isn't a werewolf?" Remus asked sounding a little hopeful.

"I don't know Moony. It is possible, but then why would she be here and why would she have been in that Department?"

Remus shook his head and answered, "I don't know. It just doesn't make any sense."

"No, it doesn't, but what does anymore." Sirius quipped.

"Regardless, whether I did or not, it still doesn't change the fact that I attacked someone, and muggles at that." Remus sighed, sounding depressed once again.

Sirius rolled his eyes at his friend's remarks. "Look, we've already been over this before, you did nothing wrong. It wasn't your fault,

except for the fact that you were upset with them for how they treated Harry. It's obvious that the wolf was even more upset than you were. You know better than I do, what a werewolf, or any wolf for that matter would do if a member of their pack is in trouble or hurt."

"I know, but it doesn't help with the way I feel about the situation."

"Then don't let it. Just read those books and find away to combine you and the wolf together. Then, you'll have control and something like this will never happen again. Besides, right now we need to concentrate on Harry. He needs us more now than ever."

"I guess you're right Sirius. Harry does need us." Remus answered sounding better.

"Good, now, we need to talk about Harry's training. It was brought up downstairs earlier."

"He does need to start training. I'm afraid that soon he's going to explode, and he'll do it in the courtroom."

"I happen to agree with you, Moony."

"You know, I think he's ignoring it because of the trial."

"That's what I told the others."

"Nevertheless, that isn't a good idea. He really should begin soon, and maybe tomorrow we can talk to him about it." Remus replied.

"I don't know if that is a good idea." Sirius replied slowly.

"Padfoot, if we don't get him to see that he needs to start now, then something bad is going to happen."

"All right, All right, we'll talk to him tomorrow." Sirius said throwing his hands up in the air in a sign of defeat, before getting up and saying goodnight to his friend.

Once Sirius was gone, Remus lied back down and stared up at the ceiling. Things made no sense to the man and that was saying something. He was after all, the brains of the Marauders and an extremely logical person.

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The following morning, a high-pitched scream reverberated off the walls of the bedrooms, causing everyone one to jolt awake. Harry was the first person to race out of his bedroom and ran down the hall to where he knew the scream had come from. After all, he'd heard that scream enough in the past to know that it was one of the screams that Petunia gave, when something terrified her.

He pushed the door open and hurried inside to find his aunt scrunched up on the bed, a terrified look on her now pale face, eyes wide as saucers. He started to speak to her, when he was forced to cover his ears and squeeze his eyes shut as she screamed again.

“Aunt Petunia, please calm down.” Harry tried to say to the woman through her screams.

By now every inhabitant of the house were piling into the room to see what the racket was about. It was the twins who noticed what the problem was immediately and they burst out laughing,

“Look, Gred,” George pointed on the edge of the bed, before he burst out laughing even harder then before.

"I see him Forge." Fred replied through his laughter.

Everyone else had been staring at Petunia to have not noticed that Ice somehow had come into the woman's room and was lying at the end of her bed. However, he was a sleep now, not with the woman's screams. Instead, he was now looking up at the woman with what would have to be considered a look of confusion, if a wolf could have something of the sort.

“This isn't funny boys.” Molly chastised her.

"But mum, it is..."

"...funny," George answered for his brother.

"Out the both of you," Molly shouted at them.

It was then that Ron noticed the wolf, and he began to snicker, realizing why his brothers were laughing. "Mum, they're not laughing at her." He replied through his giggles.

"Then just what are they laughing at Ronald?" She turned to glare at her youngest son, her hands on her hips and a stern expression on her face.

"Ice, they're laughing at Ice." He replied before bursting out fully, his laughs bouncing off the walls as the twins joined him.

Molly looked suddenly confused. She didn't understand what they meant, Ice. Shaking off her confusion, she was about to lay into them once again for their rudeness when Remus piped up.

"Molly, they're laughing because Ice, Harry's wolf is sitting on the bed. He must have startled Mrs. Dursley." His own voice filled with laughter.

Molly's face took on a red tinge, understanding now what they meant by Ice. By now everyone else in the room was laughing, that is all except two of them.

Harry was trying to talk his aunt into calming down. She, on the other hand was still screaming, but not as loud, as they were coming out more of a whimper than a real scream as she kept staring at the large wolf on her bed.

It took nearly an hour for them to get the woman calmed down enough to talk. They noticed that even after having calmed down, her eyes would dart around the room before landing on them and giving them a frightened look. Finally, Harry suggested that they should all go and get ready for the day. He assured them that he would be alright alone with his aunt.

Harry and his aunt watched as the group left as one, leaving just them in the room, since Ice had decided to follow the others.

Harry turned back to his aunt, giving her a sad smile. "Aunt Petunia, what did they tell you at the ministry?"

"Was...Was that where I was? The place where you had to go last year," She asked in a frightened voice. "They said it was the Ministry of Magic, but I didn't believe them."

The only reason that she knew that he'd had to go was from a letter that she received from Dumbledore. The letter had outlined what happened to Harry during the year and that he had to go for a trial of some sorts.

"Could you tell me, what the reason was that you had to go? I know that it had to do with some trial. Was the trial because of you using your freak ways during the summer?"

Harry looked at her briefly, trying to figure out how she knew all about the trial in the first place. Yea, she new a little about it after he'd received that blasted letter but he didn't think she new that much.

"Tell me this instant, did it have anything to do with last summer?" Her voice some how found some unknown resilience.

"Yes Aunt Petunia it did." He answered, lowering his eyes to the bed and beginning to play with the sheet.

"They put you on trial." She half said and asked sounding incredulous at the entire idea. "But you saved my Dudley, how could they do that? I knew this world was wrong. It's not normal."

His head shot up as if it were a whip. "You mean...you mean you believe that I saved Dudley?"

"I may be loathed to admit it, but yes I do believe you. Dudley told me all about how you saved him from whatever that thing was. It had

frightened him and he needed someone to talk to, and I was very worried about my little Dudley.”

Harry rolled his eyes at her calling Dudley little, but he didn't say anything else about it. “Aunt Petunia, could you please tell me what happened.” Harry asked her, changing the subject. He did not want to talk about his uncle or cousin in anyway.

“Some man came to the hospital a few days ago and took me. He...He said he was a freak like you.” She answered him.

Harry cringed at hearing what she had called him. “Yes, he was another wizard.”

“He took me to that ministry place. He...He told me....”

“He told you what?” Harry urged her to speak.

“That I was a freak too.” Petunia replied, her voice emotionless.

“Did he tell you anything else?”

“He said that I was a monster too.” With that she began to cry. “I don't want to be a freak. I...I don't want to be a monster.”

Harry saw that this had been all too much for the supposed prim and proper woman, as she broke down crying and shaking. Sighing, he told himself that he'd probably regret it later, but he felt he had to do it. He slid across the bed to her side and began rubbing small circles on her back. “Aunt Petunia, everything will be alright. You are not a freak, none of us are. We're just different, that's all.” Harry said in a calm voice.

“We are not the same. You are a freak of nature.” She spat, regaining control of her emotions.

All Harry could do was to give her a very sad look. She just wouldn't listen to anything he said about magic. He knew he should be angry with her, for the way that he had been treated, but he couldn't. They were afraid of him, afraid that he would hurt them because he was

different and that would probably never change. All he could do was hope that there was a sliver of a chance that somehow, now, after what has happened that at least his aunt might begin to see things a little differently.

"Where is Vernon, where is my little Dudley?" She suddenly asked in a panicky voice, remembering that she hadn't seen them.

"They are still in the hospital." Harry told her, hoping that it would calm her down a bit.

"I have to go to them. They need me." She said, jumping out of the bed.

"You cannot go to them right now."

She whirled around, and glared at her nephew. "You can't keep me here, you freak."

"I'm sorry Aunt Petunia, but you have to stay, it's for your own safety. We have so much to talk about."

"Look, I don't want to hear anymore lies from your freakish mouth." She spat.

"You are in my care now and I cannot allow you to leave." Harry stated, while ignoring her comments.

This brought her down a peg, and she stood there, glowering at her nephew. "What...What do you mean I am under your care?" She hesitantly asked.

"Aunt Petunia, the man at the ministry is correct; you are what wizards consider a monster. You are a werewolf. I know that they explained it all to you already, but let me explain it to you again."

Surprisingly, she didn't faint at hearing his words. Though, her eyes did widen and welled up with tears.

"I'm sorry, but you remember the night that something attacked the house." He saw her give a slight nod. "What attacked you is what is known as a werewolf. Somehow, and we really don't know how, it bit you. I don't know if you know, but when a person has been bitten, they become one as well." He explained to her, hoping that she wouldn't freak out on him like she usually did when it came to anything that had to deal with wizarding world. However, she didn't, she just stood there, silently. "The ministry found out about the attack and went to check and see if any of you may have been bitten. What they found was, well, they found that you had been bitten by it. So, they decided since you are my Aunt, they would take you back to their offices and get in contact with me."

"That doesn't tell me why I am in your care."

"They believe that it would be for the best if you were to be...well, my ward." He said this and shut his eyes, not wanting to see her face.

"You blasted freak! We took you in, gave you food, a room, and now you've made me some kind of freaky monster and I have to take orders from you!"

He couldn't answer her or even muster the energy that it would take to shout back at her. For, he knew she was correct in some ways. After all, they did take him in and it was his fault for her now being a werewolf.

"Now what, I have to do everything you tell me to?" She sarcastically asked him.

"To some extent, but I will not treat you the way you treated me." He replied back, there was an edge of coldness to his words.

"Fine, what will happen to Vernon and Dudley?"

"We will have to talk about that later, but right now we have other things we need to talk about."

"Oh, I don't think we have anything else to talk about." She replied sarcastically, before standing up deciding she needed to use the bathroom.

"Are you aware that my mother is back?" He asked her, this causing the long-necked woman to stop short.

She turned around, eyes wide once again. "Lily's back? But how, how can she be back, I thought she was dead?"

"No, she wasn't dead at all." Harry answered her sadly, his eyes turned downward.

Petunia, having forgotten that she needed to use the bathroom, walked back to the bed and sat back down. In a quiet voice, she asked him to explain.

It took him over a half an hour to tell her everything that had been happening, including how his parents had left him behind. By the time he finished, he had tears in his eyes. However, Petunia had a very unusual look on her face.

She had listened quietly to what her freaky nephew told her and found herself at times feeling a little sorry for the boy. By the end though, she was furious. Her face was just as purple as Vernon's usually was when he was mad at Harry. Her hands were clenching and unclenching as she ran over what he told her in his mind.

Harry seeing this started to back up, he'd never seen her like this or at least not this mad before, and he wasn't sure if she would do something to him.

Noticing that her nephew was backing away slowly she spoke, her voice sounding colder than ever before. "I am not angry at you. I am furious with my supposed perfect sister and her husband for what they have done. They dumped you on my step, knowing that I wanted nothing to do with their ways, so they could run off and hide like cowards." Her voice softened little as she spoke next. "Harry, I don't like you and you know that. Nevertheless, for once in my life, I am going to stand by your side and teach my loving sister, a lesson that

she will never forget. Just because she has this freakishness about her, it by no means gives her the right to do what she has. Now, I know that we have other things to discuss, even though I am loathed to admit it. But right now I need to use the bathroom and get ready for today.”

Harry could only stare at his Aunt as if she'd grown at least two more heads. It was the first time that he could ever recall, that she was willing to help him and in a way to compliment him as well. Finally he found his voice. "Aunt Petunia, you can stay here if you'd like. You don't have to go to the trial."

“Nonsense Potter, I am going, and that is final,” She told him, making sure to use that tone that said whatever she says, goes. “Lily needs to learn that she isn’t the only bitch in the family.” And with that said, she left the room for the bathroom that she had guessed was next door to her room.

All Harry could do was to watch his Aunt leave the room, his mouth hanging open like a carp. He wasn't sure if he should be happy that his aunt was taking things well so far or that she was willing to stand beside him. The one thing he knew was that this was not the same Petunia that he'd grown up with.

[illegible]

It was 8:30 when the group arrived at the Ministry of Magic. Petunia to her disgust was wearing a sky blue formal robe that they had gotten for her that morning. It made her look just as freaky as the rest and she did not like that one bit, but she knew that if she were to be here for any length of time, then she had to look like the others.

The processional of wizards and witches, and one muggle made their way through the ministry and down to the courtroom. The entire way, Petunia was scowling at some of the freaky things she saw; like the flying papers. Or various strange creatures that were there that morning.

Once they reached the lowest level, she began to make her usual snide remarks about how archaic everything was, how there was no

life to anything. Many of those who were with her, rolled their eyes at the woman's words, and few actually wanted to hex her for having the audacity to belittle their world. Still, no one said a word or did anything to her, since she was Harry's aunt.

Harry just smiled and nodded lightly at her words, knowing that this was the Aunt Petunia that he had known for his entire life.

Once the group reached the courtroom they stopped, Harry turned and suggested that Petunia stand towards the back. At first she protested being shoved back with the freaky red heads, but soon stopped when Harry had explained that this would be the best way to shock his mother. That did it; just the thought of getting one over on her sister caused her to do it. So she found herself standing between the twins who gave her twin looks that suggested they were up to something devious.

Harry opened the doors, and they all walked into the crowd watching them, it was obvious that they'd been expecting them. Harry just ignored all of the stares as he ascended the aisle to talk with Mr. Strathmore. He could sense that the entire group was behind him this time.

They had just reached the tables when someone shouted "Petunia", and he smirked internally at the voice. It was the voice of his mother and he knew she had noticed her sister among the group. However, he just ignored it and walked over to Mr. Strathmore to tell him of the latest development.

Lily watched the group coming up the aisle and felt a little saddened that she wasn't one of them. That however was alright with her. The night before she'd come up with a plan of her own. It was one that would put into action when the proper time appeared to her, and it would change several things in many lives. It was then that she noticed Petunia among the group of red heads and she couldn't help yelling her name as she jumped to her feet.

Petunia had heard her name and knew right away that it was her sister calling her. She turned to look at her sister and could see that Lily hadn't changed much over the years, except for a few lines

around her eyes. "Lily" She cried in fake surprise. Yet, she made no move to go over to her sister, knowing that she would come over to her. And come over she did.

"It's so nice to see you again Pet. However, I think we have a few things we need to discuss." Lily said to her sister and gave her hug, noticing that it was not returned.

What she hadn't seen was that the entire courtroom had heard shout her sisters' name. The reporters were now looking at the reunion with eager expressions. All the people in the courtroom were just staring at the two women with surprise. James seeing his sister-in-law refused to go over and say hi. He hadn't liked her before, and he surely didn't like her now. He just didn't see the point in being nice to her and so stayed there watching the scene. Dumbledore however, wasn't thinking that at all. He did not like this one bit. The muggle should not be there at all. This was after all a trial that didn't deal with muggles and she should be back at her cozy little home. The other thing that he didn't like, and at the same time bothered him, was that she was with Harry and his friends. He knew that the boy hated them and never wanted anything to do with them, but here she was beside him. Something wasn't right and he could sense it, but whatever it was, he didn't know.

"Yes Lily, we do have a lot to discuss." Petunia replied icily.

"Why don't we get together after the hearing and we can talk." Lily suggested.

"I don't believe so. I would much rather discuss it here and now."

Lily looked at her sister with a somewhat of a surprised look. "Petunia, we can't talk now. The trial will begin shortly."

"Oh yes, I know all about this trial. A trial that I might remind you was brought by you for your own selfish reasons. How could you Lily," She asked her sister, contempt in her voice.

"How could I what?" Lily asked clearly confused.

"How could you and that thing you call a husband just stick me with your brat and runaway?"

The words hit Lily hard, it was as if someone had slapped her and she didn't know how or what to say in response.

"How dare you say that about me!" James roared as he jumped to his feet and stormed across the room.

The entire room, including the reporters looked as if Christmas had come early. The reporters were using Quick-Quote Quills today, instead of the normal ones that they had tried using yesterday and had given up on part way through. Now, their Quills were writing furiously.

"You are a freak, just like everyone else here. I can say whatever I want." Petunia replied coldly to the black haired man.

Harry gave an involuntary cringe at her words knowing that it wouldn't go over well with the other wizards and wizards. Still, he made no move to stop her. He suspected that this was probably what she had planned to do all along. And who was he to stop his aunt from doing what she wanted.

"Petunia, how can you say that. I thought you got over your prejudices."

"Well, you were wrong Lily. You want to know what, my prejudices have only gotten worse thanks to you."

"I didn't do anything to you." Lily replied.

By this time James was about to hit Petunia when he felt Albus' hand on his shoulder and he turned to look at his mentor. He saw the man shaking his head not to, and so he didn't. It still didn't mean that he couldn't wish to do something to the horse-faced woman.

"Yes, you did. You have been doing things to me ever since you got your letter. Our parents loved you more than me and you made sure

that it stayed that way. You were the one that got them killed, and it was all because of your freaky magic.

Then if that wasn't enough, you had to do even more to me. You and that no good of a husband of yours, decided to drop your son on my doorstep in the middle of the night. All there was with him was a letter that explained you had got yourself blown up earlier that night. And since I was the only relative left, I had to take him in and raise him. While all of this time, I had to deal with him and his freakiness, while you and your husband went hiding or gallivanting around.

What did I ever get out of all this? I'll tell you what I got. A stupid freaky purple dressed man telling me that I had to keep and protect your son because you were killed. He told me that I was the only one who could take care of him, and it was all because of some freak blood magic; he called it that I was stuck with him. You knew how I felt and you allowed this to happen.

I don't like your son, and I never will, but I will say this about him. He is a strong-willed person and it's obvious that he didn't get that from either you or your husband. Maybe Vernon and I actually did instill something in him. You want to know what else; I hope he can win this stupid trial because the two of you don't deserve him." With said, she turned and asked one of the Weasleys where to sit.

All Bill could do was to point towards the back where there were empty seats, he didn't think he could say anything even if he was able to. She gave him a curt nod, before walking back to take a seat. The rest of the group watched her go with what looked to be awe on their faces. They hadn't expected the nasty muggle to stand up for Harry like she had just done.

Lily burst into tears at what her sister had said to her and ran out of the courtroom. She didn't care if the trial would start soon, she hadn't wanted to be there in the first place. And with what just took place, she knew she didn't want to be there for the rest of the preceding.

James was about to go after his wife, but was stopped by Albus. Reluctantly, he allowed the man to lead him back to his seat. Where

he sunk down into the chair and silently fumed over what had happened.

Albus was doing the same thing, but his seething was a bit more. That was because the woman had mentioned the blood magic and no one had known about that except for those who were in the Order. However, now the entire Wizarding World was about to know all about it and that did not set well with him.

Once the confrontation had ended, the room burst out into loud conversations about what they heard from the muggle. Harry's friends all headed back to the back to take their seats before the judge arrived. Harry looked over at his father and gave him a wicked smirk before sitting beside his attorney.

A few minutes later, the judge and jury came in, along with the Fudge. The judge quickly called the trial to order and asked Dumbledore for his first witness of the day.

Albus stood up and called Neville Longbottom to the stand.

Neville quietly stood and nervously walked to the front of the courtroom, where he took the oath before sitting down. He glanced over at Harry, with an apologetic look and saw to his relief that Harry didn't look angry at all with him.

"Mr. Longbottom, you currently attend Hogwarts with Mr. Potter. And share a dorm with him, is this correct?"

"Yes," Neville answered; his voice slightly squeaky due to his nervousness.

"Have you ever had any problems with him?"

"No, why would I?" Neville asked.

"Have you ever seen Mr. Potter get angry, or act in a manner that might suggest he has emotional problems?"

"Well, I have seen him get angry, especially last year. But, I don't understand about this emotional thing."

"You said that you saw him angry last year. Could you tell us what you know about that?"

"There were a lot of things that were making him angry last year. Most of the students thought he was an attention seeker and a liar, even one of our own dorm mates thought this about him. I think that he was more hurt than angry about that. Of course, he was angry about what the Daily Prophet and the Ministry was saying about him. But I don't think he was really angry about normal things."

"Was there anything different about him that you saw?"

Neville briefly thought about what he saw and then he remembered something. "Yes, he seemed to be having a lot of pain in his scar and at night would wake all of us up, screaming."

"Do you know why he was having so much pain in his scar? And why was he waking you up at night?" Dumbledore asked, his eyes twinkling and his grandfatherly smile on his face.

"All I know is that somehow the scar is a link to Voldemort."

There were screams and shouts from the audience at Neville using the Dark Lord's name. Some of them even cowered in fear, believing that he would suddenly appear in the courtroom and kill them all. However, the judge quickly restored order and started the testimony once again, by telling Neville he could continue.

"The reason he was waking all of us, was because of the visions or dreams he would have regarding the Dark Lord." He switched back to using that name after seeing the reaction from the audience.

"Was this a nightly occurrence and did it effect you and your roommates lives?"

"Not every night, but most. It did affect my life a little, but not that much. I was more worried about him, then school."

"So, his nightly screaming did affect your ability to concentrate on school and your roommates as well."

"I don't know about them, but it did affect mine a little. Still, I did better than I had been in school last year."

"I understand last year, Mr. Potter formed an illegal Dueling Club. Do you know anything about this?" Albus asked, changing the subject of his questioning.

"Yes he had a defense club, but you also knew." Neville said, defending the D.A.

A few whispers could be heard through the gallery at his acknowledgement of an illegal club.

Albus looked at his student shocked at the response the boy had given. This wasn't what he had expected the young boy to say, especially as he was known to be a very shy and timid boy. "I'm afraid I was not aware of the club. However, you are saying that he did start it."

"Yes, he did start one."

"Were you a member of this club?"

"Yes, a lot of people were."

"Is this the first time that Mr. Potter has broken rules?"

"No, he has broken others as well."

"Thank you, Mr., Longbottom." Albus said, before he walked back to his seat.

Mr. Strathmore stood up and walked over to the podium, several pieces of parchment in his hands. In his mind, this witness would be easy to cross-examine. There were only a couple of items that he

needed the boy to clarify for the court. "Mr. Longbottom, could you tell us about this illegal defense club, and why my client started it?"

"We had a Professor that refused to teach us any practical things in our Defense Against the Dark Arts. She said that we didn't need the practical part of it. Harry wasn't the one to start the club either; he just agreed to do it. "

So, Mr. Potter wasn't the one to start the club?"

"No, Hermione Granger was the one who thought up the idea and then got several of us to help her in getting Harry to agree."

"Why were you not being taught the practical aspect in the class, which caused the formation of this illegal club? "

"Our professor told us on the first day that we were lacking in theory and that the ministry believed we should only study theory." With each question, Neville was beginning to feel his confidence grow. He had gained a lot last year thanks to Harry, but he was still on the timid side. However, just like he did when he went with Harry and the others to the Department of Mysteries, he wasn't going to turn his back on his friend.

"Who was your professor last year?"

"Our Professor was, the Undersecretary to the Minister, Madam Umbridge." More gasps were heard at this.

"Could you tell us a little more about the class?" It was one of the questions that Harry had told him to ask the boy. He hadn't been sure about asking it, but after the testimony so far, he now understood why Harry wanted him to ask it.

"The class was our worse yet. She would go on and on about blood purity. On our first class, she gave Harry a detention because he stood up and spoke the truth. She even yelled at Hermione and hurt her feelings, because she had already read the book."

"Why, did she yell at Miss Granger for having read the book?"

"Because, she had raised her hand and asked what she was supposed to do, if we weren't going to be using any spells."

"Your honor, I must object to this line of questioning. Miss Granger is not a party to this trial. We are here regarding Mr. Potter." Dumbledore stated.

"I must agree with you. Mr. Strathmore, limit your questions to Mr. Potter, only." Mr. Strathmore nodded at the judge.

"Were you taught spells in your other years?"

"Yes, we did learn theory and practice before. We even learned things from the Death Eaters that taught us."

This caused the room to fall into chaos. Some of the observers jumped to their feet and were angrily screaming about Death Eaters teaching their children. Others were shouting that it couldn't be true. Harry and his friends all sat back, smug expressions on their faces at the chaos that Neville had unwittingly caused by telling the truth. The Quick-Quote Quills of the Reporters were running over the parchments at a furious pace, trying to get every last word down that was being said.

Dumbledore was not pleased at all about this revelation, and his face showed that, as it turned red. His blue eyes, which always twinkled, were now stilled and a glint of anger showed in them. Luckily, no one was able to see this, or there would be even more questions. He was losing and he knew it, but there wasn't anything he could do without making himself looking more of a fool than he was being made out to be.

James was looking furious at the boy on the stand. However, his anger seemed to be on his mentor as he turned and glared at the man. "You never told me that you were allowing Death Eaters to teach the students." He whispered to the man, his voice giving away the anger he felt boiling inside. Albus didn't answer him, instead he glared at Neville.

Finally, ten minutes later, the judge was able to get the courtroom back under control. He chastised all of them for their behavior and gave them one final warning about interrupting the trial.

"You say Death Eaters taught you?"

"Yes, we had two. Professor Quirrell in our first year and then Barty Crouch, Jr. who was using polyjuice to look like 'Mad-Eye' Moody in our fourth year. He even taught us the unforgiveables."

"You were taught the unforgiveables. Did he use any of them on you?"

"He used the imperious on all of us, and Harry was the only to break it. He said that he was given permission to do that."

"Do you know who gave him the permission?"

"I'm not really sure."

"So, let's get back to this illegal dueling club that you were in. In this club, what were you taught and did it help you in your studies?"

"We were taught a lot of defense spells; like, the Jelly-Link Jinx, the Protego shield, the Expelliarmus, and he even taught us the Patronus Charm. He never taught us anything that was too dangerous, just things that would help to defend ourselves. Harry was a great teacher and I even got an E on my O.W.L.S." Neville told the man, his voice sounding a little prideful that he'd done so well.

"Didn't you already know most of those spells?"

"Yes, but we really never had a lot of practice with them. The D.A. allowed us to learn them again and others through a lot of practice."

"Mr. Dumbledore stated that it had been an illegal club. Could you tell us why it was illegal?"

"Madam Umbridge had made a decree as the High Inquisitor of Hogwarts, that there were to be no clubs. We even had to get her permission to have Quidditch teams."

'Thank you Mr. Longbottom, you have done well." With that said, he turned and walked back to sit down next to Harry. Neville stood up and headed back to his seat, mouthing a sorry to Harry.

Once Neville had taken his seat once again, the Judge spoke. "In light of these revelations that we have all heard, I will be forwarding a copy of the transcripts to Magical Law Enforcement and a request that they investigate the claims regarding Death Eaters have been allowed to teach at Hogwarts. Mr. Dumbledore, you may now call your next witness."

Ron leaned over and quietly spoke to Hermione. "Can you believe what Neville just did?" His voice showed the surprise that he felt.

"I knew that he'd gained some much needed confidence over the last year, but I had no idea how much." Ron nodded his head in agreement.

There was only one person that Albus could call who would unwittingly be able to help his case, but there was a problem with that person. If he called her to the stand, she still didn't have to answer any of his questions. After all, she was listed as a healer and there was a client-patient confidentiality clause. That meant that he would have to get Harry to wave it and he wasn't sure if he could get the boy to do that. Ah well, he'd just have to try. And so he called Madam Pomfrey to stand.

Before asking her any questions he asked the judge if they could waive the confidentiality, as she had important information that needed to be brought to light. The judge understood this, but instead of replying, he asked Mr. Strathmore to come up to his bench. Before the man did, he asked Harry what he wanted to do. Once he got the answer, instead of going up to the judge he stood and spoke.

"My client is willing to waive the confidentiality so that Madam Pomfrey may testify." The judge nodded and told Dumbledore and

Pomfrey that the confidentiality was now waived. This surprised Dumbledore, he expected the boy to protest vehemently the request.

"Madam Pomfrey, you have taken care of Mr. Potter's injuries since he arrived at Hogwarts."

"Yes I have." The woman sharply replied.

"How many injuries has he sustained over the years?"

"Mr. Potter is a frequent patient of mine."

"What has caused him to have so many injuries?"

"He has received some from his fights in the halls. He's gotten others from some of his adventures that he has done. However, most of them have come from Quidditch."

"So he does get into fights in the halls. Are they a lot?"

"I know of many times that he has had to be brought in because of a fight."

"What about the ones that he has received during his adventures?"

"They aren't as bad. Well, at least usually. The only really bad injury that he received was when he had been bitten by that basilisk in his second year."

"He fought and was bitten by a basilisk" Albus stated incredulously.
"Could he have died from the injury?"

"Yes, he could have. However, he was lucky since a phoenix gave him some of its tears on the wound." Albus scowled at her for that reply.

"What about the Quidditch injuries?"

"He has not received anymore then any one who plays that awful game."

"Has Mr. Potter ever put someone in the hospital in his fights?"

"Yes, several times."

"Could you tell us who they were?"

"I am afraid I cannot. I would have to have their permission for me to do so."

"Thank You."

"Madam Pomfrey, could you tell us, is Mr. Potter been in the hospital wing because of his own fault."

"No, he has not. It has always been something or someone else that was the cause behind his injuries. Take his third year for instance. During a Quidditch match, Dementors attack him in the air. This had caused him to fall off his broom and plummet to the ground. If it hadn't been for the Headmaster, he would have been killed."

"What were Dementors doing at Hogwarts?"

"Sirius Black had escaped from Azkaban and the idiotic Minister order those foul creatures to be sent to guard the school." Her answer was in a tone that told everyone just how much she disliked the Dementors and the Minister.

"Are there any other incidences that you could tell us about?"

"In his second year, during another game, a rogue bludger struck him in his arm and busted it. Now, that would have been an easy thing to fix. However, at the time the Defense Professor was Gilderoy Lockhart and instead of healing the break, that man actually took out all of his bones."

"Thank you, Madam." He turned and headed once again to his seat.

"I call James Potter to the stand."

James stood up; a little shocked at having been called already. Instead of voicing his surprise, he calmly walked over to the chair and took the oath before sitting down.

"Mr. Potter, could you tell the court where you have been over the last several years?"

"I wish I could, but I'm not really sure on that myself. All I remember is fighting the Dark Lord, and seeing a green light coming towards me. The next thing that I remember is waking up in the hospital wing of Hogwarts a couple of months ago."

Albus was pleased so far, the ancient charm that he had found was working. It was allowing James to tell the story that they wanted to be told.

"What happened regarding your son? I mean, did you go and get your son as soon as you were able?"

"Yes, we went to Sirius Black's home, where we had assumed he'd been living. However, he wasn't there and neither was Sirius."

"When you did find him, what happened, and why are we here today?"

"Well, Harry came storming into the home, looking for us. I don't know how he knew that we were alive, because we wanted it to be a surprise. The minute he saw us he began yelling and screaming at us."

"What was he saying?"

"He told us that we had abandoned him to a horrible life with the Dursleys. He said that we were no longer his parents, because we had lost the right. He acted like we were the cause of everything that had happened in his life." James paused dramatically or at least that was what he'd been trying to go for.

"Did he say anything else?"

"Yes, at one point Lily tried to calm him down, but he only told her to shut up. He was like a madman, ranting and raving; saying that I was arrogant and that I didn't care about him. He even told me that I should have stayed dead." James sadly stated, his eyes looking down at his hands.

"Do you have any ideas as to why he may have acted this way?"

"No. I can only guess that it has something to do with the Dursleys or at least that was how he made it out to be. I just want my son back. I want to show him that I do love him and that I care. I want to be the dad that I should have been allowed to have been all these years."

Petunia who had listened quietly to what James was saying, found her insides boiling at the mention of her and her family. She knew that they had treated him horribly, but that was because he was a freak like everyone else here. However, none of it would have happened if he hadn't been dropped off at their home. She wanted to stand up and scream at him, but felt a hand on her shoulder and looked over. She saw Remus giving her, a small shake of his head. She gave him a piercing stare before backing down and going back to listening.

Harry on the other hand, was now having an extremely difficult time of keeping his anger in check. His father was sitting there, outright lying about how he reacted, especially about having been resurrected from the dead. He closed his eyes, and tried to calm the rage inside by blocking out everything around him.

The others who were on his side were just as angry at what was taking place. None of them knew how, but James was lying and that didn't set with them. Remus wasn't only trying to keep Petunia calm, but also calm Sirius down. He'd heard the low growls coming from Sirius, and saw the dark angry look that was on the man's face.

"Did anything else occur?"

"Yes...I'm...I'm afraid that he attacked me when I walked over to him." James' voice lowered and sounded deeply saddened by what had happened.

That was it, Harry lost control of his anger and his eyes went blank. A strange wind appeared from out of nowhere, blowing through the courtroom at a high speed. Various objects that weren't fastened down began to fly into the air.

The room was now in complete chaos, as people, pushed and shoved one another, all trying to get out at the same time. The lights were flickering rapidly as the wind kept trying to blow them out; threatening to throw the entire room into complete darkness. The now empty chairs were also taking their flights into the air, slamming into the ceiling or the walls. A few of the chairs even slammed into some of the people, knocking them unconscious from their impact.

Harry's friends immediately knew what was happening, the minute the wind came up. They'd all rushed out of their seats, and tried to make their way up the aisle to where Harry was sitting. However, that was becoming more and more difficult as people were slamming into them in their panic state. At the same time, they found themselves having to dodge the various flying objects. Still, they kept going with Sirius in the lead and Remus in the back.

The poor judge had been trying to restore order ever since the chaos started. He even had placed a 'Sonorous' on himself, that way he could hopefully be heard over the noise, but it was obvious that no one was listening to him or if they did, they made no acknowledgement of it. At the same time, he found himself also dodging the objects; ducking under his bench and then back up to try shouting again. Finally, he gave up after his gavel took off speeding in the air. At that point, he gave one last look around at the chaos before heading to his chambers.

Fudge who had been heading towards a side entrance when it all started; however, he found himself being manhandled by the panic mob. He finally reached the door and was about to open it and make his escape when he felt a thud on the back of his head. The next thing that he saw was darkness as he crumpled to the cold stone floor, unconscious and unaware that he was being trampled on by the others who were also trying to get to the door.

Meanwhile, Sirius had given up trying to get through the crowd as himself, and so he changed into Padfoot. Several people spotted the black grim like dog and began screaming even louder. They were now screaming about how they were all going to die, at seeing what they believed to be the Grim. There were even a few women who fainted at the sight, which caused a domino effect; sending everyone behind them backwards onto the floor.

Sirius finally got to Harry and Mr. Strathmore; the latter hiding under the table, visibly shaking from what was happening. He popped back to his human self, kneeled down in front of Harry and began talking to him.

“Harry, Kiddo, please calm down. People are getting hurt because of your anger.” However, Sirius didn't get a reply, not even a hint of recognition on Harry's face. This was not got and he knew it. An idea popped in his head, and he hope that it would work. After all, it was his last chance of getting Harry to relax before the aurors arrived.

“Son, everything will be alright. Don't let them get to you.” Sirius stated calmly, placing a hand on Harry's shoulder and giving it a light, reassuring squeeze.

This did it, suddenly, the chaos that reigned stopped as everything that had been sailing around the room stopped. All of the objects fell to the ground; several chairs wound up landing on unconscious people. James Potter, who had still been flying around the room, being slammed into the walls, came crashing down. The chair breaking under the force of the drop and sending him sprawling backwards, smashing his head against the cold stone floor, he had tried to retain consciousness, but darkness soon claimed him, and he knew no more.

Harry blinked several times, his eyes adjusting to the room once again. The first thing that he saw was Sirius kneeling in front of him, a concerned expression on his face. Harry didn't say anything at first; he just looked around the room and saw the destruction that his untrained magic had caused. His green eyes filled with tears and his face paled at the sight of so many people lying injured and the destruction of the courtroom.

The rest of his friends by now had made their way up to him and were all looking at him with concerned faces. No one knew what to say and they stayed silent, letting Sirius talk to Harry.

"Harry, it's alright. Everything will be just fine." Sirius said.

"No, it won't, not now." Harry said sadly, turning to look at Sirius once again.

"Yes it will. I don't think anyone knew that it was you who did this. They were all too frightened to look at you." Sirius stated firmly.

"Sirius is right Harry. They were all too worried about getting out." Remus said.

"You have to admit, it was funny." Tonks added; a grin plastered on her face.

"It was bloody brilliant." Ron said.

"Ronald, how dare you say something like that?" Molly screeched at her youngest son.

"Harry, we need to leave. The hearing has been continued until tomorrow." Remus stated. Harry gave the man a weak nod before rising to his feet. It was then that they all heard Hermione gasp, and put a hand over her mouth.

They all looked at the young witch in concern. "What is it Hermione?" Arthur asked. The girl just pointed under the table to where Mr. Strathmore was huddled.

After a few minutes, they were able to convince Mr. Strathmore that it was safe to come out from beneath the table. The older man looked extremely pale and his hands were shaking lightly. The twins had laughed at the sight of the man, but were quickly shut up by their mother.

A few minutes later, after having suggested to Mr. Strathmore that he return with them to where they were living for an explanation, he nodded in agreement. With that finished, the group headed for the doors, gathering Petunia; who had just sat there in her seat, her face pale and her mouth hanging wide open.

Harry knew as they headed out of the ministry that the upcoming conversation wasn't going to be a good one. If he were to admit it to himself, he deserved whatever they said to him. He had acted poorly and it may have affected the case. However, it had been hard not to lose control with the way his father was sitting there lying about everything that had taken place.

Well, I hope you liked this one. Please leave me a review and let me know.

Next Chapter: Harry gets an earful about his stubbornness. Another article will be released from the Daily Prophet, and this one will surely set the world ablaze. The trial continues. I am trying to fit the rest of the trial in the next chapter.

All the way back home, Harry refused to speak to anyone and kept looking down the entire way. He felt utterly ashamed for having allowed his magic to become so out of control. And it was all because his father made him out to be some type of maniac.

He walked into the house still looking down, ignoring Elsie's voice in his head. He knew that she was concerned for him, but at the moment he didn't care. He also ignored ice, who appeared in the entrance hall to greet him. The wolf gave a small whine, but he still ignored him as he made his way towards the study. He knew what was coming and he was in no mood to deal with it.

They were all sitting in the same study that they always did. Harry was sitting in a chair looking down at his hands, not wanting to look at anyone at the moment. He knew that he was in for a lecture, if not a verbal assault for his stupidity and uncontrollable emotions. However, just because he knew it was coming, he didn't want to deal with that at the moment. He had more pressing concerns that needed his full attention.

Mr. Strathmore had accompanied them wanting to know more about what had happened in the courtroom. He had tried to ask Sirius on their way out of the ministry. But all he got was that it had something to do with Harry's magic.

If whatever happened had been caused by his client's magic, then he needed to know more, especially if it could come up in the trial at some point. Besides, there was a part of him that was curious as to how a sixteen year old could do the things he had done. And so now here he was sitting on one of the couches waiting for someone to speak.

No one really wanted to discuss the events, but they knew that they had to. They had put it off for far too long and now their inaction had caused people to get injured.

"Harry I don't know what we are going to do with you. I especially am angry with you for allowing your emotions once again to get out of control. You know very well that until you train your magic, these things will continue to happen." Remus spoke angrily.

Harry's head snapped up at what Remus had just said. "How can you say that to me, Remus? You of all people know what I'm dealing with right now."

"Yes, I know what you are going through. However, you have been ignoring the training that you need and look what it has caused. Can't you see that not only were people injured by your wild magic, but people could have been killed or seriously injured."

"How dare you tell me that I've been ignoring my training!" Harry jumped to his feet and shouted at the man. "I know I have to train! I know what happened and I feel ashamed." Harry said the last bit quietly as he sunk back into the chair.

"Pup, son, I agree with Moony on this. I think you should start your training tomorrow." Sirius calmly replied in hopes that Harry wouldn't explode once again. "You have to look at what happened and how it could have turned out by you refusing to train."

"I know that. I'm not stupid after all. My new abilities are definitely connected to my emotions. But you know how hard it is for me to control my emotions right now. Can't any of you see that I am being pulled apart, dissected like some frog for everyone to see?"

"We know that Harry, but we are worried about you." Arthur replied calmly.

"Harry, we don't want you doing something that you'll regret later in life. We don't want you feel guilty for something that you could have controlled. We all know how hard it is for you, but that's why we're all here. We're here to help you through these hard times and stand beside you." Tonks spoke up and said.

Mr. Strathmore just sat on there, his head turning between the speakers as they talked. He was getting more and more confused as to what was going on. What he was able to understand was that Harry needed to train, and he needed to get his emotions under control or something worse than what happened earlier would occur.

Nevertheless, the man still didn't understand how his client had been able to levitate all of the things that he did. To top it off, he'd done it at the same time. He also didn't completely understand how all of his magic could be tied to his emotions. That just didn't make any sense to the man. And so he finally spoke up and asked.

"Could someone please explain to me exactly what is going on?"

"Harry has a vast quantity of magical power and several unique abilities. His new found abilities came on his birthday with his inheritance." Arthur calmly explained to the Barrister.

"I gathered that part already. What I don't understand is how his magic is completely tied to his emotions. I know that mine are only partially tied, like everyone else's magic."

"Mr. Strathmore, I have been researching Harry's magic and I haven't been able to find any concrete evidence as to how they are connected. From what I have found, somehow when Harry was attacked as a baby, his magical core was enlarged." Hermione stated in her usual knowing voice.

"Hermione, where did you find that information at," Remus asked, eyebrows raised and his voice filled with curiosity."

"I found the information in the library a few days ago."

"You would be locked up in the library." Ron replied sarcastically. However, he soon found himself being smacked upside the head from his friend. "Ouch! That hurts Hermione!"

"That may well be, but right now we have a more pressing issue to discuss, and that is Harry needs to begin training." Remus replied.

"Yes I do need to train, but how am I supposed to do it with the trial going on." Harry replied dejectedly.

"Harry, we're all here for you. We have told you that many times and will continue to do that. I know that I will help you to train or at least on my days off." Tonks said, her hair changing colors.

“Harry, I can help you too. After all I was an Auror, besides I think everyone here will help you.” Sirius added.

Harry didn't say anything while he thought over what they had said and what had happened. He couldn't help admitting to himself that they were right. He did need to train, especially if he decided that he'd be going back to Hogwarts. It would make things worse if he waited any longer. Giving a huge sigh, he looked up at those assembled and spoke. "I will start to train tomorrow evening."

He noticed that the worried expressions immediately gave away to show relief, if not a little bit of enthusiasm and excitement. He couldn't stop himself from gulping at their faces, his mind telling him that their idea of training might kill him before Riddle did.

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The following morning, the wizarding world woke up to a very interesting Daily Prophet. It had not one, but two articles about the previous day's testimony.

Deatheaters Working at Hogwarts

By: Rita Skeeter

The second day of the trial of the century began with a very big surprise. Harry Potter's aunt, who is known to be a muggle showed up in the courtroom with Mr. Potter and his friends. If that wasn't enough, the woman began to scream at her sister, Lily Evens Potter.

In the ensuing argument she told everyone how they had been forced into taking Harry Potter into their home. That he had been unceremoniously dumped on their doorstep. She screamed at how they had abandoned their son, something she would never have done if she could avoid it.

It seems that our Mrs. Petunia Dursley hates anything to do with our world, but because of her sister and brother-in-law's actions has chosen to stand by Harry Potter's side.

This new development may give us a clue as to how our Savior grew up in a house full of muggles. It may also be just the clue that we need to see if James and Lily Potter really did abandon their son. Only time will tell if it is all true.

In another startling development yesterday, a current student revealed that at Hogwarts not one but two Death Eaters had been working as professors. Both of these professors taught, Defense Against The Dark Arts. In both cases, the two had tried to kill Harry Potter and his friends.

Once the witness had finished their testimony, the judge immediately ordered a copy of transcripts to be sent to Magical Law Enforcement. He stated that he wants a full investigation into why Death Eaters would have been allowed to work at Hogwarts.

It was also further revealed that the Undersecretary refused to teach any practical spells in the class. She had told the students that they did not need to learn how to cast spells because the theory was more important.

How can someone defend themselves if they do not know how to cast the spells? How are our children supposed to learn what is needed for the tests if we have these types of people teaching them?

I can partially answer those questions. Our children can and have been learning from Mr. Potter, who last year taught several willing students how to defend themselves. Not only is he our Savior, but he is also a very kind young man who has gone out of his way to help others.

I will end this report with one final question. Does Mr. Potter have to do this alone, or will someone other than a child stand up and help him?

Chaos Erupts In the Trial of Harry Potter

By: Rita Skeeter

During the testimony of James Potter, it was revealed that he had been attacked by his son when they met for the first time. However, we didn't hear the entire reason behind why Harry Potter would have attacked his father because the court soon became a battlefield.

Everything and anything that was stuck down with a sticking charm began to rise in the air and fly around haphazardly. The filled gallery of observers began panicking and started trying to get out at the same time. This only allowed every single chair in the room to fly as well. Many people were knocked down and trampled in the ensuing panic.

At one point our own Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge was hit with a flying chair and then trampled by several people who were all trying to get to a door. He's currently in St. Mungos for observation and treatment of his injuries. He is expected to be released in time for today's testimony.

Another person who had been badly injured was James Potter. For some unknown reason, the man was still sitting in his chair when it took flight. The man, who is looked upon by the wizarding world as a hero, began screaming like a girl before being thrown into a wall.

The judge tried for a while to regain order but when he found he couldn't, he dismissed the trial for the day. He then turned tail and ran to his personal chambers.

Albus Dumbledore, Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot sat in his chair while the chaos erupted around him. Not once did the powerful wizard try to stop the damage or injuries that were being caused.

It is in this Reporter's opinion that Mr. Albus Dumbledore may have been the behind the chaos. There are only two people that I am aware of with the power to have caused something like this, and those two people are; Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts, Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot, and Supreme Mugwump, the other one is the Dark Lord.

If Mr. Dumbledore has done this, then we must ask ourselves if he is truly on our side or his own side. Whatever the reason is, you can be rest assured that I will do everything that I can to bring you the truth.

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Dumbledore looked like a fool in the articles and he knew it. He wanted to go down there and hex every person who worked in the offices of the Daily Prophet. However, he knew that if he were to do something like that, then everyone would believe the articles and turn their backs to him.

What Albus Dumbledore was unaware of was that everyone person who every had faith in him were beginning to question that faith. Many wondered with every article if they maybe to blame for the man's behavior and at having so much control over their lives.

Unknown to Dumbledore there was another movement starting to surface and this movement would eventually become a third group involved in the war. This group of people believed that magic was not inherently evil, nor was it truly light like the man told everyone. They believed that magic was just that, magic.

Until now, those who believed in what some would call grey, or the in-between followed Albus Dumbledore. Even though they didn't agree with his strong affirmation that there was a light and a dark to magic, he was the only one they could follow without having to give everything they knew away. However, that was changing and it was all due to the articles in the Daily Prophet.

[illegible]

The courtroom once again looking like it did before Harry nearly destroyed it. The room was again occupied to the brim by the anxious wizards and witches to hear more in the case of Harry Potter. The judge looked more like his usual stern self instead of the frazzled man who went scurrying to his office.

James was now back on the stand looking a little worn. After all, he did suffer a dislocated shoulder and a mild concussion from when he went slamming into the wall.

Dumbledore calmly strolled up to the podium to begin further question his witness. "Yesterday, you told us that your son attacked." James nodded at this statement. "Was he able to hurt you in anyway?"

Yes, somehow, he threw me across the room, and I hit the wall." James replied sadly and turning his eyes downward.

Unlike yesterday, there wasn't a single gasp or whisper. It was almost like they had expected something like this to be said by the man. Also, it did not go unnoticed by Dumbledore and he inwardly cringed at their reaction.

"Can you tell us how he was able to do this?"

"I don't know how he did it. After that he told us to stay away from him or he'd do worse then that."

"Do you have any idea why your son is acting this way? I would assume like everyone here, that he would be thrilled to have his parents back."

"I thought he would too, especially since we haven't been there for him until now. I had hoped that we could be a family once again. As to why he would say and do what he did, I can only make assumptions."

"And what are those assumptions?"

"I believe that it is the way he was raised. I don't think that he has had any good role models in his life, especially Sirius Black. He seems to believe that he doesn't have to respect anyone and that he can take care of himself."

"Isn't Sirius Black a friend of yours?"

"He was, but not anymore. We had a falling out, but I hope that one day we can work it out."

"If you hope to work things out with Mr. Black, then why would you suggest that he isn't a good role model for your son?"

"Back in school, Sirius was known for his immaturity and his upbringing. His family was and still is known to be into the Dark Arts. Then there's the Azkaban issue. He was in there for several years and everyone knows that most prisoners tend to be driven insane."

"Are there any other reasons that you can think of that might make your son act the way he is?"

"Well, there's one, but I'm not really sure if I want to think about it."

"And what is that one?" Albus asked, his eyes once again twinkling brightly.

"It's his scar, the one the killing curse caused when he was a baby."

"What about it?"

"He gets these visions from the Dark Lord, and I think that they may be a part of why he acts the way he does."

"Objection, Your Honor. His answer is hearsay, and I request for it to be stricken from the record."

Before the Judge made his decision he turned and looked at James.
"Mr. Potter, have you seen any of these visions?"

"No, I've only been told about them."

The judge nodded, satisfied with the answer. "The answer will be stricken as hearsay."

Dumbledore ended his questioning of James after eliciting that the man loved his son very much and his belief that Harry needs the guidance that only parents can provide.

Mr. Strathmore stood up and walked over to the podium. He had a calm appearance at the moment, but inside he was a bundle of excitement. After the discussions that he had last night with Harry and his family, he found himself wanting to stick it James and Dumbledore.

"Mr. Potter, you stated that your son was acting arrogant, but is it not true that you are the one who is arrogant?" He asked.

"No I am not arrogant!"

"Did you not tell my client that he had to do anything you said because you are his father?"

"Yes, he does have to obey. He is just a kid. And I am his father." James stated firmly.

"Yes, you are his father, but have you not been gone most of his life?"

"I've been dead."

"I am aware of what you told this court yesterday, but is that not a lie?"

"No it isn't a lie! It's the damn truth and you know it!" James roared and his face turned livid. Whispers broke out at his behavior throughout the courtroom.

"Very well, I will move on then. You said your son attacked you. Could you tell us why?"

"I already told you why."

"Did you do anything to provoke him? Was he defending himself from a perceived threat?"

"No I did not provoke my God damn son! And no I was not a threat to him! All he had to do was shut up and listen!" James roared now standing.

"Mr. Potter! You will sit down and lower your voice. This is not your home and you will show some respect." The Judge told him in a clipped tone. James looked at the judge briefly with a nasty glare before sitting back down. "Thank you Mr. Potter."

"Mr. Potter, if, as you stated earlier that your son attacked you; then please explain to the court why you would want him returned to you?"

"Just because he attacked me in anger doesn't mean that I don't love him. I died protecting him. I've been given a second chance, and I want to be there for him."

"That may be true, but why does it mean that he has to give up his emancipation? Can't you still be there for him? Can't you help guide him in the way that you say he needs?"

"No, I cannot. He isn't an adult and you know it. He needs to be with me and my wife. He needs the loving and guiding that only a parent can give."

"Is it true that you have blocked him from his vault?"

James' jaw dropped at this question. He hadn't expected anyone, let alone Harry to know that he had blocked him from his vault. He didn't know how to answer the question and it was showing on his face.

"Mr. Potter, please answer the question. Did you or did you not block your son from being able to gain access to his own vault."

"Yes, yes I did." James finally answered knowing that he couldn't lie, especially if by some chance the man had papers to prove what he asked.

"Why would you do that if you want your son back?"

"Because, I hoped that by doing it he would come back on his own."

"Don't you think that by doing such a thing would only drive him further away?"

"No I didn't. Besides that is why we're having this trial." James sneered.

"You also mentioned that you believe Mr. Black is a bad influence on your son because of his family. Is it not true that Mr. Black was disowned because he refused to follow them in the Dark Arts?"

"Objection, Mr. Potter cannot testify to what happened to someone else, if he wasn't a party to it." Dumbledore stated, clearly not wanting to get into this at all.

"Your Honor, Mr. Potter stated earlier that he was indeed a friend of Mr. Blacks. In the light of that, I do believe he would be able to tell us what he knows." Mr. Strathmore replied calmly, looking over at the judge.

"Yes, I do believe you're correct on that matter. Objection is overruled."

"Yes he was disowned because of the opposite beliefs that he held with his family."

"Then how can you say he is a bad influence. Wouldn't it be better if Mr. Black was there to help guide him away from the Dark Arts?"

"No it would not. Sirius is too immature and impulsive to be able to guide a child."

"But you did make Mr. Black your sons' Godfather?"

"Yes I did."

"If he is such a bad influence, then why would you have ever done such a thing?"

"Sirius was my friend at the time and I thought he would be good for Harry."

“So, since Mr. Black is no longer your friend, he isn't a good role model.” Before James could reply, Mr. Strathmore stated that he had no further questions and went back to his table.

Once James had taken his seat once again, Mr. Strathmore stood to address the judge.

“Your Honor in light of Mr. Potter's attitude I do not believe that he would be a good parent for his son. I would ask the court to dismiss all claims and allow my client to stay an emancipated adult. I would also like to point out that my client is no longer, Mr. Potter. He is in fact the Head of the Black family and has been adopted into the family, therefore, making him Harry James Potter-Black.”

“That is impossible!” James roared and jumped to his feet. Lily put a comforting hand on his arm, but he only shook it off. “There is no way in hell that I am going to allow anyone to adopt my son or be emancipated! He is my son and he will be coming home with us!”

Dumbledore knowing that their case was going down the proverbially muggle drain, he stood up to intervene before James made it even worse.

“Your Honor, Mr. Potter cannot be adopted without the consent of his parents and the Ministry. I therefore request that in light of this newest revelation, we continue with the case and find out exactly how this was done. It may turn out that it is just a ruse or even illegal.”

“I do have to agree with you Mr. Dumbledore that we should continue this trial. I, however, do not agree with you that it could be illegal. There are no known ways a person can be illegally adopted. Call your next witness.” The Judge said to Dumbledore.

Lily walked up to the chair silently hoping that her plan would work. It just had to she thought as she sat down.

“Mrs. Potter, could you explain to the court why you want custody of your son?”

"I love him with all my heart. I know that I have done some awful things to him, but I would like to be given the chance to prove just how much I love and care for him. I want to be there to see him graduate. I want to be there when he gets married. I want to see my grandchildren. But above all else, I just want to make him happy."

"Is it true that your son attacked your husband?"

"Yes, I'm afraid that he did." Her voice filled with sadness.

"Do you believe that your son isn't mature enough to be considered an adult?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe that he is a threat not only to himself, but others as well?"

"I don't think he's a threat to others. I do agree that he is a threat to himself."

"If he was to be returned to your custody; do you think he could be guided away from any destructive behavior?"

That question by Dumbledore caused something to stir deep down inside. She knew what it was and for once she was going to allow it out. A smirk soon appeared on her lovely face and a steely look came into her eyes. To those that could see her face clearly, she looked like a woman who was about to attack someone who was trying to hurt their child. Even Dumbledore saw it and wondered what she was about to say in answer to his question.

"My son doesn't have a destructive behavior. He has been through too much in his young life and is just angry at the world. I don't understand how you can stand there and act like my son is some kind of monster who is going to kill everyone around him.

You are as bad as James is when it comes to your twisted ideas of Harry. My son is a good kid even with what he has been put through. I am sick and tired of listening to some old man who thinks he knows

what is right for everyone. I am my own person and I am not going to sit idly by and allow you to destroy my son or my life any longer.” She coldly replied with venom dripping from her mouth.

Dumbledore's face had grown redder with every statement Lily had made. The twinkle that was always present had died out when she started saying that Harry wasn't destructive. He saw that she was effectively going against what he told her to do and there wasn't a single thing he could do to stop her. So, not knowing what else to ask her, he turned it over to Mr. Strathmore before heading back to his seat.

He dropped down into the chair in an uncharacteristic manner, and began to fume quietly. It was obvious that they were going to lose the case and that he would have to think of another plan in getting Harry back under control.

James had sat through his wife's testimony with a shocked expression. His thoughts becoming a jumbled mess with questions about why she was going against them and if maybe she was right in what they were doing to their son. But he shook his head slightly to clear his mind of the thoughts, completely unaware that his mentor had returned to his seat.

Harry was also sitting there shocked at what his mother had just said. He couldn't be sure that his ears had heard her correctly. To him it almost sounded like she was actually backing him and standing up to his father and Dumbledore. At least that's what he thought he heard her say. However, it didn't matter to him whether she did or didn't stand by him. She'd made her bed and now she was going to be forced to sleep in it. And that was one thing he was certain about.

Mr. Strathmore was a little uncertain of how he should play it with Lily. Like all of the others, he had expected her to be behind the other two men, just as she had been doing all these years. Now, or at least on the surface it looked like the smart red head was actually standing up for herself once again.

“Mrs. Potter, in your earlier testimony, you mentioned that you had done things to your son. Could you tell us what those things were?” Mr. Strathmore asked, trying not to sound confused.

“We left him with my sister, just like she said yesterday.”

“Are you telling us, that what your husband testified to earlier about having awakened at Hogwarts, was a lie? That neither one of you died?”

“Yes, we went into hiding because we had to.”

“Your husband cannot be lying because of the charm, are you aware of that?”

“Yes I am aware of it, but at the same time I cannot lie either.”

This was now getting very confusing for everyone, including the jury. Two people took the charm and being unable to lie, are telling two completely different stories. The judge began to think that he should just continue the testimony tomorrow, but he was now more curious than ever about what Mrs. Potter had to say. And so, he allowed it to continue.

“Who suggested that you go into hiding and leave your son behind?”

“Albus Dumbledore.”

“Why would the Headmaster of Hogwarts and the Head of the Wizengamot tell you to leave your son behind like that?”

“I cannot say, without the information getting into the wrong hands.”

“Mrs. Potter, you are required to answer all questions.” The judge reprimanded her,

“I understand that, but I have sworn on my magic not to discuss that matter. I'm sorry. If I could discuss it, I would gladly tell what I know.”

“Very well Mrs. Potter. Please move on Mr. Strathmore.”

The first witness for the defense was none other than Harry, himself. There was a collective gasp at his name being called. They all expected him to be the last one to testify, but it seemed that things had changed.

"Mr. Potter-Black, you have heard from several witnesses including your parents that you have an anger problem and are irresponsible. Is any of this true?"

"Well, I may have an anger issue, but it's not like they say it is."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have had to take care of myself since I can remember. My aunt and uncle made me do all of the chores around the house, including the cooking. In school I didn't have anyone to turn to when I was being bullied by my cousin and his friends. So, I again had to learn to take care of myself in various situations. I get angry when people treat me as if I am this little kid who is breakable and can't understand things. I get angry when people feel they know what is best for my well-being. Yes, I know that they care, but at the same time, it makes me angry because they don't think I can make my own decisions. Another thing that makes me angry is how I have been manipulated into doing things that I would ordinarily not do."

"Can you give us any examples of the times when you believe that someone manipulated you?"

Harry nodded. "In my second year of school the Chamber of Secrets was opened. The Headmaster had known that it was the second time and did nothing to find where the entrance was or to stop the basilisk that was inside. He allowed three thirteen year old children, myself included to find where it was and what the monster was. When I went inside with my best friend, Ron Weasley, the headmaster's phoenix, the sorting hat and the sword of Gryffindor were sent down there to help me. If Dumbledore wasn't involved in getting me down there, then I guess I am stupid."

"Are there any other incidents that you can think of?"

“Yes, my first year. That was the year that I and my two friends went after the Sorcerer's Stone. It started before school when Hagrid had taken me to Diagon Alley. When we went to Gringotts to go to my vault, we also made another stop to pick up the stone that was in another vault.

The day that we went after the stone, we were told that the headmaster had left to go to the ministry on urgent business. We tried to tell Professor McGonagall that the stone was in danger, but she would listen to us. So, we were forced to go save it. There were all these enchantments and such that were protecting the stone, but we were able to get past every single one of them without any real trouble. When I came face to face with Professor Quirrell, he was looking into the Mirror of Erised. I knew what the mirror was because during the holidays, I had found it in another part of the castle.

The whole thing seems to have been some type of manipulation to get me to do these tasks. The only reason I can think of for this being done is very simple. They were testing me to see how much I knew, and just how far I was willing to follow Albus Dumbledore with no regard to my own life.

Then in my fourth year, he allowed me to be a participant in the triwizard tournament. I was only fourteen and the rules stated that the participants had to be at least seventeen. I was also given help along the way from several professors, including the fake Moody and Hagrid. Again, it was as if the headmaster knew what was happening and wanted me to be involved. Then in the end I would feel even more comfortable around him and not question the things that he wanted me to do.”

“What about your anger towards those who keep secrets from you?”

“I admit, like I already said that I have anger problems there. Last year is a good example of that. I was having these strange visions or dreams or whatever you want to call them. I tried to speak with the headmaster about these, but he would refuse to look at me and then only told me that I had to study Occlumency with Professor Snape. He wouldn't give me any answers about why I had to learn this or,

why it had to be the professor. I was also angry then because of what the ministry, the papers, and Dolores Umbridge were doing to me.

I am not a child like they believe that I am. I never truly have been because of the way I grew up and have had to go through since I came into the magical world. I want people to see that and allow me to make decisions for myself. I am not asking to be given leniency when I do something wrong or stupid. What I am asking for is to just be given a chance to be myself, and not some type of weapon to be used when the time is right.”

“What did Miss Umbridge do that got you angry?”

“The first thing she did was to tell everyone that I was a liar and an attention seeker; which I can safely say is far from the truth. I hate my fame and just want to be myself.

She then proceeded to put me in detention whenever I stood up for my beliefs and the truth. Those detentions made the anger I already had towards her even stronger.

You see, in those detentions I had to write lines. The lines that I had to write were; I will not tell lies. Now, I don't have a problem with writing lines if I have done something wrong. However, I did nothing wrong and never told a lie to her or any student. Still, I did them, but she wouldn't allow me to use my own quill to write them. Instead, she gave me a special one and said that I had to use it to write the lines.

At first I shrugged it off and accepted the quill without complaint. However, when I went to start writing the first line I felt a searing pain on the back of my hand. I looked down and saw that what I was writing on the parchment was now writing on the back of my hand. It turned out that she was making me use a blood quill to do the lines.

By the time the school year ended, the words were now etched into the back of my hand. I still have the words written there and you can see them clearly if the light is just right.”

“Are you normally angry?”

"No, I don't think I am. My real family and friends don't think that either. I'm sure that if they did I wouldn't have them by my side."

"Is it true that you formed an illegal club last year?"

"Yes and no. The club was all about defense because we weren't being allowed to practice any spell in our class. We didn't get a professor's approval or have one there when we held the meetings. So I guess it was illegal in that aspect. However, later in the year all clubs were banned and became illegal because of a ministry decree that Dolores Umbridge passed.

No I did not start the club. The idea was brought to me by my friend, Hermione Granger. She thought it would be a good idea since we weren't learning anything. She wanted me to be the one to teach the others because defense is my best class. I scoffed at that idea because I don't think of myself as a leader or a teacher. I am just a normal person, nothing special." He said and shrugged his shoulders.

"In the end she and several other friends convinced me to do it. I have to admit that in the end I began to like the idea of teaching others and seeing their success. I also came to see it as more of a study group.

We were a bunch of students who were practicing the spells that we either had already learned or were reading about in our class. We did have our O.W.L.S. at the end of the year. So this turned out to be a great way of studying for them. Not only did we practice defense spells, but we also practiced charms and transfiguration."

"Is it true that you attacked your father?"

"Well, I don't really know if it was me or not." Harry answered sounding unsure.

"What do you mean that you're not sure that it was you?"

"It happened the day that I found out that the parents that I had been told had died trying to protect me had instead abandoned me. I was very angry at the news, especially since I had to find out about it from

a friend and not them or Dumbledore. In my anger I stormed into Grimmauld Place to see them and many others talking. I began shouting and screaming that they weren't my parents and that they had abandoned me. Well, my father," Harry spit the name. "He was telling me that I had to do whatever he said and that I had no choice in the matter. I got even angrier at this and started yelling even louder.

The next thing that I saw was James Potter starting towards me with what was a look of fury on his face. Somehow, when he tried to grab me, he went flying backwards into a wall. It was at the point that I proceeded to tell them that I was emancipated and that if they didn't leave me alone I would leave the wizarding world for good." Harry heard the collective gasp of shock with what he had just said. He couldn't help smiling inwardly at what was going through their minds at the moment. He knew that they didn't want him leaving and that made the situation all the better for him.

"Why would you leave the wizarding world?"

"I have been through too much and now have to deal with parents that at one time I believed loved me is just more than I can handle. I mean, how would anyone feel if they were to find that everything they'd ever been told about their parents were a lie. That instead of loving you and dying to protect you, in reality left you behind to start a new life.

Another reason is simply because I am tired of having the weight of the world on my shoulders. I may not be a child mentally, but I am still a teen and everyone expects me to save them.

"You're father and another witness stated that you are arrogant and spoiled. Are they correct in their assessment of you?"

"No, I am in no way arrogant or spoiled. I have never been spoiled in my life. My aunt and uncle did the exact opposite. The clothes that I was given were my cousins and the pair of glasses that I had were because of a teacher at my primary school.

I can't see how growing up like that would make a person arrogant. I like to think of myself as more of a humbled person who is grateful for the chances that I have been given."

"Why do you think they would say these things about you?"

"The only reason I can guess is that those traits are perceived to be part of the boy-who-lived. That it would be expected of someone who had defeated an evil man in their life. However, what I did was nothing special. I was just a baby when it happened and I don't even know why I am still here instead of being dead."

"Now, could you explain to the court about your adoption and being the head of the house of Black?"

"When Sirius Black died, he made me his sole heir. Even though he had been disowned by his family, they did not do it the proper way, and so he was still considered the head of the family. So, when he made his will he made me the head of the family. However, since I was not an actual Black, I was only considered a figure head. Also, since I was considered emancipated I couldn't be adopted by him when he came back.

We did however find an ancient adoption ritual that would allow anyone to be adopted into a family through the ritual. We also found that we could use the ritual to make me the head of the family. At first I wasn't sure about being the head of the family, especially since Sirius was alive and a true Black. But he convinced me that he would rather it be me as the head of the family. He told me that he trusted me enough to make the right decisions and that he would be there to help me when I needed it.

To do the ritual we had to trust one another fully. That meant that we couldn't hold any untrustworthy feelings towards one another. I did have some at first. The feelings that I had were all because of what he had done, making me feel like I had been the one to cause his death. But what I didn't know was that he had left me a message in his will that he was still alive, or at least he was at the time that he had made the will.

Through a long night of yelling and crying we were able to get beyond that and the guilt that I had kept inside. Once that was done we did the rituals and they worked. I am now a Black and the head of the family. There is also a special parchment in the adoption department here at the ministry that will show what I am saying to be true."

"Why have you kept your given name?"

"Just because my parents are cruel and abandoned me doesn't change the fact that I am a Potter. To drop that part of me would be a dishonor to those Potters who did not do anything to me. They deserve respect and I will respect them for as long as I am alive."

"Thank you." Mr. Strathmore said before turning the questioning over to Dumbledore.

"Mr. Potter, you have stated that you are not a reckless individual. However, you have admitted to having broken many rules in school and putting yourself in very dangerous situations. How can you sit there and contradict yourself with those two statements?"

"They are not a contradiction. I would never have broken any of the rules, thereby putting myself or anyone else in danger if you hadn't been so willing to sit back and do nothing to stop Tom and his Death Eaters from getting what they wanted." Harry stated calmly.

"I did no such thing. You know very well that I would have stepped in and stopped any of those things from happening."

"No, you wouldn't and you didn't. I came to you along with Hermione in my third year with the truth about Sirius Black and you did nothing to correct the mistake. Instead, you told me and Hermione in a cryptic manner that we should use a time turner and go back. That we should go back in time and save not only Sirius' life from the Dementors but also Buckbeak.

Last year you refused to tell me anything about my dreams. You allowed them to continue and they only got worse after those lessons that I was forced to take with Snape. All he did was to force his way into my mind without telling me how to clear it. And after everyone, he

would sneer at me about how bad I was before sending me back to my room. I was always emotionally and physically drained from these lessons, lessons in which you told me to tell everyone were either detentions or remedial potions.

Then towards the middle of the year, you ran away like a coward from Umbridge and Fudge, leaving a bunch of students behind to deal with a vindictive power hungry woman. You even allowed your own professors to be subjected to her ruthlessness and discriminatory attitude. You allowed her to go as far as to form an inquisitorial squad that was made up of the students that were known to have Deatheater parents. You allowed her to try and cast the 'Cruciatus' on me.

If I was a reckless person then I would have put myself in those positions, but I did not. I was forced into them by you and many others who thought that they would be good lessons in how to defend myself.

On top of all that, right after the battle here at the ministry you didn't even allow me to grieve. You saw how angry and upset I was, but all you did was to dump the weight of the world on my shoulders. And even after having done that, you forced me back to my relatives where you knew I wasn't wanted and I surely didn't want to be. All you would say was that it was for my safety because of some ancient blood magic that my dear mother used and that I had to live with my only relative even if she hated me.

All during this you knew that my parents were alive and that I wished I had known them. You stood there watching me when I was looking into the Mirror of Erised in my first year. You were aware that my greatest desire at the time was to have a family and that I saw my parents in the mirror. Still, you never did anything to help me except to keep forcing me into situations that no one should ever be put in.

You gave me my fathers' invisibility cloak with a note that said use it well. A cloak that would allow me to sneak around the castle without being caught out after curfew. You knew all of this as you have always made it known that you know exactly what goes on in Hogwarts.

So why don't you tell me how I put myself into these situations when you gave me the tools to do it either through your inactions or by your direct actions?"

"I am not the one who is on trial here." Dumbledore stated firmly.

"No, you are not, but in my opinion, you should be the one on trial for having put innocent children in harms way."

"You mentioned your dreams. What were these dreams and did they affect your daily routine."

"Yes they did affect my daily life. These dreams were not real dreams, but visions from Tom Riddle. It turns out; this damn scar that I have is a connection to that vile man. Whenever he is angry or extremely happy I can feel it, and sometimes even see what he is doing. It was through that connection that I believed Sirius was in danger here at the ministry.

The Occlumency lessons only made my mind weaker, and therefore, I was more susceptible to that man's mind. I was always tired and angry every day because of them and how I wasn't getting any answers to what was happening to me."

"Do you not believe that you need the guidance that your parents can give you with this connection of yours and your anger?"

"No, I do not. I am already getting all of the help and guidance that I need from my real family and friends. They understand what I am going through, and why it is happening. They are the ones who love me and are making sure that I am able to withstand any problems that may arise from my connection or anger.

Most of the anger that I have is directed at them. They were the ones to leave me behind. Abandoning me to a life of being alone and unloved. I do not want anything to do with people who would willingly do that to a child."

“Isn't the attitude that you are portraying at the moment, arrogant and that of a spoiled child who isn't getting what he wants?”

“I do not see it as arrogant or spoiled in anyway. I am sitting here simply explaining how I feel about my parents and what has happened to me in my life. I am by no means a spoiled child who stomps his foot and whines when he doesn't get his way. I leave that to Draco Malfoy.

I have been forced to grow up in a very short time and am now capable of making my own decisions. My life is just that, my life and I would like to be able to live it the way that I see fit. If having a lot of confidence is arrogant, then you can say that I am.”

“Would you leave the wizarding world to the Dark Lord if you didn't get your way?”

“Yes, I would. I may be older then most sixteen year olds, but I am still sixteen. I should never have been forced to become the savior of the entire world at such an early age. I haven't finished schooling and it is expected that I be the one to defeat Tom and his band of merry thugs. I believe that people should stand up and defend themselves instead of relying on one person to come to their rescue.” He explained once again, but expanding on it a little more.

“Isn't that being selfish?”

“No it isn't. I believe in standing up and fighting for what I believe in. But, if I can do that, then why can't anyone else do it as well?”

Dumbledore realizing that he wasn't going to get Harry to slip up he decided to change his tactics. “You admitted that you attacked your father. Isn't that a sign of how angry you are and in need of help?”

“I said I didn't attack him directly. I explained that I do not know what actually happened. And it was him that came at me. Not the other way around as you would like everyone to believe.”

Albus didn't know what to do at this point. He couldn't even shake the calm demeanor that Harry was showing. The boy was in fact proving

that he was mature enough to handle himself as an adult. Since he was at a loss as to what he should ask next, he decided to just end his questioning.

Mr. Strathmore stood up once again and asked if he could ask a few more questions. He'd been told to do this by Harry. At first he hadn't been sure why, but after having sat there listening to the name that he used several times, he had an idea what it was about.

He was given the approval to ask his questions and he gladly walked over to the podium.

"Mr. Potter-Black could you tell us who Tom Riddle is?"

"Tom Riddle is known as Lord Voldemort or the Dark Lord. He like me is a half-blood. His mother was a witch and his father was a muggle. She had fallen in love with the man and seeing that he didn't love her, used a love spell on him. When she quit using the spell, he found out what she had done to him and immediately left her and his son behind.

His mother then died a lonely and broken hearted woman in childbirth. This caused Tom to be sent to an orphanage where he was continuously bullied and treated lower than a flobberworm. He became very angry and sullen at how he was treated. He knew that his mother had died in giving birth to him and that his father hated him. He began to hate his father even more after having found this out.

He became mesmerized by the Dark Arts and delved into them deeper and deeper than anyone should. At first it was out of sheer curiosity that he studied them, but it later became much more than that. He found that he could use them as a way to seek vengeance on his father and those who he believed to be either beneath him or did something to harm him.

Many times during his years at Hogwarts he had asked to stay at the castle over the holidays because he didn't want to go back to the orphanage. And every time, Albus Dumbledore refused to allow him to do this. He even got the Headmaster at that time to agree with him

that Tom Riddle should be sent back to the orphanage. This only caused his anger and hatred to grow even more at the fact that no one would help him in anyway.

By the time he was in his seventh year, he had become so immersed in the dark arts that they consumed him, thanks to all of the deep seeded anger and hatred that he held inside.

Also by then, he no longer considered himself a half-blood because of what his father had done. Instead he looked at himself as a pure blood wizard who was powerful.

He was a wonderful speaker who could mesmerize anyone into believing in his cause. With that ability, he began to gain friends and followers. These people were always ones who had similar problems or felt that they didn't belong to society. They began to look at him as a leader and soon he began formulating his plan to destroy the muggle world and all half-bloods and muggle-born's.

He took his given name and changed it through an anagram to Lord Voldemort. He believed then and still does that he is the only true leader of the wizarding world. He believes that anyone not of pure blood is beneath him and should be killed on sight. That also includes anyone who supports half-bloods and muggle-born's."

"How do you know so much about the man?"

"I found out a lot of it from the man himself, or his teenage self in the Chamber of Secrets. He gloated about how he hated half-bloods and muggle-born's. He was the one to tell me that he was a half-blood. The rest I learned from Albus Dumbledore."

"Albus Dumbledore knew that this Tom Riddle is the Dark Lord?"

"Yes, he does know and knew back before he gained so much power. Yet, he did nothing to stop the man from rising in power."

"Thank you."

After Harry had taken his seat, Mr. Strathmore called his next witness. "I call Mr. Sirius Black to the stand."

Sirius stood and headed for the stand to be given the oath before he began his testimony.

"Mr. Black, you have known James and Lily Potter since you days at Hogwarts. Could you tell us in your opinion, if what they did to their son is like the people you knew?"

"No, it isn't like them at all. Well, at least it isn't like Lily to have done something like this. Now James, well he did always believe himself to be better than most of the other students. He was a very arrogant person until his seventh year. That year I thought he had changed because he wanted to go out with Lily and she refused until then.

That year he'd been made Head Boy and she had been made Head girl. He quit being so arrogant and full of himself. When he had done this, Lily saw a different James Potter. And so, she agreed to go out with him and they eventually got married.

However, I have seen that the arrogant self-centered person that he used to be was only hiding underneath his facade. I can't understand why he is acting this way now.

I know that when Harry had been born, James was happier than I'd ever seen him. He doted on his son and always wanted the best for him. He would always talk about how his son would be a great Quidditch player when he went to Hogwarts or that he would be a ladies man. Lily was the same way as James."

"Why would they abandon him if they loved him like you say?"

"I honestly don't know why they would have done this. The only thing that makes any sense is that they decided they would be safer without having their son with them. And that they saw him as a magnet for the Dark Lord."

"But why would they see him in such a way?"

"I don't know the full answer to that. All I know is that they were on the man's hit list and had to go into hiding."

"Have you ever seen Harry Potter-Black act in an immature and irresponsible manner?"

"Yes, I have. However, the times that I did see this were times when he was forced into taking control of a situation where he didn't belong in the first place. For an example, last year when he believed I was being held captive here at the ministry. He tried getting a hold of me at my home, but got the house-elf instead. That house-elf told him I wasn't there. Not being able to get a hold of another professor about what he had found out or assumed to be true, he and a few of his friends came here to rescue me.

It was a very reckless thing to do, but he believed that the only person who truly cared and loved him for who he is was in trouble.

For as long as I've known him, Harry has never actively gotten himself into a dangerous situation. He would rather just be a teenager and have the normal worries of one. However, it seems that trouble and dangerous situations are always coming to him.'

"Why did you adopt him and allow him to become the Head of the Black family?"

"I adopted him because in my eyes he is the son that I never was blessed with. As to the Head of the Black family, well that is simple. I believe Harry will be the one to change the stigma that there is on the family name. I believe that he is capable of making the family a much stronger and admired one by being who he is."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Harry is a very loving and caring person. He is not one to seek revenge for the wrongs that have been committed on him. He would rather turn the other cheek than hurt another person for such things. He tries to see the good in everyone and those that are known as dark creatures. He has made friends with many people from other

houses, centaurs and house-elves. He believes that everyone is equal and that no one is above another.

These are the attributes of a true head of a family. They are also the ones that have been lacking in the black family for years. That is why I allowed and wanted him to be the head of the family."

"But doesn't that mean you answer to him?"

"Yes it does. However, he has made it clear that I am able to be who I am and that I don't have to change just for him. He has accepted me and my faults completely, and therefore is already showing why he is the best candidate."

"What about the finances and the other aspects of running a family, is he capable of them?"

"Yes, he is capable of handling them. He also knows his limitations and lack of knowledge when it comes to these matters. He has stated that he wants me to help him learn exactly how to manage all of the funds, businesses and other things that are involved in controlling a large family."

"Have you ever seen him angrier than a normal teenager?"

"Yes, last year when he was being forced to go to trial because of his defending himself and his cousin. He was angry and yelled about the injustice of what the ministry was doing to him. At the same time he was extremely scared because he was afraid that they would expel him from Hogwarts and maybe send him to Azkaban.

Another time was when he'd been taken those lessons. He was very upset and angry that he didn't know why he had to take them and how he was being treated in the lessons by Professor Snape."

"Thank you Mr. Black?"

"Mr. Black, you stated that James Potter is acting arrogant and selfish when it comes to his son. But weren't you as arrogant as him in school, and still are?" Dumbledore asked the man.

“When I was in school I was arrogant and I did think myself above all others. That however changed for the better when I was thrown into Azkaban. I had a lot of time to look back and found that I was a stupid teenager in my beliefs and the things that I did back then. I regret each and every one of them today.

And as for today, no I am not arrogant or cocky. Yes, I am better then some when it comes to believing that everyone is equal or that I can do some magic others cannot. However, that doesn't me arrogant or cocky, but rather confident.

“Did you or did you not fake your own death? And did you or did you not act immaturity in this manner, allowing Mr. Potter to believe that he was the one to cause your death?”

“Yes I did fake my own death. However, I had not planned to fake my own death. I actually planned on going after the traitor, Peter Pettigrew when the attack at the ministry happened. I just used the situation to get myself free.

You should know that Dumbledore. It was you who insisted that I be locked up in that house. Where you knew I hated to be because of the memories that were there. You were always telling me that we couldn't do anything to capture Peter and that I needed to be kept safe.

You knew how much I wanted my freedom. How desperate I was to be the godfather that I should always have been to Harry. But you forbade me from even writing to him during the summer. You also forbade his friends from doing that as well.”

“So you acted immature and irresponsible in what you did. Does this not show that you are not a good role model for Mr. Potter?”

“No I do not think it does in anyway. I planned out exactly what I was going to do and even left a message for Harry. Harry has been able to see that what I did, I had to do. I regret it and always will. If you had only been willing to help me instead of be a hindrance, I would never have been forced to do something so crazy and dangerous.”

“In your fifth year of school, did you not send a fellow student into a dangerous situation with a known werewolf?”

“Yes, unfortunately I did. Now that I look back on it, I wish I hadn't done it. It was a stupid thing to do and I wish I could change it. However, I cannot. All I can do is learn from my stupid mistake. And that is something that I can teach Harry.”

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The next witness to be called was Hermione and she looked like she had a lot to say by the stern expression on her face.

“Miss Granger, is Mr. Potter-Black immature and irresponsible?”

“No, he's far from those things. If it hadn't been for him and Ronald Weasley I would have been killed in my first year by a troll that had been released into the school. He has always put everyone else above himself and tried to help them. He isn't one to hold grudges or intentionally inflict harm on another person. He is always going out of his way to make sure that others are happy. Harry is a little too selfless in this manner. He needs to start putting himself ahead of others for once.

“Did you go involuntarily with him after the Sorcerer's Stone?”

“No, I did not. I went willingly because we couldn't get a professor to listen to us. We were the only ones who knew that the Dark Lord was after the stone and had to stop him. The Headmaster even gave us house points for what we did in rescuing the stone.”

“He gave you house points for breaking the rules and going into a very dangerous situation?”

“Yes he did. He gave all three of us fifty points and gave Neville Longbottom five points for trying to stop us. If it hadn't been for the house points, Slytherin would have won the cup that year.”

“What about last year? Did you go involuntarily with him to the ministry?”

“Of course I didn't! That is just ludicrous to think I would have been forced to do anything I didn't want to do. I went with him because I knew that he would need help. That was why we all went. He tried talking us out of it by saying that he didn't want to put us in danger. But we told him that we were going too and that it wasn't up for argument.”

“Have you seen him angrier then he should be?”

“Only last year and this year a little.”

“Why?”

“Last year it was because of the trial and how he thought that we weren't his friends. We weren't allowed to write him over the hols because it was too dangerous. Or at least that is what we were told.”

“Who told you this and ordered you not to write to your friend?”

“The Headmaster, Albus Dumbledore.”

“What other times last year did you see him angry?”

“Well, he was angry most of the year because of how he was being treated. He felt very alone and in the dark about what was happening. No one was telling him anything about his nightmares or why he was having them. Professor Umbridge was treating him like a little child who was lying about everything so that he could gain attention.”

“What about so far this summer?”

“He's been very angry about how his parents abandoned him and that they now want him back. He feels that his entire life has been one lie after another because of being the boy-who-lived.”

“Do you know for a fact that his parents abandoned him?”

"Yes I do. I along with a few others were eavesdropping on a conversation when Albus Dumbledore introduced the Potters to the other adults. I heard him tell the others that the Potters had gone into hiding because of their safety and their part in the upcoming war."

Dumbledore look pissed as he sat there staring at his star student telling everyone about what had been said at the meeting. The girl was showing just how sneaky she could be when it came to helping her friend. He silently vowed to take her down a peg or two when school started once again.

"Miss Granger, isn't it wrong to eavesdrop on conversations that you are not allowed to listen to?" Dumbledore asked the girl.

"Under normal circumstances, yes it is wrong."

"What made this any different?"

"Ever since last year you have refused to inform any of us what is going on with Voldemort and his followers. You have always stated that we are too young to know these things. Nevertheless, we, teenagers are the ones who are constantly being put into dangerous situations and saving you and your follower's butts. We are in just as much danger if not more because of your inactions."

"That doesn't answer my question."

"We saw the Potters come into the house and recognized them right away. We knew that something was seriously going on, and that it had something to do with our friend. Knowing that you would hide more secrets from Harry, we decided that we would find out what was going on and then tell him ourselves. We all felt and still do, that since Harry is an important part of the war he should know what is going on.

He may be a teenager in many ways, but he is far older mentally then any other teenager. And that includes myself even with all of my book knowledge. He hasn't been allowed to train for his role in this blasted war because you have never once offered it to him.

If it hadn't been for the club that we had last year, none of us would have survived the battle at the ministry. And you didn't even show up until the end when Voldemort had appeared and was going after Harry. You allowed others to come in and battle for you, especially when we all know that you are the one that Riddle fears the most.

So to answer your question, yes we eavesdropped in order to finally get some information instead of being left in the dark.”

Dumbledore was about to lose his patience with Hermione. She was doing yet more damage to his reputation and making him look like an old man who didn't care about anyone but himself.

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They broke for lunch at this point and were told to be back at one for the afternoon session. So far everything was going their way. It looked like the jury believed everything that they said and they knew this was a good thing.

Once they had returned from having lunch at the Leaky Cauldron, Mr. Strathmore stood up to call his next witness. With a small smile, he called Petunia to the stand. He watched as the woman stood up and slowly made her way to the front. He could see that she had a very determined look on her face and he couldn't help wondering exactly what she wanted to testify about.

“Mrs. Dursley, you asked to testify in this trial. Could you tell us exactly why you asked to do this?”

“I have sat here the past couple of days listening to how my nephew is irresponsible, immature and various other bad qualities. I can no longer just sit back there and listen to these lies.” She said in clipped tones that showed her displeasure for being here.

“How are these lies?”

“I do not like my nephew and that is no hidden secret. However, we instilled in him various virtues. One of them was to always be polite to your elders and never act better than another. That last part is kind of

a hard thing for us to do, especially since we believed that we were better than him and that he was a freak. I still feel that he is a freak, but I know my nephew and he is not irresponsible or immature.

If he had ever been irresponsible then the chores that we made him do would never have gotten done. He is also a very bright student when he applies himself, but we forced him to be worse because of our own son. We didn't want a freak doing better than our perfect little boy."

"Why did you take him in if you and your husband didn't like him or anything magical?"

"We were forced to by Albus Dumbledore."

"How were you forced to do this?"

"He told me that I was Harry's only living relative and that I had to take him in. I tried to protest because I didn't want him in my home. But Dumbledore said that if I didn't take him in I was only putting my own family in danger of being killed."

"How would not taking him in have put you in danger?"

"He stated that there was some kind of strange blood magic or some such thing protecting him and it would protect us as well. He said that there were evil people after him and would come to our home looking for him. He told me that they would torture us for any information regarding my nephew before they killed us. He explained that by taking him in with this strange magic it would keep us all safe from those people. He even said that they wouldn't know where we lived if we did this."

"Did you ever try to change this situation?"

"Yes I did. I told that man on more than one occasion that he needed to find somewhere else to send the boy. We didn't want to keep him even with the protection. But all that man would do was to tell me that I made a contract with him and that I had to keep my nephew."

"Thank you Mrs. Dursley."

"Mrs. Dursley, if you do not like your nephew, then why are you testifying on his behalf?" Dumbledore asked.

"I may not like him, but that doesn't mean that I am going to sit back and allow you and his parents to destroy him." She spat.

"We are not trying to destroy him. Don't you think he would be better in the custody of his parents, especially after the treatment he received in your care?"

"No I do not think he would be better with them. Yes we did treat him badly, making him do all of the chores and living in a cupboard for ten years. However, we at least gave him a roof over his head and some food. We sent him to school where he could learn like other children. We may not have been very good to him, and in many ways we treated him horribly, but we didn't do what they did." She stated and pointed her finger at James.

"His parents died and have come back. So how can you say that what they did was worse then the abuse you did?"

"Abuse, ha, he was never physically abused in anyway. Yes, we did in some ways verbally abuse him by calling him names. We did treat him like a slave also. But to say that they died and came back is just a bunch of bull shit and you know it. They never died and everyone here knows it if they would use their brains and think for once. There is no way that the dead can come back, not even in your world."

"Has your nephew ever shown tendencies towards violence or anger?"

"Only once did he show anger or vioelence, and that was towards my sister-in-law. He didn't even do it deliberately. She had been saying some awful things about his parents, especially his mother. She likened Harry and Lily to dogs. She said and I quote, "If there is something wrong with the bitch, then there is something wrong with the pup." He turned around, and yelled at her that his mother wasn't a

bitch. Suddenly, she began to blow up like a balloon and float out the back door.

When he'd seen what he did, his face became shocked and then it changed to utter fear. He ran for his room and grabbed his belongings before running out of the house. It was obvious that what he did was an accident and not done out of malice. I believe whatever happened with his freakishness was a direct cause of her words. At that time he still believed that his parents loved him and died to protect him."

"It sounds to me as if you are protecting your nephew and his dark tendencies by making excuses." Dumbledore somberly replied.

"I'm making excuse for his behavior." Petunia repeated sounding half-amused and half-angry at the man. "I'll have you know that in no way am I making excuses for him. If I was doing that, then I would never have just admitted to what my husband and I did to him over the years. I would not have sat here and admitted that we did in a way abuse him. If anyone is making excuses here, it is you old man.

I thought you were crazy the first time that I met you, but now I am more then convinced that you truly are. It is also obvious that you are a very manipulative old codger who thinks he knows everything. Well, let me just say this and I hope you can understand me." She spoke the last sentence with an unusual cold tone, and her eyes narrowed to slits.

"You do not know everything, and people are not little toys that you can make do what you want them to. People have a mind of their own and should be allowed to make their own decisions. They are not little pawns and neither is my nephew.

I don't care if all of these people think you are some wonderful loving old man. You are far from it, and I wouldn't be surprised if in your own way, you are no better then this Voldemort person is. You just seem to do things in a totally different manner; getting people to trust you and believe that you are all knowing, and willing to protect them. You and I both know you have a hidden agenda and one day it will come

to light. I just hope that I will be there that day to see just how wrong everyone is about you.”

“You cannot sit there and say those things about me. I have done nothing to you or your family.” Dumbledore sternly replied. His ire having been raised by what she said.

“I know a spade when I see one. And in my eyes you are nothing more than a spade.”

Dumbledore ended his cross examination and stormed back to his seat. He could believe the audacity of Petunia calling him names and suggesting that he was no better than Voldemort. 'How can that blasted muggle say those things about me? I am the great Albus Dumbledore, and no one questions my motives.'

“Are there any further witnesses for the defense?” The judge asked Mr. Strathmore.

“Yes, we have one more.” He hoped that Harry wouldn't be too angry at him for calling this witness, especially since he hadn't even told his client that he would be calling that person. “I would like to call Dolores Umbridge, the Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic.”

The entire room broke out in a cacophony of talking. They were all in utter disbelief that the woman who had done horrible things to their Savior was actually standing up for him. It took the judge a few minutes to get the audience to quiet down, even after threatening to have them removed.

Harry looked up at his attorney with an expression that was a cross between confusion and anger. He couldn't believe that Umbridge of all people was being called to help him in his case. He knew that everyone else that was there for him were feeling the same way that he was. He was going to voice his concern about this, but then thought better of it. A smirk appeared on his face as he decided that not only would she help his case, but at the same time bury herself with the truth. He'd get two of the things that he wanted the most out of just one idiot.

Umbridge calmly walked into the courtroom and waddled up to the stand. Once she had taken the oath, she sat down and looked expectantly at Mr. Strathmore.

"Miss Umbridge, is it true that you taught my client and his friends last year at Hogwarts?"

"Yes I did teach them."

"What did you teach them?"

"I taught Defense Against the Dark Arts." She replied dryly.

"What did you teach them in the class?"

"I taught them theory only."

"Why did you not teach them anything practical?"

"I was told by the Minister not teach anything practical. He said that he didn't want them learning how to actually use the spells. He said that Albus Dumbledore and Harry Potter were trying to build an army."

"Did you agree with him?"

"Not at first I didn't. I knew that you cannot be just taught theory without the practical aspect as well."

"What changed your mind?"

"After I reviewed what the students had learned over the past five years my opinion changed. They only had one professor who taught any theory and that was in their third year. The others were all into teaching them practical. Now you cannot have it either way. You have to teach both at the same time or else you cannot fully comprehend exactly what you are doing."

"Did you treat Mr. Potter-Black and his friends horribly?"

“Yes I did. I, like everyone else believed that the boy was only seeking attention and that he was lying about the resurrection of the Dark Lord. So I did treat him as such and made his life a living hell.”

“Why would you believe that he was lying and seeking attention?”

“One, we had no concrete proof that the Dark Lord had returned. All we had was his word. And I like many didn't believe his word. But then again, I didn't know him at all and only heard things from the Minister and Dumbledore.”

“What did you hear from them about my client?”

“I heard that he was always getting into trouble and causing fights. I was told by Cornelius that Harry was only seeking attention because of his status in the wizarding world and that he was involved in helping Dumbledore to have him removed from office.

I was told by Dumbledore that Mr. Potter was always breaking the school rules and needed to be brought down from his pedestal. He went onto tell me and the rest of the staff that we needed to keep him from leaning towards the dark side because of the way he was raised.”

“Did you use a blood quill on my client?”

“Yes I did. I was told to use one on him by the minister, himself.”

“That is preposterous! I never told you do such a thing! I just told you to make him learn his place when it came to me! He needed to learn that I am the one who has the power over the wizarding world; not some snot nosed brat!” Fudge screamed from where he was now standing in the corner of the room.

The judge didn't say admonish the minister for his disruption; instead he had the two aurors escort him out. The whole way, Fudge was kicking and screaming about how he was the minister of magic and had a right to be there. He was too blind to see the smirk that graced his undersecretary as he went.

A/N Well, I've decided to leave it as a cliffy. I know how you all dislike it, but I thought that this was a great place to end the chapter. I will have the next one up on Friday or Saturday of next week.

You will finally get the end of the trial and what happens to Harry.

Please, leave me a review and let me know what you think of this one.

Once ordered had been restored in the court room; the judge told Mr. Strathmore to continue his examination of the witness. Mr. Strathmore gave the man a slight nod of his head before turning back to Umbridge.

"Ms. Umbridge, do you know of the circumstances that have brought us here?"

"I object your honor. She, like everyone else is fully aware why we are here. I cannot see how the witness' knowledge would change the reasoning as to why we are here." Dumbledore spoke and tried to keep the seething anger out of his voice.

"I believe that the Undersecretary, being who she is, would have further knowledge that we may not be privy to." Mr. Strathmore replied.

"I happen to agree with you once again. The objection is overruled."

Dumbledore sat down heavily in his seat and glared up at Umbridge. By the redness on his cheeks and the narrowing of his eyes, it was obvious that he was angry. And an angry Albus Dumbledore is not one that you want to be around. However, Dolores Umbridge wasn't fazed one bit by his look as she let him know by the small smirk on her toad like face.

"Is there anything further that you share with this court on why we are here and how it came to be?"

Umbridge turned towards the man, the smirk now replaced with one of her trademark sweet smiles. "The reason we are here today is very simple. The day after Mr. Potter received his emancipation, Albus Dumbledore along with Lily and James Potter came to speak with the Minister. They wanted the emancipation to be reversed. From what I know, the only reason is that Albus Dumbledore wants the boy under his control. He was the one who did all of the talking, especially when James Potter started getting angry and acting arrogant."

"How do you mean James Potter was arrogant?"

“He kept shouting that Harry Potter was his son and that he was the only one who could control his son. If you ask me sir; I would say that it is not Harry Potter-Black that is the arrogant one in that family.” She replied honey and vinegar dripping off her tongue with each word.

“Are you sure of these events?”

“Yes I am very sure of them. You can even ask Cornelius. I am positive that he will tell you the same thing, if not in more depth.”

“How do you know of these events?”

“Cornelius always confides in his undersecretary. Once they'd gone, he wanted to see me. It was in that meeting that I found out about what was going on. He also told me that he was worried about doing this. He said and I quote, “Dolores, I am worried about getting on the wrong side of that blasted boy once again.”

“Thank you Ms. Umbridge. I have no further questions for this witness.” With that said, he strolled calmly back over to his seat. He saw the questioning look on Harry's face and mouthed that he would explain everything to him later.

“Ms. Umbridge, is it true that at the end of the term you tried casting the Cruciatus spell on Mr. Potter?” Dumbledore asked the woman.

“Yes I did.” Umbridge stated matter-of-factly.

“Why would you use an unforgivable on a student, especially Mr. Potter?”

“I wasn't actually planning to cast it at all. I wanted some information that he had. So, I thought that if I was to threaten him with it, he would give me that information.”

“And what was this information that you believed he had?”

“Where you were hiding and what you were doing.” She stated simply.

“Why would you want to know where I was and what I was doing?”

“Cornelius ordered me to find out and report back to him. That mans just as paranoid and manipulative as you are Albus Dumbledore.”

“Do you like Mr. Potter?” Dumbledore asked.

“No I do not.”

“Then why would you be willing top testify on his behalf?”

“Because I do not like what you are and his parents are trying to do. I may be considered a hag, a told, and all those other cruel names. I may have done some very bad things last year, but I will not stand back and allow the Potter family name to be dragged through the mud. The Potter family is an old pureblood name and it should never be treated like it has over the past sixteen years. Mr. Potter-Black has shown that even though he is a half-blood, he is much more of a Potter then his very own father. He stands up for his beliefs; never backing down or wavering in them. He is what that family has meant for several hundred years. And I for one will see that it is upheld.

You may have corrupted James Potter with your innocent act, but I for one do not buy it. I know from having worked with you last year; that you are not the man that you pretend to be. Like I said, I may not like Harry Potter-Black, but I will not stand to the side.”

Dumbledore stood there at the podium looking at the toad with a shocked expression. He had always assumed that the woman was only ever out for herself. However, her testimony had changed his ideas about the woman. And these changes were ones that he disliked. It was obvious that the woman knew more then she ever let on and he would have to keep a close eye on her. Or she may just become as big a thorn in his side as Harry was becoming.

Dumbledore asked her a few more questions before ending his questioning before going back to his seat. The case was over and he knew it. There was just no way that they could win now. All he could do was to admit his defeat and then go back to the drawing board. There was no way he could win the war without Harry's unwavering loyalty in him, just like he had with the boys' father.

"Your Honor, in light of the testimony that has been heard, my client wishes to drop his request for the emancipation to be set aside. It is obvious that Mr. Potter is capable of handling himself as an adult."

James looked up at his mentor with wide eyes. A small growl escaped his lips at Dumbledore's willingness to just drop the case. He had assumed that they would have had something they could use to gain the upper hand in the case.

Dumbledore turned his head a little and gave James a look that clearly stated that they would discuss this later.

"I would like to enquire, why you have decided to drop the case suddenly. Wasn't it you that stated we needed to continue this case no matter what happened?" The judge asked with raised brows.

"Yes that is true. I did say that just the other day. However, I was unaware of all the facts and thus made a grave error in judgment." Dumbledore replied sounding sad.

"Do you agree with Mr. Dumbledore on this matter, Mr. Strathmore?" The judge turned to look at Harry and his Barrister.

Mr. Strathmore stood up and cleared his throat. "Yes, I concur with my esteemed colleague. However, I must wonder what he is afraid of with the jury's decision." He replied with a hint of questioning.

"Yes, I do have to agree with you on that one." The judge replied thoughtfully. He turned his head once again to look at Dumbledore before speaking. "Is there any particular reasoning as to why this change of my mind?"

Dumbledore's face began to redden at the suggestion that he was up to something. Nevertheless, he quickly calmed down in order to not be seen as having gotten angry. "The only reasoning is that throughout the trial many misconceptions have been corrected. I, like Mr. Potter feel that it would be in the best interest of us all that the case is simply dismissed." Dumbledore explained and waved his hand in an offhanded manner.

“That may very well be true. And I do so happen to agree with you. Therefore, I will accept your request and dismiss this trial. However, there a few things that I must say in regards to this trial and the various revelations that it has brought forth.” The judge replied sternly.

Dumbledore stiffened at hearing these words. There was only one thought running through his head and that was, “This cannot be good.”

“I have heard from several witnesses regarding the safety of the students at Hogwarts. Through this testimony and careful consideration, I will be sending a transcript of the entire trial to the Board of Governors. I will be suggesting that they immediately start an investigation into how you have been running Hogwarts.

It is my belief that you have abused the power that the wizarding world entrusted to you when you were chosen as the Headmaster. I find that the way you not only treated Mr. Potter-Black, but also several other students is deplorable.

On another note, I am also sending not just a transcript of Mr. Longbottom's testimony, but of all witnesses to the Magical Law Enforcement Division. It is of my belief that there have been and may well be criminal acts being perpetrated.

Albus Dumbledore, you portray yourself as a scion of the light. You build trust with a grandfatherly appearance and attitude, but I am not buying that about you. You have allowed a young boy too be put into various dangerous, if not suicidal situations for your own benefit. You sent said boy to a home where he was verbally abused by his relatives. And each time that this was brought to your attention, or something drastic had happened to this child, what did you do? You sent him back there each time, when you knew that there was a family willing to take him in. I must ask myself why you would subject a child to this type of life, unless, you had a plan for him; a plan that only you knew.

Any child that is subjected to a life that is literally hell on earth should be angry, depressed, and very fearful of anyone. I, however, do not

find this within Mr. Potter-Black. What I see is a young man who has grown up, matured beyond his years. He is a young man who has taken a leadership role in society. I see a young man who asks of nothing in return, except to be loved and respected. I will say this; he has earned my respect and my loyalty.

You, Mr. Dumbledore have done nothing to earn my respect. You had it once, but after sitting here for the last few days; listening to the various witnesses, you have lost that respect. And now, all I have is loathing for you and your abilities.”

“I resent everything you are saying.” Dumbledore stated with anger clearly showing through his words and the red of his face. “I have always protected every student that has entered the halls of Hogwarts. I did not send Mr. Potter to the Dursleys for them to abuse him. It was the only place that he was safe at. And if I had known that he was being abused, I would have removed him from there immediately.

“Yes, that may well be true Mr. Dumbledore. However, I don't for a second believe your words. You were not his magical guardian nor were you ever listed as one. What you did was to circumvent the Health and Welfare of children's division of the Ministry. You used your positions to get what you wanted. Of that I am very certain of.” The judge stated in a cold tone with narrowed eyes.

“He needed to be with his family. They were the only ones that could protect him after his parents had been murdered. I only did what was right.” Dumbledore stated emphatically.

“If that was the case, then why did Mrs. Petunia Dursley state that she had on more than one occasion told you that her and her husband did not want him there? No Mr. Dumbledore, you didn't do the right thing at all. Instead, you subjected a child to horrors beyond what he should have ever seen or been through.” The judge then turned to look at James Potter and narrowed his eyes once again.

“Mr. Potter, I do not know what to believe about how you returned. That however doesn't change the fact that you have treated your son reprehensibly. You have emotionally scarred him with this trial and

treatment of him. You should be thrilled that not only are you alive and well, but that you have a wonderful son. You should be proud that he has grown up to be a very loving, selfless person. You should also be outraged at what he has been subjected too throughout his life.

Instead of any of these things, you have treated him like a baby. You have tried to suppress his individuality for your own selfish reasons. You, Mr. Potter are more despicable than Mr. Dumbledore.

I will be requesting that the MLE look into not only your treatment of your son, but also as to how you exactly returned to life. I will also suggest that they contact the Department of Mysteries for help in this matter.

I will leave you with a warning Mr. Potter. If it is found that you not only faked your death, but knowingly and willingly agreed to subject your son to abuse. I will see to it that you will be spending sometime in Azkaban for these crimes.”

“I have done nothing wrong! I did die and you damn well know it!” James shouted from his seat.

The judge however ignored his outburst and began to speak to Petunia.

“Mrs. Dursley, I commend you on coming forward and admitting to what you have done to your nephew. Very few people would willingly admit to having abused a child. And for that, you have gained a little respect from me. However, I cannot in good conscience allow your crimes to go unpunished. I will be requesting the Department of Children's welfare to investigate your behavior.

Mrs. Dursley, you were entrusted to raise a child from the age of one. You were his aunt and therefore expected to treat him as family. You were expected to guide him in decisions regarding his life. To treat him like another son, love him as one and care for his needs. However, you did none of these things that any loving parent would do. Instead, what you did was to subject him to verbal abuse and treated him like he was some type of abomination.

I am fully aware that many muggles do not like our kind and believe that we some form of evil incarnate. Nevertheless, you should be thankful that your nephew has grown into a wonderful human being. You need to remember that he has feelings, wants, and needs just like you do.

You, Mrs. Dursley are the only true family link that he has. You should. No you need to get to know him for who he is and get past your fear and hatred for his magical ability.” The judge admonished her.

Petunia couldn't help listening intently to the judge's words. She knew that he was right about everything that she had done to her nephew. In a way she felt ashamed if her actions, but it was hard to be fully ashamed. She hated magic and everything that came with it. She hated the idea of someone being able to hurt another person and get away with it by simply using a piece of wood. She also feared her nephew; afraid that he would kill her and her family.

By the time the judge had finished giving her a dressing down, she felt like crawling under a rock. She just nodded to the judge, letting him know that she had listened and understood everything he had said to her.

The judge then turned to Harry and a wide smile appeared on his face. He gave a chuckle at seeing the young man's shocked expression.

“Mr. Potter-Black, I would like to also say a few things to you. But do not worry; I have no intentions of admonishing you for your actions.” He quickly added after seeing Harry's face pale and swallow what he could only guess was a lump.

“You are a very exceptional young man. I have never seen someone of your age who has been able to control his emotions under these types of circumstances. Most teenagers would have been furious and screaming about the injustice of this trial. However, you have done the complete opposite. You have acted in a responsible and mature

manner during this trial. I have never seen a defendant act in this manner. For that I wish to tell you how proud I am of you.

You have shown wisdom beyond your years in the various adventures that you have been forced to go on. You have admitted to and taken responsibility for your actions. You have on several occasions put your own life at risk to save another. And for that I wish to thank you Mr. Potter-Black.

Still, I must admonish you one simple matter. Mr. Potter-Black, you cannot take the weight of the world and put it onto your shoulders. No matter how mature, or responsible you are; there are many who should also be willing to share this burden. Just because you did something remarkable when you were a baby does not mean that you have to continue trying to do those things.

Mr. Potter-Black, you have my full respect and wishes for a wonderful life with the family that you have gained. You have turned out far better than many grown wizards and witches. Now, I believe it's time that you live your life for yourself and be a teenager for what is probably the first time in your life.

The case is now officially closed.”

With that said, the entire room broke into a cacophony of noise. The reporters finished scribbling on their pads before hurrying out of the room. The spectators were all talking to one another about what the judge had said to the various participants in the trial.

Dumbledore quickly grabbed his papers and told to James to follow him. His voice was cold and stern as he did. The two men hurried up the aisle, but not before glancing over at Harry and giving him very angry looks promising retribution for what he had said about them.

Harry was being congratulated by Mr. Strathmore. He couldn't believe what had just happened, or the words that the judge had spoken to him off. It was the first time that someone in authority had actually believed every word he said. And this caused him to wonder if the entire world had just turned upside down, or if it was just his life that

had turned upside down. He was brought out of his thoughts by a bushy haired girl yanking him out of his seat.

“You did it Harry. I am so proud of you.” Hermione squealed as she still hugged him tightly. She was completely unaware of the glare that she was receiving from Ginny.

“Yea Kiddo, you did it.” Sirius said laughing and clapping him on the back.

“Why don't we all go out for a celebratory dinner?” Tonks asked.

Everyone quickly agreed to this as they led the silent Harry out of the room. They were all laughing and discussing what had taken place just a few minutes. Petunia kept silent as well, thinking over what the judge had said.

She had to admit that her nephew had turned out to be a wonderful person. A small pang in her heart alerted her to the fact that he had done this all on his own. Making a hasty decision; she decided to get to know her nephew and be there for him regardless of his freakishness.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

Ever since he had testified, Severus Snape had gone into hiding in muggle London. He of course disliked muggles with a passion, but it had been the only place he knew he could safely hide at. No one would ever think to look for him among muggles.

At first he had planned on still using magic for most of his everyday living, but that was quickly thrown to the side. He came to the realization that if he were to do any form of magic, then he would surely be found. And that was something he did not want to happen.

It was unclear who he was actually hiding from; Dumbledore or Voldemort. If the Dark Lord found out what his potion master had been doing at Hogwarts, or for that matter testified in Harry Potter's trial; he would kill him on the spot. Then there was Dumbledore. It was uncertain if the powerful wizard would have him thrown into

Azkaban for his prior choice of careers or force him into a long term of servitude.

Currently he was walking through Trafalgar Square thinking about how he had wasted his entire adulthood. He had taken the dark mark when he was still in school believing that it had been the only choice that he could make at the time to get what and where he wanted in life. However, if he had known at the time that his want and need for power and simple belonging would have caused him to flee the world that he had always loved with every fiber of his being; he would never have done it to begin with.

The other thing that was currently on his mind was how he had allowed yet another person to rule his life. In his need for repentance, need to belong, he'd run to Albus Dumbledore for help. He was all too willing to denounce the Dark Lord and his murdering band of thugs. However in his willingness to do this, he was yet again a slave to another master.

This master was more conniving and manipulative then Tom Riddle had ever been. He could remember that the man's blue eyes twinkled brightly when he swore on his magic that he was no longer a follower of Voldemort's or that he believed in pureblood supremacy.

Currently thinking back on this, he could swear that the man looked like he had caught the squid from the black lake on a hook. Realization hitting him; that he was the one who had been dangling on the end of hook, never being released back to swim freely or being given a quick death. No, the death that he was given was one that worked slow and was every painful.

He knew that it was only a matter of time before one of them found him. Snape was aware that he could continue to run and hide, but it would do no good. All he could do was to hope that when they finally caught up to him; that his death would finally be quick and painless.

He was so lost in thought that he ended up smacking into someone. He was startled out of his thoughts he looked at the other man. His dark eyes widened in fear, and his jaw dropped slightly. He could feel

his heart beginning to beat faster as he stared at the stranger who wasn't a stranger at all.

"What are you doing here Mrs. Potter?" He asked knowing that he sounded very nervous.

"Hello Severus." Lily replied sweetly. "Do you enjoy running into people?" She asked sounding amused.

"I...I was lost in thought. And no I do not purposefully run into people." He stated sounding more like his usual self.

"So, what are you doing in muggle London? This is the most unlikely place I would have ever expected to find you in."

"It is of no concern to you why I am here." He stated gruffly, as he folded his arms across his chest.

"Now, now Severus is that any way to talk to a friend." She replied in a sweet tone. "Actually you know I am happy that I bumped into you today."

"Oh you are." Severus asked sarcastically.

"Yes, I am very glad that I did. I am in need of your expertise." Lily said her voice dropping into a colder tone.

Severus raised an eyebrow and stared at the red headed woman in front of him. "And what expertise of mine do you need?" He asked sounding cautious.

"Oh you no, your expertise in spying," She absentmindedly replied.

"Why would an innocent goody-goody like you need with my spying capabilities?" He was beginning to get curious and intrigued with this woman. She didn't sound or act like the girl that he had known all those many years ago.

"I have a job for you to do. One that will help both of us in what we want." She replied cryptically. "However, this isn't the proper place for

us to discuss the matter. Why don't we go to my hotel and we can discuss this job in detail." She suggested with a wide smile.

By now he was thoroughly intrigued with what Lily Potter was saying. He wanted to know more, but he knew that he needed to be cautious. After all, this could be a trap set by Dumbledore. Yet, his curiosity was starting to overwhelm his logic and so he quickly agreed to accompany her.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

James had excused himself from Dumbledore's office and hurried to his room. At the moment he didn't care just how angry his mentor was about having lost the case. What was on his mind and what he needed to know at the present was why had Lily deliberately gone against what their plan had been.

Reaching the portrait of an elf, he gave the password and stepped in. His eyes roved the living room in search of his wife, but he didn't see her sitting in one of the chairs by the fire or on the couch reading a book. Giving a small frustrated sigh, he hurried over to the far door and pushed it open.

He found their bedroom also devoid of any human life. He then turned around, and began checking the other rooms and calling out her name. After ten minutes of searching, he was back in the living room with a puzzled expression on his face. She was nowhere to be found and it made no sense to him. Flopping down on the couch he began to worry about the well-being of her.

This was the only place that he knew she would come too, especially after her testimony. Something was wrong and he could feel it inside him as he sat there in the quiet.

A few minutes later he abruptly stood up and ran out of the portrait. There was one person that could help him find his wife, and he knew that the man wanted to talk with as well. He just hoped that wherever she was; she was perfectly safe.

Racing down the hallway he slid in front of the stone gargoyle and shouted the password to Dumbledore's office. Once it had opened part way, he jumped onto the rotating floor and waited impatiently for it to start moving.

Once at the top, he ran up the last few steps before slamming the door open and running in. He came to halt in front of the man's desk; his breathing a little heave from all of his running.

Dumbledore had seen James' shadow fall over his desk and he looked up at the young man with curiosity filled blue eye.

"Albus, Lily isn't in the castle." James said while trying to catch his breath.

"Calm down James, I am sure that she is perfectly safe. Why don't you have a seat and wait here for her to come back?" Dumbledore suggested with a wave of his hand.

James fell into the offered chair and looked over at Dumbledore. "Albus, I don't think she's safe. There's nowhere that she would go. I mean; we don't have a home here in the Isles anymore, and our friends are not our friends anymore." James stated emphatically. "I juts know that she is in danger; and we have to find her."

"James, please calm yourself, I am certain that she is perfectly safe. She has probably gone into Hogsmeade or Diagon Alley. I suspect that she will be back any minute. If I may, I suggest that you return to your quarters and wait for her."

James knew that he was being dismissed and that the old wizard was probably right. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but be worried about his wife. She had refused to look at him before hurrying out of the courtroom and even then she kept going.

Sighing, he spoke in a quieter tone. "You are probably right Albus. But I can't help thinking something has happened to her."

"I perfectly understand James." Albus chuckled.

"Thank you Albus." With that James stood up and headed for the door but was stopped when he heard Albus start to talk once again.

"James; when Lily returns, I would like the two of you to come up and talk with me. After what has happened today I do believe that we needed to decide what we are going to do once the term starts in a couple of weeks."

"Yes, Albus, I agree with you. I also want too find out why she went against us." And with that said he headed out of the office and down the stairs.

Once James had left, Albus went back to his paper work. It was the reports that he had received on Harry's whereabouts. On his initial reading of them, he'd been surprised to see that Harry had been seen in a forest in the highlands of Scotland. Also, it stated that he had been seen on several occasions in Diagon Alley. It had also noted that on each occasion that he was seen; there was always at least two other people with him; thus making it hard to get close to him.

Throwing the papers down on his desk in frustration he had still not having found where Harry was staying at. Also he was frustrated about how the trial had gone. Instead of Harry being returned to his parents and once again under his control; it was him that had taken the brunt of the accusations.

To top that all off he now had to look forward to an inquiry by the governing board of Hogwarts. And that was something he did not want, nor need at the present.

"Can't they all see that I am doing what is right for the wizarding world?" He spoke out loud; his tone showing just how frustrated and angry he was at the present. Don't they understand that sacrifices have to be made in war?" He asked to the empty room.

Then suddenly his anger to hold and he pounded a fist onto the table as he shouted. "I will not allow an upstart of a kid get the better of Albus Dumbledore!"

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

After having thoroughly enjoyed himself at the impromptu party in the Leaky Cauldron; Harry began to think of what he needed to do next. He was so lost in his thoughts that he hadn't realized that he was getting curious and worried looks from his family. It took Sirius smacking him upside the head to get his attention.

“Ouch! What was that for?” Harry whined and rubbed his head where Sirius smacked him.

“Harry, you were lost there for a moment.” Remus said through his laughter.

“Yea Mate, what were you thinking?” Ron asked.

"Oh nothing in particular," Harry replied.

"I know you were thinking something, Kiddo. Now spill before I smack you again." Sirius said with a huge grin plastered on his face.

“No, I don't think I will.” Harry answered and scooted his chair a little ways away from Sirius.

"Come on and tell us what you were thinking," Ginny whined.

“Yea oh Great one....”

“Spill before....”

“We prank you...”

“Just for that I’m not going to tell you guys.” Harry said adamantly, thought his voice was filled with mirth.

Harry couldn't help laughing at the scheming looks on the twins' faces. It was the first time since...well since he could remember that he felt free and loved. All of the worries that he'd Harbored during the trial were now gone. He was also away from his abusive relatives and it felt good. Of course Petunia was still there, and would always be

there in his life whether he wanted her to or not. However, at the moment he had to admit that she was acting much better towards him than she had done the entire time he'd lived with her and the others.

He felt like everything was right in his life, and he was free to be himself. Especially around those that were currently with him in the small private room. Even though he felt like this, he knew that it wasn't complete yet. Eventually he would have to deal with Tom and his merry band of followers. But he knew now he would be able to handle it when the time came, and that he would have his family with him. Even though he wanted to protect them, he was aware that he would not be able to stop them. And so, he accepted this fact, and prayed that they would all live to see the world at peace.

Then there was Dumbledore. He was certain of the fact that the man would undoubtedly try to get him back under his thumb. But that wasn't going to happen ever again, and that he knew for certain. No more would stand back and allow someone to rule his life. No longer would he play the sweet, innocent savior that everyone expected of him. From this day forward, the timid Harry Potter was dead, and in his place was a strong-willed, confident, and powerful wizard.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

“You want me to do what!” Severus exclaimed from his seat in the small sitting room of Lily Potter's hotel suite. He couldn't believe what this woman was asking him to do for her.

“Severus, you are the only person capable of doing this for me.” Lily stated.

“I will absolutely not do this for you! Do you think I am that suicidal?”
He snorted at her.

“No I don't think that about you. Nevertheless, I need someone whom I trust with my life, and someone who will willingly see this through. And I trust you with every fiber of my being.” She told the now scowling man sitting across from her.

"There is no way that your hair-brained scheme will ever work. Not one of them like me. And of that I am sure of." He snorted

"Then how would you suggest that I go about doing this?"

"Personally, I don't care what you do. Just leave me out of this scheme." He replied shaking his head as he did.

"I can't do that Severus, and you know that."

"Then I guess we are at an impasse, because I am surely not going to help you willingly." Snape replied dryly.

"I am aware of that Severus, but I do have a way of getting you to help me." Lily stated in a serious, yet low tone that implied she did have a way.

Quirking a brow at the woman; he just stared at her briefly. He decided to try and use Legilimency on her and see just how she was going to force him into this. However, he found that he was unable to enter her mind at all, and this caused him to worry.

"Would you like to know just why you are going to help me?" She asked him in the same tone. He gave her a slight nod. "I know where you are. I also know that you're trying to hide from two certain individuals. Now, what would happen if I were to, oh I don't know, accidentally tell one of them where you are..."

A cold shiver ran down his spine as he took in her words. He knew exactly what she was hinting at, and he didn't want that. No, he didn't want anyone else knowing where he was hiding at. He closed his eyes briefly and cringed at the thought of what would happen if she carried out her threat. And he knew that was just what her words were; a threat to his safety.

Rubbing his temples to stem off the headache that was beginning to form, he opened his eyes and stared at her. Taking a deep breath, he slowly let it leave his body. As he was doing this, he made a snap decision. "Fine, I will help you Lily. However, I must warn you that this little plan of yours is going to come back and bite you." He saw the

smile once again appear on her lovely face, except now it wasn't alone. Her green eyes seem to twinkle with what looked like mischievousness.

“Thank you Severus. Everything will work out in the end. You just have to have some faith in me.” She chided.

"I don't know how you can be so cunning. You were after all, sorted into Gryffindor."

“Just because I was in Gryffindor doesn't mean I can't be cunning as well. Besides, now that I have finally decided to be who I was in school; you will see just how cunning I can be.” Lily replied her smile growing larger then anyone would expect, and the mischief twinkle seemingly getting brighter as well.

All Snape could do was to shake his head and wonder what he had just gotten himself into this time.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H

Dolores Umbridge was currently sitting in her office with what looked to be a smile on her face. Except the smile didn't look like a smile, instead it looked more like a creature that was about to eat its prey whole. Her plan so far was going very well. And she couldn't be happier.

She found the whole incident during the trial to be extremely amusing. All of what she had told them about Fudge were only partial truths. Each of the incidents that she told them he had been behind the instigator of were in fact her own plans. However, she had made sure before she ever suggested a single plan to him that he would believe that were his ideas and not hers. Reason she did this was because; she needed a scapegoat for her deeds.

Oh, she was a very intelligent woman with a lot of ambition. When everything had started with the resurrection of the Dark Lord, she knew that it was the perfect time to begin her plans. She knew that Fudge would refuse to acknowledge the return, and do everything he could to discredit whoever told him. In her eyes it was perfect; a dim-

witted, frightened man like Cornelius was the perfect fall guy. And in the end, she would be the one to come out victorious.

She began to cackle at the thought of actually being able to pull the wool over everyone's eyes. It was too good to be true, but then again it was happening.

Reaching over, she pulled a piece of parchment close before grabbing one of her quills. Ducking it into her ink well, she began to write a letter. Her cackling rose as she wrote more. The next part of her plan was now being put into place.

After a few minutes she sat back in her chair and cackled even more. In a few more days the entire world would know just what she was up to. And then it would be too late for them to do anything about it.

Meanwhile, Fudge was furiously pacing his small office. He was extremely angry at what his undersecretary had said about him. All he had wanted to do was to discredit Harry and Dumbledore. Not once did he order her to cast an unforgivable on the boy or use a blood quill.

Both of them and the other things that had happened were all highly dangerous and illegal. They would also have put his job as the minister in jeopardy. More likely; they would have resulted in him losing his position. Only now he was facing just that and Azkaban as well.

Sitting down at his desk, he tried to calm his nerves and think clearly. He had to come up with a way that would counter any damage to his image from Dolores Umbridge. Somehow, somehow he had to keep his job, or his entire existence would be forfeited. For he'd sold his soul to a devil many years ago to secure his position, and now, it looked like that devil would be collecting. That is unless he could offer it someone instead. But who could he exchange for his life, was the million dollar; or million galleon question was more like it.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHHPHPHHPHP

I know it was shorter then the others have been, but I was unable to get my muse to work this past week. Reason for this was because I had received some bad news from my doctor on Monday.

It was now a week before school was due to start and Harry was training as hard as he could. He'd thrown himself into his training ever since the end of the trial. His friends were also helping him with it.

Sirius, Remus, and Tonks had decided to be his trainers and in their teaching they found that he was picking up the various hexes and charms better than he had ever before. The one who had been particularly enthusiastic about it was Remus. After all, he had taught him in his third year and knew that the young man had the potential to pick up spells faster than anyone, if not on the first try. Now, that was being seen, however there were a few problems with it. There was one incident in particular that came to mind.

Flashback

Harry was lying down on his bed feeling more relaxed than he had in sometime. He knew that this was mostly because of the trial being over and the books that he had been reading on meditation. The latter helping even more with controlling his emotions and powers than anything else he had tried.

He slowly let his mind wander off to where Sirius was currently and what he may be up to. He knew that his father/godfather was probably thinking up some prank to use on him during their next training session. Soon with this idle thought in his head he found himself to be standing in the kitchen. Startled at first by his appearance he allowed himself to calm down and watch what was taking place in front of him. Somehow he just knew that the person ahead of him had no clue he was even there and this caused a devilish smirk to appear on his face.

Sirius was prowling around the kitchen looking for something to eat. Currently, he was bent over with his head in the magical refrigerator completely oblivious to a snicker that came from behind him. Giving a triumphant snort, he straightened up with several things in hand to make a sandwich. Since his hands were now laden down with his food, he kicked the door closed with his foot.

He then hurried over to the small counter and busily made himself a sandwich. Finishing his task, he grabbed the turkey sandwich and

took a huge bite just as he turned around. And that was his big mistake.

There standing next to the table with a smirk on his face was Harry. Sirius being surprised by the sudden appearance of his son/godson, he swallowed the entire bite and began to choke. At the same time he dropped the rest of his sandwich on the ground, and jumping at least two feet into the air.

Harry seeing his surrogate father acting like this began to laugh and eventually doubled over as his laughter grew. Never realizing that Sirius was choking on his food the entire time, however, once he did he ran over to him and tried to help him.

Unfortunately, in his haste to help him, he didn't notice that he actually fell through Sirius, stumbling as he fell to the ground. This startled him so badly that he let out a yell and found himself once again back in his room. Instead of lying down as he had been just a few minutes ago, he was now sitting bolt upright, eyes wide in shock.

However, he had no time to think about what happened as he recalled Sirius choking down in the kitchen. He clamored off the bed, shouting Sirius' name at the top of his lungs and ran as fast as he could down the hall and the stairs to the kitchen. His mind only on saving Sirius from dying as he jumped two steps at a time. He never noticed that the entire group had been awakened in his cacophony of noise.

By the time he had made it into the kitchen Sirius had thankfully recovered from his shock and was no longer choking. Instead he was now sitting at the table looking with wide eyes at the spot where he was certain that he had seen Harry a few minutes ago.

"Sirius, are you alright?" Harry asked as he skidded to halt in the doorway of the kitchen, panting from his run.

Hearing Harry's voice from the doorway brought Sirius out of his confused state. Sirius looked up and saw Harry standing there, but instead of any greeting, he jumped once again and fell backwards onto the floor with the chair going as well.

End of Flashback

It was that incident where Harry found that he could astral project his body. He had found this out from Hermione and then gone to the library for further information. In one book he had found some very useful information about this wondrous new ability of his.

Astral projection is the ability for a person's conscious mind to leave the physical body behind and traverse through the astral plane. One stays attached to their physical body by a cord which connects the mind to the body. The astral plane is simply just another level of consciousness which allows people to travel through various planes of existence.

Astral projection is also known as remote viewing because you may find yourself watching an event that has either taken place in the past or will in the future. In most cases, a person is unable to do anything whatsoever in this form as they have no physical ability to grab or hold things with their body. However, it is thoroughly possible for a person to be seen and even heard by others.

In some rare cases it has been known that a person who is strong in their astral projection, including meditating can take a much more active role with their astral form. However it is unknown as to how many cases of this happening, and therefore, is hard to base as a rue fact or a fallacy.

It is obvious that the ability to astral project is one of the more delicate and hardest of the mind arts to learn. Most people are afraid to learn this mode of travel because of the possibility that they may become lost in a different plane even though it directly parallels are own plane of existence.

To be able to accurately astral project your mind and body, you must be thoroughly relaxed of the mind and body. This means that you must learn to mediate, freeing your mind of all thought and emotions. It is best to do this in a quiet room away from any and all possible interference.

I must caution any reader that if you find yourself successfully astral projecting your mind, that you do not become highly emotional in this state of consciousness. To do so can put your entire existence at risk. Also, on your first few trips to the astral plane, you do not travel far from your body. The cord will hold but only to a certain length. This length will grow longer as you become stronger and more confident in your visits to the astral plane. I also need to caution you that you can be attacked on the astral plane by another astral walker; just as you can attack a walker as well during your visits.

After having read the passage he began to work on strengthening his astral self. He knew that this new ability would come in handy in the next few months. Call it intuition, but he was going to make it so that he could do physical things in that form.

It had been a week now since he started working hard on his astral body and was now lying back on his bed once again. He was slowly letting his body relax knowing full well that what he was about to do would scare the hell out of his intended victim. But then again, he couldn't help feel like he needed something fun to do. And what better way to have some fun then play a prank

Tonks had just come out of her bathroom with a robe wrapped around her body and a white towel over her hair. She was whistling the newest tune by the Weird Sisters as she made her way over to her dressing table. She had found the up tempo song very fitting about the situation that her and the others were in. She knew that the only reason the song which was coincidentally titled, 'Down with the Bee' was specifically directed at Dumbledore. The song had come out the same day the trial had ended. She couldn't help wonder if any of the others, especially Harry knew that the song was about Dumbledore or the trial as she grabbed her brush and began to brush the tangles out of her blue hair.

She was so engrossed in humming the song and brushing out her ever changing color hair that she didn't notice Harry standing in the door frame to the bathroom. If she had, she would have seen the smirk on his face and the mischievous glint in his green eyes.

Harry finding himself in the room that he had been trying to get too stood in the door way listening to Tonks hum. He found himself admitting that she looked good with just a robe on. Yet, that wasn't why he was there. No, he was there for one specific reason and one reason only. To scare the daylights out of the young auror, effectively teaching her not to let her guard down and play his first successful prank.

Just as Tonks finished brushing out her hair and replaced the brush where it belonged she froze. She found herself suddenly on guard to an intruder as she sensed another person in the room with her. She silently listened for any sound that would betray the location of the intruder, but she didn't hear anything, not even a creak, and this caused the hairs on the back of her neck and her arms to rise.

Quickly coming to the realization that whoever was in the room with her was waiting for her to move before they attacked, she reached into what was her towel for her robe only to stop midway and curse loudly. "Oh hell, I forgot my wand in the bathroom."

Hearing this caused Harry to snicker which he saw had a funny effect on Tonks. For as soon as she heard the snicker she had jumped off the chair and fell into a crouching position. The towel had slipped slightly and now it was just barely above the middle of her breasts. He clamped a hand over his mouth as he watched from the doorway Tonks looking around wildly and muttering to herself. He knew if he hadn't done that he would have given himself away by his laughter. However, it became even harder to keep from laughing as she started talking out loud to him.

"Alright whoever's there, I am a trained auror and I have my wand." She said to the empty room.

Harry gave another snicker at this which caused her to look directly towards the bathroom. However, he was lucky that he had moved away from the door and over to a position between the wall and her bureau.

"I have to get to the bathroom." She muttered out loud, still looking around for the intruder. "But how am I going to do that and keep from getting hexed."

By now Harry was having a hard time keeping his laughter in. The usual clumsy auror was trapped on the side of her table and acting like a scare teenager instead of the trained auror that she was. Then an idea struck him. He wasn't sure if it would work, especially in this form. But he was going to find out since it would make the conclusion to his prank even better then it was turning out to be.

Closing his eyes he cleared his mind once again before concentrating on turning invisible. He'd found over the course of the week that if he concentrated solely on turning invisible, he could actually do it and not rely on his emotions for the ability. He could still hear Tonks' worried voice calling out to the intruder, but he blocked it out.

He guessed a few minutes had past before he decided to venture forth and see if his trick worked. Stepping out from his hiding spot he looked directly towards where Tonks was still crouched down. He waited with baited breath for her to see him. But it soon became apparent that she hadn't, which brought relief. Now for the next part of his diabolical prank, he took a deep breath before going over to her table.

Reaching the table and still not having been found out he sat on the top of it. Still, Tonks hadn't seen him and he was glad for that. He knew that when she did; he would be in a world of hurt. But that didn't matter to him at the moment.

He reached over and grabbed her hair brush from the table; lifting it straight up into the air. He heard a startled gasp and sudden intake of breath, which he knew had come from Tonks. This just made his devilish grin wider on his face and the glint even stronger in his eyes as began to wave the brush in the air.

Tonks who had yet to see or hear the intruder was beginning to think she had just imagine the entire incident when out of the corner of her eye she watch her hair brush rise into the air. Her eyes growing wider as it lifted further into the air, she let out a startled gasp and drew in a

sharp breath at the sight. Now she was certain that she was alone, but who or what was there she didn't know. Suddenly, she watched as the brush began to move around in the air in an erratic pattern.

Her eyes darted towards the bathroom and then back to her crazy brush trying to decide if she should attack the invisible intruder or go after her wand. She made a very bold but rash decision and stood straight up. Taking a deep breath before acting and steeling herself for the fight that she was about to get into. Then without warning, she jumped into the air diving head first towards the intruder, her hands flung out over her head.

Harry had watched Tonks abruptly stand up and wondered what she was going to do. It then hit him she was going to attack. Unfortunately, or more like fortunately for him, he moved off the table just as she landed on the spot where he had just been and slid across the table with the towel sliding further down her body and her shrieking at the top of her lungs.

He was laughing so hard that he hadn't realized that she could now see him. That is not until she screamed at him causing him to retreat back to his body.

"Harry James Potter-Black, I am going to kill you!" Tonks screamed before accioning her wand and running out her room intent on getting Harry. One thing however, she forgot that all she was wearing was a towel, and said towel now was just barely covering her breast, the bottom part flapping open slightly from the breeze that her running caused.

Harry having returned to his body wasted no time in clamoring to his feet and racing out of his room. He wasn't about to be caught by the enraged auror as he barely missed slamming into Ron, who had just stepped out of his bedroom still groggy. He hit the stairs and jumped half of them on his way to hide, the entire time he was laughing hysterically at Tonks and what he had done. He could hear her screaming at the top of her lungs behind him, but he wasn't about to stop.

He hit the first floor and high-tailed down the corridor that would take him to the training room. He guessed that he could find something in there he could hide behind until Tonks had calmed down and it was safe to come out.

Tonks having guessed exactly where he was going decided to get a little bit of revenge herself. She ran passed a now wide awake and gaping Ron, still screaming Harry's name.

It wasn't until she reached the first floor when she realized that she was still wearing her towel. Shrugging her shoulders, she guessed that it didn't matter just as long as she got her revenge. And so she took off for the training room as well, her plan forming in her mind as she went.

Unknown to her, the Weasleys, Sirius and Remus who had all been awakened by her screaming at Harry were quietly but hurriedly following her. Sirius was snickering as was Fred and George. Remus, along with Hermione couldn't help rolling their eyes and thinking the same thing about Harry, 'here we go again, another sleepless night.'

Meanwhile back with Harry, he had reached the room and headed for the closet where the dummies were kept. However he didn't make it as he heard Tonks shout, 'Incarcerous', and causing him to dive to the ground. He hit the ground rolled over on his back before clamoring back to his feet.

"You want to want to watch girls in their all. I'll teach what happens to those who do." She exclaimed as she sent another spell his way. "How about some more training to go with your own Potter-Black," she asked him grimly. She then sent the body-bind curse at him.

'Oh shit,' was the only thing he could think as he dodge yet another of her spells. He had just rolled out of the way of one when he heard say something that he didn't know; 'Tubaa Equus.' He barely had enough time to roll to the side when not one but three more spells came flying towards him, making him yet again roll from side to side.

The others having followed Tonks and Harry into the room were now wide awake, trying to keep from laughing at the sight in front of them.

There was Harry rolling on the floor trying to avoid the spells. Tonks standing in the middle of the room with just a towel on and casting spells as fast as she could at the raven haired boy. The entire time trying to hold the towel tight with one hand and casting spells with the other. And Harry, well Harry was just trying to avoid the spells and begging her stop.

The scene was just too much to take in for Sirius, and he began laughing hysterically at his cousin and son. He was then followed by Remus, Ron, and the twins in this. Soon everyone that was now in the room was laughing hysterically at the scene. Even the usual stern, no-nonsense, wanting to stay out of trouble Hermione was laughing her head off.

Tonks briefly stopped her punishment of Harry when she heard them all laughing behind her. Their fits of laughter also caught Harry's attention; who was currently half sitting and half laying on the ground.

"You guys think it's so funny huh." Tonks sarcastically replied to the group. "How about I teach you all why you don't play a prank on me," she half sneered and half asked.

This caught Remus' attention and he quickly sobered up. The others soon followed as well and were now looking at the irate auror. Sirius gulped some air as he saw her raise her wand to him.

"Nympie, we're sorry." He said trying to placate her anger and back towards the door at the same time. He didn't want to be on the receiving end of one of her spells.

The others all started to follow his direction. This gave Harry a breather and he sighed in relief. 'Great, now I can get away before she starts on me again.' He thought to himself as he began to back up towards the closet, sliding on his butt in the process.

However, his relief was short lived when she turned to him once again.

"Don't even think that I'm finished with you yet." She warned him.

Before he could even reply a thought came to him. A sinister smirk slowly spread on his face and he began to get to his feet. He kept his eyes trained on her, more specifically on her wand in the process. He briefly glanced over his shoulder and saw yet another prey standing there watching the scene.

"I have no plans of running away Tonkie-poo." He said in a sickeningly sweet tone.

This caused Tonks' brows to raise in question, but she didn't fire, instead she waited for him to fall into a sense of safety first. After all, she was a trained auror who could handle anything that came her way. Or at least that is what she believed.

Harry seeing that she hadn't fired another curse knew that she had fallen for his ruse. Now all he had to do was make it to the spot that he wanted. Then he'd be completely safe from her. Silently counting to ten before taking a deep breath, he took off running directly towards her.

She watched him running directly for her knowing she was now in trouble. She quickly cast a stunner at him, but she watched in dawning horror as he dodged the spell and came for her.

Harry, seeing the stunner coming side-stepped it before moving directly back into his intended path and picked up a little more speed. He was thankful that Elsie had enlarged the room to nearly the size of the Great Hall. He was now five feet from her, still dodging her spells when he moved to his right and ran directly past her, this causing Tonks to whirl around and cast, 'Petrificus Totalus' at the now retreating Harry.

He heard her cast the body-bind curse and gave a feral smile to his next victim before dropping to the ground.

Meanwhile, Sirius was just standing there near the doorway trying to keep from laughing. It was so amusing and warming to his heart to see his son/godson actually enjoying himself for once. However, his amusement was short lived when he saw said boy running towards him. It was then that it had registered what Tonks said. But he was

unable to move as he watched Harry dive for the ground, his eyes following him to the floor.

Sirius barely had enough time to glance up when the spell hit him square in the middle of his chest. His eyes went wide and his body became rigid as he fell backwards, hitting his head as he fell.

Tonks seeing that her spell had hit Sirius instead of Harry stopped casting immediately. Her eyes going wide at the realization that not only had she missed her victim but she had accidentally hit her cousin and one of the infamous marauders. The only thought that was now running through her head was, 'oh shit.'

Harry now knew it was safe to stand up, and so he did. He turned to look at the panic stricken Tonks and gave her a sly smile before speaking. "So how did I do teach," he asked her.

She didn't say anything as the rest of the color in her face fade and she became white as a ghost. It had just dawned on her that she was standing there in nothing but a towel and the entire household was there staring at her. This only caused Harry and the others to burst out laughing once again, and effectively forgetting that Sirius was on the floor in a body-bind.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

During this week Lily had gone back to the states to pick up her daughter from a friend. It had been far too long since she saw her daughter, and after everything that had happened wanted desperately to see her. Her birthday was two days before the start of the new term and she needed to take her daughter shopping for her school supplies.

She had been very thankful that Albus had willingly made a concession and allowed her daughter to begin attending this year. Normally, any child who was born after the first of August would have to wait until the next year to begin the education. She was aware that the only reason he was doing this was simply to appease her and James. Still, she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

She had spent three days with her friend in America talking about what was happening over in Britain. Lily and Melissa had become good friends only a few years before when Rose started going to a new school. Melissa had a daughter the same age, Jessica and like Rose too had changed school. The two kids had become fast friends and this not only alleviated some of Lily's worries but it also gave her a friend that she could fully confide in. And for this she was eternally grateful for.

Now back at Hogwarts she was showing Rose around and introducing her to the various professors that she would be taught by. Like her, Rose was excited to be going to Hogwarts and found every little thing about the castle to be fascinating.

It wasn't as if Rose didn't know about Hogwarts or even magic at that. Lily had made sure her daughter knew everything there was to know from an early age. That age being five when she performed her first bit of accidental magic. From that point on Lily made sure to spend at least an hour a day with her in teaching magic and telling her stories about the wizarding world. When Rose had turned eight, Lily had taken to a small wizarding street in Kansas City that she knew about and would frequently visit when Rose was either in school or at Jessica's home.

Another thing that she had done was to make sure her daughter knew everything about her brother. She even explained how they had left him behind because of a prophecy having been made. Rose always asked a lot of questions about her big brother. Saying that she couldn't wait to meet him and asking if he would like her. It always gave her a small pang of guilt when her daughter would say these things; for she didn't honestly know how Harry would take to his baby sister.

Currently, Lily was sitting in the living room on the couch, papers strewn all over the table in front of her. She was working hard on her outline for the muggle studies class. She had found over the last few weeks that the course was so far outdated that not once pureblood could understand anything that they were learning, and so she had set to bring the class into the current century.

She had yet to talk to James about why she had gone against what James and Albus wanted her to do. Whenever he would try and bring up the topic, she would always change the subject or tell him that she didn't want to talk about it. She knew that it was grating on his nerves, but she found that she no longer cared.

She had also found herself on more than one occasion up in Albus' office being pestered by the man trying to find out as well. She fondly recalled one meeting in particular.

Flashback

Lily calmly strolled into Albus' office and took a seat across from the old man. She noticed that unlike her previous visits, Albus' blue eyes were not twinkling and he hadn't offered her a lemon drop either. Also his face had a stern look to it which told her immediately what this meeting was all about.

Albus sat there looking intently at Lily trying to gather his thoughts. He wanted to know...no he needed to know why she had gone against his order. And so far his attempts at trying to find out had been in vain. The fiery red-haired witch only told him that she did it for her own reasons and that it was none of his business. This had only made him more furious than he had already been, especially now that he was facing an inquiry by the Board of Governors.

He steepled his fingers together and leaned over his desk. "I would like to know why you directly went against my wishes regarding the trial. I have tried now on several occasions to ask you about this, but you have refused to tell me. I also know that you have refused to discuss this matter with James as well. Therefore, I must now insist that you tell me why you did it?" He said to her calmly but with a hint of anger.

"I have already told you that I did what I did for my own reasons. I do not have to tell you why I do what I do. You are only my boss and not my father or husband. And even then I don't have to tell you unless I want to." She told him flippantly.

“That may very well be true Lily. Nevertheless, you are still a member of the Order and therefore it is imperative you tell me.”

“I may be a member of the Order, but I don’t recall my actions having any direct result to the Order.”

“That is where you are very wrong my dear.” Albus said sadly and shook his head lightly. “Your actions have helped to effectively push Harry away from us. He is no longer safe wherever he maybe currently residing. Also, your son is vital to the war effort and needs to be protected as well as trained. He cannot get either if he is not under strict control and observation.”

Lily’s back was now raised by the insinuations that he was making. She knew that her son was important to the war, but at the same time he was important to her and too many others for very different reasons. And now she was going to voice that to him the only way a red-head could. “My son is more protected wherever he is then he would be under you. You were the one who took him away from me and put him with a family that hated him. You were the one that allowed him to be attacked at every turn while here at Hogwarts. And for what...training?” She said with a tone that was reminiscent of Harry’s cold one. “Well no more. He may not be here with me as he should have always been, but I will be damned if I don’t do everything in my power to make sure that he has something left of his childhood. And he may hate me because I blindly followed someone I once looked up to, but I will no longer sit idly by, twiddling my thumbs and allowing you or James, or for that matter anyone to control him. He is my son and my son alone.” With this she stood up and walked towards the door only to stop and turn back to the now shocked Albus Dumbledore.

“I will leave you with one last thing. A blond may be stupid, a brunette may be smart, but a pissed off red-head is your worse nightmare.” And with that she forcefully opened the door and left the office.

End of Flashback

She gave a small laugh at the memory as she scribbled something on the parchment. It had been the first time when she could recall that she had put the manipulative man in his place.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHHPHHPHPHHPHHPHHPH

It was now the day after the incident with Harry and Tonks and the group decided to head for Diagon Alley to get their school supplies. They had all received their yearly list a few days before. Harry had decided to take DADA, Potions, Charms, Transfiguration, Care of Magical Creatures, Herbology, and Muggle Studies. The only reason he was taking Muggle Studies was because he wanted at least one easy class.

He had done exceptionally well on his O.W.L.S. When he had finally opened the day of the verdict he had nearly fainted from seeing his results.

Astronomy: acceptable.

Herbology: Exceeds Expectations.

Transfiguration: Outstanding

Charms: Outstanding

Defense Against The Dark Arts: Outstanding

Care of Magical Creatures: Outstanding

Potions: Meets Expectations

Divination: Dreadful

The only reason he found himself being able to take potions was because of the note that had been included with his letter from Hogwarts. It had been from McGonagall and she had simply told him that the required grade on the owl had been lowered because of a new teacher. And said teacher had found that the previous requirement was too stringent.

At first he had been happy to take potions, but then when he actually thought about it, he found himself unsure. The only reason that he had wanted to take the class was so that he could become an auror. However, now, he wasn't to sure if he really wanted to go in that direction for a career. Sure he would like to be one, but with everything that he'd been through so far with Tom and his followers made him step back and think clearly. In the end he decided to go ahead and take the course just in case.

They stepped off the Knight Bus in front of the Leaky Cauldron and walked across the small sidewalk and entered. They found the inn to be very busy with patrons eating and discussing various topics. Harry and the group minus Tonks and Arthur who were at work, Bill who was also at work at Gringotts and Charlie who had had to go back to Romania for awhile.

They headed for the back door and the brick wall that would allow them entrance to the alley when Harry began to feel uneasy. Something just wasn't right and he could sense it. However, whatever it was, he wasn't sure about and so instead of worrying about it, he shrugged his shoulders and followed the others.

They had only gone as far as the Apothecary when shouts rang out. Everyone in the entire group pulled their wands knowing that trouble was brewing. What none of the others saw was Harry's face turn hard and cold, his green eyes beginning to flame in anger.

It wasn't long before people started running towards them in a panicked manner, shouting Deatheaters in the alley. This was all they needed to know as they began to make their way up the alley, their eyes darting at a rapid pace, in anticipation of the first wave of deatheaters that would surely be coming in their direction.

They didn't have to go far before they began taking cover behind the various crates and other things that stood outside of the shops.

Harry, who had dived behind a large crate near Eyelops, started shouting one curse after another at the group of Deatheaters. He could see that there were at least twenty of the black robed, white

skeleton masked maniacs calmly but determinedly coming towards him. He saw and heard them casting hexes including the unforgiveables randomly at the now panicked crowd of bystanders. Seeing this caused a grim yet determined look to come over him.

There was no way in hell that he was going to just sit back and fire curses at the idiots. Not when there were innocent lives at stake. Taking a deep breath before he leaned out from his hiding place he let his anger begin to boil higher than it had been.

Feeling his anger take hold, but knowing that he would be able to control it thanks to all of the training that he had been doing over the past little while. He thrust his left hand out into the air and began calling upon the air to do his bidding. Even though he had done some training with his elemental abilities, he knew that he wasn't fully capable of controlling it. All he could do was hope and pray to Merlin that he didn't kill or injure any of the innocents with it.

Feeling the air begin to answer his call as the wind grew in strength; he started imagining a small whirlwind in his mind. Keeping his eyes directed at the coming death eaters; he started willing the whirlwind to attack.

The death eaters that were in the lead were the first to feel the wind begin to howl around them. This caused them to stop in their path and look around confusedly. The ones that were behind also stopped as soon as they noticed the others had and felt the wind as well.

This gave the others a chance to cast stunners and other curses and spells at them, effectively taking several out of the game. However it only brought the attention of the others on them as curses were now sent their way.

A few of the death eaters having realized that they were being attacked dove for protection as they threw curses of their own back at the defenders. But that was the worse thing that they could have done, and they didn't realize this until it was nearly too late. One of the death eaters had taken refuge behind a crate outside of Magical Instruments. He had just started firing curses once again when he

found himself rising into the air, his wand falling from his grasp, his legs and arms flailing around in the air as he began to spin faster and faster inside the whirlwind.

The other deatheaters saw this happening to one of their comrades and stopped firing. It took one very stupid deatheater to save the man. He raised his wand, pointing at the spinning man and shouted, 'accio Burley.' The spell hit the man and he came flying at top speed toward the other. Before he could even move an inch, the one that had cast the spell found himself flattened by his comrade.

That was all the others needed and they began firing curses once again at the deatheaters. Harry seeing that his whirlwind had worked decided to try again. This time though he willed it to be larger and wider, more furious than the first one. He was going to take them out one way or another, and if it meant using one of his new abilities; then so be it.

In the mean time Ron, Ginny, and Hermione were doing their best to cast spells as fast as they could from their hiding spot. However they were having a hard time of hitting anything because of how well protected the deatheaters had made themselves. That is until Hermione got an idea. Stopping her casting, she leaned over and told Ron and Ginny of her plan. Only receiving nods in understanding because the now ferocious wind was howling so loudly that they couldn't hear a thing, even a few inches away.

They raised their wands at the same time, pointing them directly across the street where at least three were hiding. Hermione mouthed one...two...three, and at the same time they cast the blasting curse at the unsuspecting deatheaters. Three green beams of light went flying through the air directly towards the hiding men. Hitting their mark, the crates exploded, causing the hiding men to go sailing through the air in every direction.

The three men who went sailing into the air were only caught up by the whirlwind where they began to spin faster than a top before they went plummeting to the ground. Each one landed with a sickening thud that would have been heard if not for the whirlwind as they made contact with the cold stoned ground.

Seeing this only spurred the others on in their fight. More hexes, especially the unforgiveables were sent towards the defenders, especially towards where the blasting hexes had come from. At the same time another wave of the deatheaters, about thirty strong appeared from around the bend.

The entire situation wasn't looking good and Harry knew it. Not a single auror had shown up yet. He could only guess that the deatheaters had put up an anti-apparition spell. Knowing that the situation would only get worse for the small force of defenders; he made a snap decision, one that he hoped would work.

Taking another look at where all of the deatheaters were, he began to concentrate on his fire element, but at the same time trying to keep the whirlwind of air going. He had yet to try what he was about to do, but he knew it was now or never. Just then a ball of fire appeared in his hand. Without a second to lose, he threw it towards the whirlwind that was still spinning and throwing deatheaters everywhere.

The fireball flew the air and landed directly in the middle of the wind where it merged with the wind. Harry concentrated on the merging and willing the two to become one. His effort was rewarded as the flame became a raging inferno of flames and wind.

The now swirling inferno began slamming into the deatheaters, setting their robes on fire. The other defenders watched in fascination as the small army of villains began shrieking in pain and trying to put out their robes with dousing spells; leaving them completely open to attack as several stunners were sent their way, and slamming into their already burning bodies.

Another thing happened at this point, many of the now hiding customers began to file out of the shops. Everyone that poured out onto the street had their wand in hand and a grim expression on their face as they too began firing curses at the deatheaters.

It was only a matter of minutes before those of the deatheaters that could apparate away did so. They left many of their comrades behind either stunned or bound by ropes and full body-binds. There were

even a few who were on the ground writhing in pain from the damage that they had received from the fiery whirlwind.

The crowd began to celebrate their victory as aurors started flooding into the street to take control. Harry stumbled out from behind his crate feeling exhausted. He had never tried to use so much power at one time and it was letting me know.

Sirius seeing this ran across the street to Harry, concern written all over his face. He grabbed a hold of Harry and pulled him into a tight embrace, afraid that he may fall at anytime. Soon he was joined by the rest of the group, everyone having survived without injury. Of course this was only due to Harry using his elemental abilities, but still it was a successful defense.

Harry could feel his knees growing weak as he forced himself to stay upright. He silently thanked Sirius for the support that he was giving him. He was just about to ask to go home when he and the others heard a very un-welcomed voice coming towards them. Closing his eyes, he groaned at his luck that he was having so far that day.

"Harry, you should not have been here." Dumbledore said as he strolled over to the small group.

Sirius turned and glared at his former headmaster. "You are not wanted here." He growled.

"That is where you are very mistaken Mr. Black. I am the one who is needed her and not you." Albus replied sternly before turning slightly to look at the exhausted Harry. "I believe you would be safer at Hogwarts now and Madam Pomfrey can check you over for any injuries."

"He is not going anywhere with you Dumbledore." Remus growled from his spot on the other side of Harry.

"Might I remind you Mr. Lupin, that I only have Mr. Potter's best interests at hand?"

"I will not be going anywhere but to my own home." Harry said sounding just as exhausted as his body was.

"Mr. Potter, I must inform you that just because you are considered an adult, does not mean that you know what is in your best interest. Can you not see that I have always looked out for you and am only trying to protect you? I also need to have a discussion with you as to what took place here."

"Like I said, I am not going anywhere with you. I do not trust you as far as I can throw you. Sirius let's go." Harry tiredly replied.

"I am sorry that you feel that way, but I must insist that you return to Hogwarts." Albus replied sternly.

"He has already told you that he is not coming with you. You have no right to tell him or any of us what we can and cannot do." Molly coldly stated.

"Molly, can you not see the danger that Harry has put you and your family in? Can you not understand that I only wish to protect all of you from the dangerous criminals that are trying to kill Mr. Potter?" He asked the woman in hopes of playing to the sympathetic and caring side of her.

"You listen here Albus Dumbledore! I and my family are just as safe with Harry as we are with you! Ever since my children have been at Hogwarts, they have been continually put into danger. And what have you done...I'll tell you what you have done. You have done absolutely nothing to protect them! You spout your concern for their safety as well as mine, but you just sit up on your golden throne content on playing games! You turn a blind eye to the dangers that the kids are in! Well no more! I am sick and tired of allowing you to tell me just how I should keep my children safe from the dangers of the world and the war!

If it wasn't for you and your stupid little human chess game, Harry would have been able to have the best summer of his life. But no, the great Albus Dumbledore could have that, now could he! You took everything away from him once and then tried to do it again! You may

have defeated Grindlewald but you are not...and I repeat not perfect! Now get the hell out of our way, my son needs to be taken home.” And with that said she went up to Sirius and told him that they were ready to leave.

The kids had stood back with their mouths hanging open. They all knew the temper that Molly had, especially being a red head. Ron and Ginny knew this from previous experiences growing up with the woman. However, they had never seen her lose control that much, nor going off on Dumbledore like she had just done. After coming out of their shock, they hurriedly went after their retreating friend.

Dumbledore just stood there with his mouth agape in shock at how he had been spoken to by the Weasley matron. He had never been talked to like that except for Harry. This woman for a very long time had always idolized him and never questioned a single word he said. However, that had changed and he had found himself on the receiving end of yet another red-haired woman. This one much worse than the last had been when she had gone off on him.

Looking over at the aurors who were busy getting the deatheaters bound for the ministry he decided to head back to Hogwarts. He had a lot of planning to do if things were ever going to fall back into his hands, and very little time to get it all done. With a small pop, he was gone from Diagon Alley, an angry expression having been the last thing anyone in Diagon Alley saw on the man.

Once back at Hogwarts he immediately called an emergency meeting of the Order. He began to pace in anger while waiting for the members to arrive. Soon he was forced to stop his pacing and take his seat behind his desk with his usual calm grandfatherly expression on his face when the first member arrived.

After they had all arrived Dumbledore began. “Thank you all for having come to this emergency meeting. As many of you are aware, an attack on Diagon Alley took place a little while ago. I did not call any of you for the defense as I had only received word from the ministry at the conclusion of the battle. Upon my arrival I noticed that at least thirty deatheaters had been either killed or incapacitated. There was not much damage that I could see to the buildings.

However, I am afraid to admit that there were several injuries to many of the customers that had been there.

I am also afraid to inform you that Harry Potter and his friends were also there. From what I could deduce, they were involved in the battle. Mr. Potter, himself looked exhausted if not injured from the ensuing battle. I again tried to persuade him to come here for his own safety. Believing that after having been once again in a battle for his life, he would have seen the error of his ways. Alas, that was not what happened.” Dumbledore sighed and waved his hands in the air.

“What happened Albus?” Moody gruffly asked.

“Mr. Black and even Mrs. Wesley blocked me from retrieving Harry. I was told in less than flattering words that I was not welcomed around any of them.”

“What has gotten into all of them? I know Molly would have been furious at Harry for not taking you up on the suggestion.” Arabella Figg stated.

“You all know of what happened at the trial.” He saw them all nodding. “It seems as if Molly and her entire family has decided to side with young Mr. Potter. I cannot understand why they would follow a child, especially one who has put not one but two of their children in dangerous situations. I am afraid that we must do something drastic in order to get Mr. Potter back under control.”

“What do you suggest we do?” James asked with a huge smile on his face. He couldn’t wait to take deflate the big-head that his son had.

“Seeing as the new term will be starting in once week, I believe that we can start then. He will after all be back behind the walls of Hogwarts. And as long as his is safely behind them, he will be forced to listen to what I or any of the other professors tell him to do. I also suggest that we do something to open the eyes of the others as well.” He stated with a hint of malice.

Lily sat there listening to what Dumbledore had said with a growing dread filling her. On one hand she was pleased that her son had

survived yet another attack. However, on the other she was dreading what Dumbledore was planning. She knew how manipulative the man was, but until now how know idea that he could also be as malicious and cunning as the Dark Lord. And in his mind it was all for the greater good. But what greater good was that she told herself.

By the time the meeting had ended, she was more then positive that her son was in more danger by returning to Hogwarts for his sixth year then he was in hiding. Walking down the stairs in silence, she tried to come up with a way that she could warn him and his friends of impending dangers. However, she knew that it would be nearly impossible to do so since no one knew where they were.

By the time her and James reached their quarters, she had decided to warn him when they arrived to start the school year. And even then she knew it would be a hard sell to get Harry to listen and trust her. But she had to try and that was all that mattered.

End Notes: Okay for the first thing. Tubaa Equus means to change to horse. It was the best combination of latin that I was able to find. Basically she was trying to change him into a horse.

Well, Rose has now made it to Hogwarts. It is going to get very interesting come start of term, especially where Rose and Lily fit in.

Lily's little surprises will be starting in the next chapter, especially with Snape. So with that said, please let me know what you thought of this chapter in a review.

Two nights after the small battle in Diagon Alley, Harry was in the training room practicing with his fire element. He was currently concentrating without deep concentration in forming a ball of fire in his left hand. He had already mastered the ability when forming it between both hands, but still having a bit of problems with one hand.

After the battle Harry had come to terms with what he would have to do; even though he had already done this months, he had held some doubt. However, that was now all gone, leaving only a sheer cold determination behind. In his mind he kept telling himself, that if they wanted him to be a leader and a fighter, then that was what they were going to get. Gone was any bit of innocence that he may have had, leaving a matured man ready and willing to do what needed to be done.

The small flame slowly began to grow in his hand, the red of the outer part growing larger and brighter. While the flame started to change and twist from being a typical angular fire to one that looked like a misshapen ball. With one last concentrated thought, the now misshapen ball became a ball the size of a golf ball; a strong intensity of heat radiating from it as he smiled at his creation. Giving a small nod, he threw the ball towards the wall across the room from him. He watched in satisfaction as the ball impacted with the wall and causing it to burst into flames.

Seeing that he had finally managed a golf ball size decided to step up and try forming one the size of a tennis ball. But before he started on this he thought that he needed a bit of music to help him.

He had gotten himself a stereo system and with the help of Elsie had managed to enchant it so that he could play it within her walls. He also had gotten various cd's from bands dating all the way back into the eighties. There was one band in particular that he had found a song from that not only fit his life at the moment, but the current situation he was in. So, with a wave of his hand he started the stereo and waited for the right time to start his concentration.

He heard the guitar start the song and then the bass and drums kick in. Giving a smile and nod, he began to allow the ball of fire to form in his hand. The song kicked into high gear and the vocalist began to

sing. As the song Nothin' for Nothin' kicked in he changed his mind on what he was going to do with the fireballs.

Instead of actually trying to form larger balls of flame, he chose to see how fast and how long he could throw any size. And so with the rock song blaring in the background he did just that. One throw after another, from both hands to be precise he threw the balls at the wall across from him.

The balls of flame grew bigger with every throw as he concentrated. They slammed into the wall causing it burst into flames as he had done before. However, unlike his first attempt that night, the wall didn't have a chance to become its usual self as the flaming balls continued one right after another to hit it; just like an American baseball machine that they used for batting practice.

Then suddenly as they came, they stopped and Harry vanished from sight. He had been working on his invisibility since the end of the trial more than any other of his other abilities. This one he figured would probably be the best if not the most important of his new powers in the upcoming war.

Now in the room there was only the song playing loudly. That is until a ball of fire streaked threw the air, slamming into another wall. Then another one and another after that until all you could see were balls of fire being thrown. The strange thing about this was that the balls seemed to be coming from every direction. It was like there were several invisible beings within the room.

By the time the song ended, Harry had become visible and was panting heavily as he sat down onto the floor. There were beads of sweat pouring down his face and his chest was heaving more than usual. However, there was a wicked, if not down right evil smirk on his face.

The entire time he was completely unaware that he had been observed by someone from the shadows of the doorway. Said person had a very sad looking expression on their face as they debated on whether they should rush in and grab him by the shoulders, pull him into a gigantic hug and tell him everything would be alright. But that

decision was taken out of their hands when they saw Harry become two indicating that he was now using his astral projection abilities.

The person watched as Harry began to throw lightning bolts at the walls as the song started up again. The odd yet awing thing was that not only was one, but both Harrys' were doing this. They watched as bolts of lightning struck the walls, causing the room to shudder and quake as if they were under attack. The only comfort the person took in this was that the room had some very special wards that kept everything within.

By the time Harry had finished this part of his training and had become one again, the person in the shadows rushed into the room. She ran pell-mell over to where Harry was sitting on the floor and grabbed him into a fierce hug.

Harry being startled by the sudden attack, leaped to his feet, his wand out and a ball of fire in his other. This action from Harry caused the girl to step back quickly and stammer her apologies.

"Harry, I...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you." Hermione stuttered out.

Just as quick as his wand and the flame had appeared they were gone and he had a sheepish expression. "Hermione, I'm sorry for that. I hadn't expected anyone to come sneaking up on me." Then his expression changed to that of confusion. "What are you doing down here anyway? Shouldn't you be in bed?"

Hermione seeing that everything was alright now had a look of anger on her lovely face. "I should be asking you the same thing Harry."

"I needed to get more practice in. Besides I couldn't get to sleep." He replied nonchalantly as he waved his hand in the air conjuring to plush chairs for them.

"Harry you've been practicing all of the time. Don't you think you should relax a little?" She asked as she took one of the seats.

"You know very well that I need all of the training that I can get. I may have been able to get my emotions under control, but that doesn't mean that they are fully controlled. Besides, if I am going to lead this fight then I need all of the training I can get. And if I may say, it was you and the others who told me that I needed to train." He said as he once again waved his hand and two bottles of butterbeer appeared.

She winced at that last part knowing he was right. But they hadn't meant that he needed to train all of the time. They just wanted him to start getting his emotions and new abilities under control. "I know we did, but we didn't mean like this."

"If I don't do this then how do you expect me to win?" Harry asked as he took a sip of his drink.

"You are very powerful and as long as you continue to train, you'll be able to win. You can't wear yourself out, especially with school starting in just a couple of days."

"I'm not trying to put all of my training into just a few weeks. I will continue to train when we go back to Hogwarts. But, and it's a big but Hermione, if something happens at the Kings' Cross I need to be in more control than ever."

"How do you know something is going to happen?" She asked with half closed eyes.

"I don't know for sure, but look at what happened when we went to Diagon Alley."

"Yes, let's look at that. We won the battle without anyone getting hurt. Well, you won the battle after all. That shows that you're training enough, but you just need to continue at the same pace."

"No, that is where you're wrong Hermione." He saw that she looked affronted at him telling her she was wrong. And so he continued on in hopes that she'll understand where he is coming from. "I just got lucky again, like I usually do. I hadn't really had that much training or practice with my elemental powers before that. I saw those deatheaters attacking innocent people and knew that I had to do

something. So I decided to use my elemental powers. The entire time hoping that I'd be able to control them and not hurt or kill any innocent person."

She was beginning to see where he was coming from and in a way it frightened her. "Harry, listen to me." She said as she leaned forward and grabbed a hold of one of his hands. "You may have gotten lucky, but you were able to control them better than any of us could have. You didn't show an ounce of fear and was able to take them down. What you did that day in the alley was wonderful. You showed everyone that you could reign in your temper and battle perfectly without causing harm. I bet that there are a lot of grateful people wanting to thank you for having saved them." She said with a warm soothing tone.

"Yes, that's just it. There are a lot of people who are counting on me to save them." He said with a hint of sadness in his voice.

"Harry James Potter-Black! The only person that you have to worry about is yourself. I don't give a rat's tail if everyone expects you to save them from Voldemort. They can all go to hell for all I care. Harry, I...I...I like you and don't want anything to happen to you." She said the last part barely above a whisper after having caught her near mistake.

Harry didn't seem to have even heard as he just stared into her brown eyes allowing his mind to mull over what she had just said to him. Finally he decided to speak. "No, Hermione that is not the truth. These people are counting on me and I'm going to do everything that I can to help them." With that he stood up and with a wave of his hand banished everything in the room. He turned back to his friend and saw what looked like unshed tears in her eyes, but he chose not to comment on them. "Let's go to bed Hermione, it's after two in the morning and I need to do some more training in the morning." He stated before giving her hand a reassuring squeeze and starting for the door.

He had just reached the door when he felt Hermione grab him by the shoulder. Turning around he looked at her questioning her in his expression. However, instead of getting a reply from her, he saw her

reach up and give him a light kiss on the cheek. "Please be careful and I'm with you." And with that said, she went around him and out the door, leaving a stunned and rather confused Harry behind.

A few minutes later he walked out of the room to head for his bed. Both Hermione and he had been oblivious to another person standing in the shadows. This person had been just about to reach the training room when they happened to see them coming towards the door. Not wanting to be seen, they stepped back into the shadows to wait for them to come out. What they had not expected to see was Hermione kiss Harry on the cheek. Seeing this caused the person to look very sad and even a tear fell from their eyes as they watched Hermione leave and Harry a few minutes later.

The very next morning when Harry awoke he had a new outlook on life. Sure he knew Hermione was right in what she said; yet at the same time she was wrong. And it was that part that Harry used to make his decision with in the night. Climbing out of his bed, he quickly went to get himself ready for a long, hard day of training and studying.

By the time he had walked into the dinning room, he had a plan set in his mind. And it was obvious to those in attendance that something had changed inside the young man that they all loved. However, no one knew exactly what it was as his green eyes seemed to have a glint in them that showed determination yet also showed what they could only guess was a maliciousness that they had never seen before. There was one person though that had an idea as to what had happened to her friend and she was by no means happy about this change. She couldn't help wondering if the trial, his parents' betrayal, and the battle a few days ago may have not done some damage to his psyche. Also, there was the conversation that they had last night. She knew he was right that so many were counting on him, but she didn't want her friend to have that burden. She just wanted him to have a little bit of a normal life. However, with everything that had happened especially their persistence in his training had also changed him.

They ate in silence, which was a very unusual thing for the usually noisy group. No one knew quite what to say, especially to Harry. That

is until Sirius just couldn't take the silence any longer and decided to speak.

"Harry son what's wrong? You look like someone had just killed your best friend." This last comment didn't have the desired effect; instead everyone at the table except for Harry gave the man death glares.

Harry on the other hand was looking directly down at his plate. His face having now gone completely white and the glint that had been there earlier was now gone. Looking up and directly at Sirius he began to speak.

"That is just it, my best friend being killed. They may not be yet, but they very well could be in this war." He raised his hand to forestall any of them trying to object as he continued on. "I have either been forced into stupid and dangerous situations all because of a prophecy that was made before I was even born, or I've been subjected to a life of hell with my "oh so-called family." This bit caused Petunia to wince knowing that he was right in his assessment of his life. "That battle at Diagon Alley made me see a few things. Finally, I was smacked over the head by an invisible being. Yes, I have been training and getting my new abilities under control because of the way. However, I have never really sat back and took in the magnitude of what it all means. That is I didn't until we went to Diagon Alley.

That battle made me change made me finally realize that it isn't all about poor Harry Potter. They weren't there for me and I know it. No, they were there to kill and hurt innocence. People who have either nothing do with the war, or have been dragged into by a family member. Well, I am fucking sick of it!" He yelled the last bit causing everyone in the room to wince.

"If the sheep need a leader, then a leader they will have. From this day forth I am now and will forever be Harry James Potter-Black, Prince of the Wizarding World, and Defeater of all evil. I will lead this world into a new era; one full of love, and peace for all. I may die in the process, but I will make sure that all comes to pass." He stated calmly, but determined. "Now, I need to go and train." And with that he stood from the table and left the room, leaving the others speechless.

It took awhile before anyone could come out of their shock over the new Harry, but when they did, the room was filled with everyone talking at once. That is until Petunia decided it was time to step up and be the aunt that Harry should have always had.

“Will you all shut up,” she exclaimed. And her exclamation did just that as they all looked at the muggle now turned werewolf with shock written all over their faces. Seeing this brought a satisfied smirk to her face. “Harry is perfectly right in what he said. I for one am ashamed of what I did to my nephew. And it is time that I stop being a bitch to him and stand beside him.” She said, her own voice now showing determination.

“But Mrs. Dursley he is just a kid.” Molly cried.

“I have seen and learned a lot since having come into this world Mrs. Weasley. I may not like anything it has to offer, but I for one will not stand by and allow it to ruin my nephew. You have all put so much on his shoulders and he is just finally accepting that. I have to say I don't think my nephew was ever a child. I...my husband and I mean did a lot of that to him. And I am ashamed to admit it, but it is the truth. Also this world has only done more to make that change happen. It is time that each and everyone quit being a hypocrite and help him with what he has to do. If it brings peace to this world and mine, then so be it.” She stated firmly before crossing her bony arms over her chest.

“But...but he is still a kid. He shouldn't have to deal with any of this.” Molly cried. Of course the hot tempered woman knew that wasn't the truth, but she couldn't help wanting to protect Harry from all of the horrors that he would undoubtedly be facing.

“Mum, none of us are kids anymore. We have all been and seen too much for our age.” Ron said sounding confident.

“He's right Mum. I haven't really been little Ginny since I started going to Hogwarts.” Ginny stated.

“But this Harry, he seems cold, almost calculating.” Sirius stated.

“Siri, you now that he is finally coming to terms with what he has to do. You surely cannot expect him to accept it and be fine with it. You of all people know how he put off his training all summer. He didn’t do it because he didn’t want to. He did for one reason and reason only; that was to try to run from his destiny. But now he has accepted his destiny and I for one am grateful that he has.” Remus said.

“How can you be glad that he has accepted the fact that he will have to kill?” Sirius asked sounding shocked.

“I am in no way happy about that at all. What I was trying to say is that, he has a much better chance of living if he fully accepts his destiny.”

Sirius didn’t reply because in a way he understood what his friend was saying, but he didn’t have to like it.

“We may have another problem as well.” Hermione spoke up.

“What would that be?” Remus asked.

“Dumbledore,” she simply stated. “He is going to try something once we all get back to Hogwarts in a few days.”

“Aye, that old man isn’t going to sit back and not try to get Harry back under his hand again.” Ron said with disgust.

“There’s nothing we can do about that, even if we knew what he was planning.” Remus said.

“There just may be a way that we can stop him.” Ginny said as a malicious grin filled her face.

“Do tell Ginny.” Ron said.

And so Ginny did, telling them all about her ideas of making sure that whatever the Headmaster was planning would fail immediately. At first her mother disapproved, but then had changed her mind when she was reminded of how she had been fooled as well.

Ginny had just finished telling them of her ideas when Elsie decided to make an appearance. She had some to enjoy the little spitfire's attitude when it came to her pranking abilities and other things.

"My dear friends, I am pleased to see that you all are working on how to combat Albus Dumbledore and his machinations." She told them.

"How do you know about the Dumbledore?" Sirius asked.

"I have heard you all discussing the man. Also, I have other ways of learning things about that man. That is why I have come to you all. I wish to help in keeping that man away from my Lord."

"Please forgive me Elsie if I sound rude, but how can you help?" Hermione asked.

"I have another who I can contact who is also willing to help. She has stated more than once to me that she wishes for this man to be removed."

"Who is this other woman?" Molly asked sounding cautious and unsure if she liked the idea of someone else knowing what is happening.

"I cannot tell you who she is. However, I am able to tell you that she wishes none of you or my Lord any harm. She has known of the man's treachery for many years now, but has been unable to do anything about it. That is until now."

That evening Ron, Ginny, and Hermione were in Ron's bedroom talking about what had happened to their friend. Also, they were discussing what would happen when they got back to Hogwarts in a few days.

"Dumbledore is going to be after us." Ron said from his spot on the bed.

"Yes, but he'll be after Harry even more. I mean he was the one to put the man in his place." Hermione said.

“So what do we do about it?” Ginny asked.

“I really don’t know Ginny.” Hermione said with a shake of her head.

“We could always prank him.” Ginny suggested. Ron and Hermione both looked at her incredulously.

“Ginny we can’t do that. He is still the Headmaster.” Hermione finally spoke sounding affronted by the idea.

“Yes he may still be the Headmaster, but because of that he can make Harry’s life hell. He could and probably will make ours hell too.”

“Ginny I don’t want to get expelled. Think of what mum would say if we did.” Ron added.

“But that’s just it, Ron. He can’t expel us for something we didn’t do.” Ginny stated with a look reminiscent of Malfoy.

“What do you mean if we don’t get caught? He’ll know it was, or at least suspect us.” Hermione replied still not liking the idea.

“Oh Hermione you are just too uptight. You need to let your hair down and have some fun.” Ginny said maliciously.

This caused Hermione to give the younger girl a dirty glare before turning back to the book that she had brought with her.

“”Mione, Gin’s right. You really don’t like to break the rules and I think maybe she does have a point.” Ron said as he kept his eyes focused on his bedspread. He didn’t really want to see the girls’ face at what he had just spoken.

“Ronald Weasley! I have broken more school rules than you know.” She firmly stated with anger in her words.

“Yes, I know that you have. But it’s always been with me and Harry.” Ron said trying to placate the brown haired witch.

Hermione sat there in her spot on the floor thinking about what the two Weasley's had just said. It was true she hated breaking the rules. But that was simply because she didn't want to be expelled and be forced to stop learning magic. Yet at the same time she was always willing to follow the boys into anything that broke the rules if it meant saving others. Now she had to wonder if she also had a saving people thing like Harry. Finally she looked between the two before taking a breath. "Alright Ginny what did you have in mind."

Ginny gave the girl a very malicious look before beginning her discussion. "Ron and I both were raised with two of the best prankster there are. Also, we have two of the Marauders on our side. And one of them happens to be an animagus. The first thing I think we need to do is follow in their footsteps." But before she continued Hermione cut in.

"What, you want us to become animagus'?"

"Yes Hermione I do. If we all have a form then we can get around better in the school."

"But how are we to do that with only a few days before school starts? I mean there's no known way of doing that." Hermione replied sounding horrified.

"Oh but there is." A voice from the doorway answered.

This new voice caused all of the teens to turn their heads to see who had been listening in on their conversation. And to their astonishment it wasn't any of the one's that they had expected. In reality it was Elsie standing there.

"Elsie how can we do that?" Hermione asked clearly confused by now.

"There is a book in the library that will help you. Also, being magical as I am, I will help you to speed up the process. Therefore by the time you all return to Hogwarts you will all be animagus"

"But we'll all be illegal animagus'" Hermione stated.

“That is the beauty of the plan Hermione. If we are all illegal animagus’ then Dumbledore and his crew won’t even know what hit them.” Ginny replied.

'Miss. Weasley is correct in what she says. Also, I can assure you that you will all have help in your endeavors. I am afraid that my Lord will be in a lot of danger when he returns to Hogwarts. And if this will help him, then I will gladly help.' Elsie stated.

“I’m all for this.” Ron said clearly sounding excited by the idea of being an animagus. Then of course there is the fact that he’ll have something over his brothers.

Meanwhile Hermione was debating with herself if this was such a good idea or not. The idea of being an animagus was exciting and thrilling. Yet, there was the knowledge of being one illegally and the possibility of getting into severe trouble from the Ministry. In the end however she quickly agreed to go along with the plan. After all, it was for Harry and to keep her once idol away from harming him. There was yet another reason but she wasn't about to divulge that to anyone.

Twenty minutes later found the trio in the library pouring over the book that Elsie had told them about. In Hermione's eyes it wasn't as dangerous as she had believed it to be. She was also comforted in the knowledge that Elsie was going to help them do it right.

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While this was all taking place, Severus Snape was once again sitting in the small flat with Lily across from him. He had just earlier that day successfully completed the beginning of Lily's plan. And now was informing her about it and finding out what was next. He had been surprised at how easy it had been to get this done, but ended up chalking it up to his years of spying.

“It sounds like everything went well then Severus.” Lily said sounding excited.

“Yes it did.” Severus drawled.

She let out a laugh which caused Severus to raise an eyebrow at the woman. He really didn't see the humor in the situation.

Once she got her laughter under control she explained. "That crazy old man really believed that you were genuinely sorry for what had happened at the trial. It's funny to see just how stupid he really is and how trusting."

This only caused him to raise both brows now in confusion. He knew from their previous meetings that she had begun to hate the man, but had no idea just how much.

"It is time we start the next phase of my little plan of vengeance." She stated a glint of anger appearing in her green eyes. This only caused Severus to once again question his sanity in his agreement to help the woman. "At the opening feast this is what I want you to do." And she then proceeded to tell him of his part in the plan.

By the time she had finished explaining what was going to take place at the opening feast and his part in it, he couldn't help but close his eyes and shudder. The mere thought of James Potter blowing his stack and Dumbledore being left in yet another angered state made him regret his every helping the woman.

"Lily, I don't know if we really should do this. Especially on the first night back to school."

"What's wrong Severus? I thought you wanted to get your revenge on my husband and Dumbledore?" She asked.

"Yes I do want that, but..."

"But you don't want to get caught?"

"Yes." Snape sneered.

"You have nothing to worry about Severus. Emily is also playing a part in this as well."

"Your daughter," he asked sounding shocked.

"Yes Severus, my daughter. Once I told her of everything that has happened, well let me just say she was more than eager to help. She after all was looking forward to meeting her brother."

"Yes Harry Potter." He sneered.

"Severus Snape, don't you dare take that tone about my son." She glared at him.

"I apologize for that Lily." Snape hissed.

Satisfied by his apology she began to talk once again. "Now are you sure that you will have the potion ready before it starts?"

"Yes it will be ready." He drawled clearly not liking to be questioned about his ability to brew potions.

"Good. When it is ready I want you to slip it to Emily. She knows what to do with it. I also have the sign and charm ready too." Then leaning back in her chair she smiled at Severus, which made him quirk a brow at her. "I do believe my dear Severus that this will be a very interesting year at Hogwarts." And with that she began laughing.

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Back at Hogwarts Emily was sitting in the living room of her parents reading a book on charms when her dad walked in. She didn't even look up in his direction as she knew that it would be him.

James stepped through the portrait to see his daughter sitting on the couch, but not Lily. He scowled a little at not seeing his wife. He was beginning to wonder where she was at, especially since she was or at least seemingly avoiding him. With a shrug of his shoulders he strolled over to the couch and sat down next to his daughter.

"What you reading Em?"

"Oh just a charms book," she replied without glancing in his direction.

He laughed lightly at this. "You really are just like your mother."

'More than you'll ever know dad.' She thought to herself. However instead of saying that, she replied. "Thanks dad."

"So where is your mum?"

"I don't know dad. She just said she had to go out for awhile." Emily answered with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Did she say when she'd be back?"

"No she didn't." Emily said trying to keep her temper in check.

After she had gotten here, her mother had explained to her everything that had happened. And to say she was angry at her dad and Dumbledore was understatement. She had told her mother that she wanted to hex them into oblivion for having hurt her family. And her family was Harry, her mum, and her. She no longer considered James to be her dad. Not after what Lily had told her about his attitude and the way he treated her brother.

When it came to Harry, even though she was only eleven she completely understood why he was so angry and wanted nothing to do with them. Even though she did understand and agreed with him, it still hurt that he didn't want anything to do with her. But then again, she reasoned he didn't know her and probably didn't even know she was alive.

That night when she had found out everything she had cried on her mother's shoulder and screamed for the losses she had gotten in her life. In the end she had come to the determination that she was going to get to know her brother one way or another. And if that meant she would go after her father and Dumbledore for having hurt him, the so be it.

Lily had been so happy that her daughter was willing to help her in her plans. She was thrilled that Emily was going to be the stubborn girl that she knew she could be and get to know Harry. That was after

all one of the things that she wanted the most for Emily and Harry. Now all she could hope for was Harry would eventually be willing to talk with her. And even if that nerve came to pass, then she would still be there in the shadows to protect him from anything and everything.

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It was now the day that they were headed to Hogwarts. All of the teens were nervous about what to expect when they arrived, knowing that Dumbledore would be ready to pounce on them for anything and everything, all because they had gone against him and his manipulations.

Harry was even more nervous than the others even though he didn't show it. He wasn't worried in the least about Dumbledore, no, he was nervous about what the year would hold when it came to Voldemort. Plus he was also nervous about his being able to continue his training while at Hogwarts.

The night before he had foregone his training to finish the alternate plan that he had thought up. He had learned from the year before that he had to have alternate ways of getting out of any trouble that he ever found himself. With that acceptance and his new powers, he found that he had made the perfect plan. The plan was one he knew wouldn't fail and it would also make sure that anyone with him was safe as well.

Little did he know that his friends also had come up with alternate plans? However, they also had come up with plans for revenge against Dumbledore with the help of Elsie, Sirius, Remus, Fred, and George. They had from the insistence of Hermione informed Molly and Arthur a little about their plans. In the end the two elder Weasley's grudgingly gave them their approval of the plan. They did give them a word of caution about not getting caught.

There were also a couple of other plans that had been made in secret by a few others in the household. Those plans weren't planned to take place until the middle of September. The strange thing about that was that one of the people who had decided to help was Petunia.

She had gone through her first transformation with Remus for the last two nights and found that it wasn't as bad as it could have been.

She had marveled at the fact that she was this huge monster from horror stories, yet still had her mind thanks to that potion. She found it to be very fun running through the forest with Remus and Sirius. Though the only she hated was all of the pain that she felt when she began to transform and how fatigued she was the following morning.

The funny thing was, since she had been there with her nephew and the strange people, she had begun to realize that they weren't all that different from her. Another was how she had completely forgotten about Vernon and Dudley, as if they never existed in her life.

Petunia had also found herself liking the tall quiet man that she spent more time with. The two could be found sitting in one of the studies or the library discussing literature and various other topics. One of which excited both her and Remus. And that was the spell that would allow them to become one with the wolf inside.

They both had wanted to do it right away so that they didn't have to go through the transformation that month. In the end however, they decided that they would wait until the kids were back at Hogwarts. And that they found would be perfect for what they were planning.

Now as Petunia stood on the small porch saying goodbye to Harry and his friends she couldn't help thinking about the old saying. "Revenge is a dish best served cold." And that she would make sure happened.

Petunia Dursley was no longer the woman anyone knew. In her stead now was a woman of power ready to stand up fight for what she knew was right. A woman who even though was a muggle would and will terrify many wizards and witches. And that was something to be afraid of, very afraid of.

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So, here is the final chapter of summer. I tried to wrap up as much as could since the next part will all be taking place at Hogwarts. I know

it's not as long as most of the chapters, but I couldn't make it longer. If I did that, then I would be giving away too much of what is to come. I think may have done that anyway. Well, we will just have to wait and see.

Next chapter will be the opening feast and will have a fair amount of action as well. Also, just because Harry is now a little colder and willing to fully take on his nemesis doesn't mean that he won't be having some fun at Hogwarts.

Until then, please leave me a review.

The kids all gathered on the platform where they were about to board the express to Hogwarts. All of the adults that were not at work had gone to see them off. Meaning, Tonks, Bill, Charlie, and Arthur were not there to say their goodbyes, but lucky for them they had already done that prior to leaving.

Now as they stood there on the crowded platform saying their goodbyes, Harry was glancing all around him barely paying attention to anyone. He was searching out anyone who could possibly be a threat, or at least in his mind. And you know how his mind can get lately when he is in observation mode. However he was brought out of his glancing when Sirius grabbed him and pulled him into a hug. At first he stiffened from the sudden contact since he hadn't been looking at the group, but soon relaxed when he heard Sirius' baritone voice tell him to be careful.

Soon the Hogwarts students said their final farewells and climbed onto the train to search out a compartment for their journey. No said much on their way down the corridor, seeing as they were all lost in thought about the upcoming school year. Hermione was probably the only one to be close about what would be happening then any of the others. Still, her mind was drawn from her musings to the other day when Harry had made his impromptu speech at the table.

She had been thinking about that little speech of his since that day. She couldn't understand, even though she was considered a know-it-all by most people how Harry could ever consider people sheep. Another thing that had bothered about that day was if her friend considered them sheep as well.

It wasn't long before the group of four since Fred and George were going to study for the NEWTS independently found an empty compartment. It was a little larger than most, but knew or rather suspected that Neville and Luna would probably join them in awhile. This also suited Harry perfectly well since he wanted to have a little more room to play with a fireball and give Ice some room on the floor. That was especially true since the wolf had grown to the size of a great dane and would grow even more.

Now you may be asking yourself how Harry can take two animals with him. Well, that is easy to explain and it was all thanks to Hermione. Four days ago she had been in the library doing some random research like normal when she came upon a book regarding Hogwarts. She found very soon that this book was far different the Hogwarts a History since it also had all of the rules that had been set back in the day by the Founders. She found it to be thoroughly fascinating since there were several rules and regulations that were for some strange reason not enforced. They weren't even mentioned in Hogwarts a History. It was one of these rules that said a student could bring two pets to school. One of which had to be a familiar that was bonded to the student. The other one could simply be the standard; rat, owl, or cat. And so with this rule Harry was able to bring Ice with him. Also in case of the Headmaster trying to argue about this, Hermione had brought the book along, especially sine she had plans of asking the Deputy Headmistress about why these rules were not enforced.

They had finally begun to pull out of the station when Neville and Luna came into their compartment to join them for the long ride to Hogwarts. The group soon fell into their own things as the train picked up speed. Neville just sat in his seat by Luna watching Harry play with his fireball in awe. Yet, there was a hint of fear showing on his face since he hadn't heard of Harry's new powers. He wanted to ask him about it, but then thought better of the idea, afraid that Harry was angry with him about the trial and having been the one to tell him about his parents being alive.

"Thank you Neville for your help at the trial." Harry suddenly said as the fireball disappeared.

"That's alright Harry. I'm just sorry that it had happened. I know just how much you always wanted to have your parents, like me." Neville replied a little sadly.

Hermione seeing the tension that had begun to build in her friend decided that it was now or never to talk to him about what he had said the other day.

"Harry, what did you mean by calling everyone sheep?"

Harry looked over at her and gave her a strange look that she couldn't explain. The one thing she did notice was that he seemed to be struggling internally with the right words. In her mind she began to hope that he wasn't about to blow up at her for having asked the question.

"Hermione, I have thought about everything that has happened to me over the years since I entered the wizarding world. Every adventure as someone would say have always been me leading the thing. Yes, you and Ron have been with me on these as well." He stated wanting to forestall any argument she may have. "I have been praised for standing up and fighting Voldemort and his followers only to be ridiculed when I don't live up to their expectations. I have been called an attention seeking brat to a dark wizard because I am able to talk to snakes. Then when they find that I am not a dark wizard or an attention seeker because I have spoken the truth they look to me to save them. Then there is the prophecy that states that I am the one to fight Voldemort.

I have never seen anyone other than the Order actually who stands up to the death eaters. But even then they are only defending against them rather than taking the battle to them. They like the rest of the world sit back in their cozy homes waiting for a sixteen year old to save them. They think because I defeated the man once when I was a baby that I can do it again. Yes, I can probably defeat him with more training and these new powers, but that isn't the issue here." He said. By now everyone in the compartment were listening with rapt attention, even Luna who had been reading a Quibbler upside down.

"I know calling them sheep is a very cruel and nasty thing to say about them. But what else can I consider them. They have followed Dumbledore and the Ministry blindly. Just take a look at how they believe Dumbledore is the great leader of the light, or how the ministry is doing everything to protect them from Voldemort or Dark Creatures. These people have grown complacent in the way they live. It's as if they believe what they are being told all of the time. They don't think for themselves and for those that do...well they are considered wrong or dark. All I meant is that if they choose not to think for themselves and stand up for what they truly believe in, then I

will be the one to do it. And before you try to argue about that, I know that all of you here with me now don't follow me blindly. You all think for yourselves and have your own beliefs. And for that I am very grateful for and am honored to consider you are willing to follow me."

Hermione sat back in the seat and thought quietly about what Harry just said. In many ways she had to admit that he was right in his assumption of the wizarding world. They did expect too much from him, especially with their belief that he will save them. There was however a part, albeit a small part of her that wanted to argue with him on that. Not everyone blindly followed the leaders in the world as he said. Yet, she couldn't really find a way to argue this point without it making her look like she didn't agree at all with his assessment. She just hated the fact that here was her friend, her best friend becoming cold and calculating. She wanted the boy that he was, the one who skipped classes or whined about doing his homework. The one that would sit back and talk about Quidditch with enthusiasm to Ron and others whenever they were together. In the end she guessed she wanted the shy little boy that she remembered from her first year.

The others all fell into their own thoughts on what Harry had just said to them. Not one of them could find fault in his way of thinking and that made them all sad at the new Harry.

Suddenly, they heard the door to their compartment slide open and their eyes turned as one to see who was entering. And to no one's surprise it was Draco Malfoy with his overweight body guards. He had a smug expression on his pale face as he looked the group over and stop on Harry.

"So you have decided to return to Hogwarts. What a pity Potter. I thought I had gotten rid of you after that trial." He drawled.

"I would suggest you leave before you find out just what I can do now." Harry replied coldly.

"Oh Potter thinks he can still best me; a Malfoy who has more power and knowledge than he ever will." Draco replied sarcastically. He was about to speak again when he heard a deep growl. He glanced

towards where he heard the growl come from caused his eyes to grow wide at the sight of Ice standing there giving him a murderous look. He took a step backwards and bumped into Crabbe, but he quickly overcame his surprise and his mask reappeared on his face. "I would suggest you keep that beast on a short leash, or it may just be put down." Malfoy threatened.

Hearing this everyone jumped to their feet with their wands pointed at him. They all had a murderous expression on their face including Luna as they stared him down. However, before anyone could respond, be it a spell or a word Draco was hit in the legs with ice that looked to be hardening as it grew larger.

Draco and his goons tried to struggle in the ice but soon they found that their legs were now completely encased in ice. The boys began to shiver from the coldness completely forgetting their wands in their pockets. Draco began swearing and threatening Harry to get him out or he would make sure his life was a living hell. However, his rant was stopped by a well placed silencing charm by Harry. Still this didn't stop the blonde from trying to shout and curse at Harry and his friends, especially when he noticed the smiles that appeared on their faces except for Harry that is.

Harry seeing this and knowing who did it just nonchalantly walked over to Malfoy. "You will find that I will no longer play your games. Go back to your father and that snake you bow down to and tell them that I will find them in time. I'm not the little boy I used to be. Now get out!" With that said Harry raised his hand and sent a gust of wind that sent the three ice encased idiots sailing out of the compartment and into the wall.

"Bloody Hell Mate, I can't believe that Ice did that." Ron said with a mix of awe and fear in his eyes as he looked between Harry and his familiar.

"Can you teach me how to do that?" Neville asked sounding like his more assured self again.

“No Neville I can’t. I’m sorry but its part of my new powers.” Harry replied as he went back to his seat. “So, how about a game of chess, Ron,” He asked his friend who was still looking in awe.

Hermione and Ginny just rolled their eyes at the friends and brother before going back to reading. Neville juts looked a little sad that he couldn’t learn something new. And as for Luna, well she just sat back down, sticking her wand behind her ear and going back to her paper.

Neville couldn’t help but feel sad about what he had seen; of course he enjoyed what had happened to Malfoy and his cronies. However, after the last year where he had learned so much from his friend and was able to start getting over his lack of confidence, he couldn’t help but feel that way once again. Oh he knew that Harry was and would always be more powerful then him and that his friend didn’t really mind that he was lower in his magic. For that he was very grateful, still he wanted to learn more and be stronger then everyone thought he was or ever could be.

“Hey Neville, I can teach you some new spells if you’d like.” Harry replied without even looking up from the board.

Neville looked over at his friend with a shocked expression and wondering just how Harry knew what he was feeling. “Thanks Harry, I’d like that.” He finally said with a smile.

“No problem, Neville. Actually I plan on teaching everyone here what I can.”

This caught everyone’s attention as they stopped what they were doing to look at their friend.

“Harry you don’t have to do that.” Hermione said though she was secretly thrilled to learn more.

“Yea Mate there’s no need to do that.” Ron added.

“Guys, all of you here have already followed me to the ministry, went with me on many of my other adventures. I think it’s for the best that I teach you what I can. I mean just look at last year with the DA. At first

I didn't want to do it, but after awhile I found that I enjoyed it. Besides I know that no matter what I said or did you guys would stand by my side through anything." Harry explained nonchalantly.

"What about the DA?" Hermione asked.

"What about it Hermione," Harry asked.

"Are we going to do it again this year?" She asked.

"I haven't really thought about it. I mean this is already going to be a tough year now that I am against Dumbledore. He's probably going to do everything in his power to try and get me back under his control. So I haven't really thought about starting it up again."

"I think we should start it up again. Who cares what that old man says or does? He's already in enough trouble because of you." Ginny answered.

"Well I'll think about it."

And with that the group fell into silence as they passed the time doing various things. Harry who now had switched to reading one of his books was lost in thought. He knew that this was definitely going to be the toughest year yet with Dumbledore after him, Voldemort and his followers, and more than likely the ministry as well. However, he was determined to make them all leave him alone until he was firmly prepared to take them down. However he had a feeling that told him he would more than likely have to take one of them down by the end of the year. And he really didn't like it at all since he may not be fully ready to do so.

A few hours later they were stepping off the train at the Hogsmeade station. They could hear Hagrid's booming voice calling the first years to him. Hearing this caused the group of teens to look at one another and smile at the fond memory of them having followed the half-giant when they were eleven. Each one falling into thoughts as they remembered how wonderful and exciting the trip across the lake had been that night. How the castle of Hogwarts looked so breath taking and mystical as they glided over the water in anticipation of their

arrival at the school. And they knew that they new first years were probably feeling the nervousness they had, but would lose a lot of that once they came into view of the castle.

Shaking off their thoughts the group made their way over to the Thestral drawn carriages that would take them up to the castle since they were no longer first years. However, they stopped when they heard a gasp from Ginny. All heads as one looked at the girl who had gasped in surprise. That is all but two did since they knew what the others were seeing.

"They...they're terrifying." Ginny stuttered out.

"They are only terrifying the first time you see them. To me I find them beautiful." Luna replied in her sing-song voice.

A thought hit Harry about this and he immediately voiced it. "How can you guys see them?"

"I don't know but I can see them." Hermione replied with a shudder.

"But only those who have seen death can see them." Harry stated dumbfounded.

"Maybe we can see them because of what happened at the Depart of Mysteries." Hermione suggested even though she sounded unsure.

"No one died Hermione." Ron said.

"True Ron, but we did think that Sirius had died falling through the veil." She said.

"This is creepy." Neville said.

"Well, whatever reason we can see those grotesque things we do need to get to the school or well be late." Hermione said and gathered her courage to walk over to one of the last two.

Within a few minutes the group tramped up the stairs and into the halls of Hogwarts. Harry was beginning to feel very uncomfortable for

some reason as they made their way down the hall to the Great Hall. He started to wonder if they had made the right decision in returning.

Flashback

It was the day after the trial and everyone was gathered in the study discussing what to do about school. Sirius and Molly were stating that they weren't sure if the teens should return to Hogwarts after what had so far transpired. Even Hermione was agreeing with them on this since she was afraid that her grades were going to be affected by what she had said. And that was a crime in her book.

"Guys, I don't want to go back either, but where else can we go. Yes, I know there are other schools around the world. However, Hogwarts really is the best one unless we go to the states." Harry said tiredly. This argument had been going for awhile and he was just getting plain sick of how everyone was acting.

"Harry you know it could be dangerous for you all to go back there, especially with Dumbledore still there. He's going to do everything he can to get revenge on you back under his control." Sirius whined.

"Yes Sirius I know that. But if we leave and go somewhere else then there are others who will suffer the result. I can't let that happen, especially to Neville."

"Then why don't you suggest he join you." Molly asked.

"Because, you know how his grandmother is, she'd never allow him to go anywhere else."

"I can talk to her; maybe get her to see that it would be beneficial for him." Molly suggested.

"Thank you Mrs. Weasley, but I don't think it would work. Did you know that until this summer he had to use his father's wand because she wouldn't buy him one of his own? I guess that was one good thing that happened at the Department of Mysteries." Harry said absentmindedly.

"You mean Neville didn't have a wand of his own?" Molly asked sounding aghast at the idea.

"Yes Mum, Neville told us that his grandmother refused to buy him one because she wanted him to use his father's. She told him that she wanted him to follow in his footsteps." Ginny said.

"What was the woman thinking? She knows that everyone has to have their own." Molly stated and shook her head to show that she was confused about the Longbottom Matriarch' mind.

"I still think you kids should go to another school. I don't like the idea of you being anywhere around that man." Sirius said.

The arguing started once again about them going back but Harry just tuned them out as he fell into his own thoughts. He silently agreed that he didn't relish the idea of going back to Hogwarts. But at the same time it was still his first home and he really wanted to go back. Then there was also the fact that if they were to go to another school this would leave the rest of his family behind. They'd be behind where the Dark Arse and Dumbledore could get at them. And that was definitely something he was going to stop if he had anything to say about the subject. Then an idea struck him and his once blank face took on a smirk that could possibly rival Snapes.

The others saw this look on Harry's face and ceased their bickering to look at him. More then one of them had a confused look as they watched the smirk grown in size.

"Alright Cub what are you thinking." Remus asked.

"Oh nothing," came the cheeky remark as he lapsed once again into his plan.

"Harry James Potter-Black, you tell us what you are planning this instant." Molly sternly replied. She knew that look; it was one of the looks that the twins usually got when they were up to mayhem.

"Well...I was thinking that by us going back to Hogwarts we would be in a perfect place to spy on Dumbledore. Also we, I mean I would be

able to help in the fight against Tom and his band of merry thugs if needed.” Harry slyly replied.

“You will do no such think.” Molly cried.

“Mrs. Weasley you know the prophecy. You know where I fit into this bloody war and I am not going to shirk my duties. And if you think about it, if I were to leave can you imagine what the papers would say about me. Oh yes I can see the headlines now. “Boy-Who-Lived ran away. Boy-Who-Lived is a coward. I will not have them saying those things about me anymore. I am not a coward and will not run away. I may hate the idea of having to possibly kill someone, but if it means that I can eventually have a life of my own. Then that is just what I will do.” He stated with determination.

“We all know that you have to face the man, Harry. We know that you never run away from anything, but we don’t want you to get hurt in the process. We don’t want you having to look over your shoulder while you learn because of a man who wants to control you, while another wants to kill you. We just want you to be sage and finish your education first before all that happens.” Remus replied calmly.

“Thank you and I know that is what you all want for me. However, you know as well as I do that no matter what I will always be in some kind of danger whether it is here or somewhere else.”

End of Flashback

It had taken a fair amount of arguing but in the end they were all now back here at Hogwarts. Also in their agreeing he had been forced to agree that if things got to dangerous or out of control that he and the others would leave for another school. And that meant even if they had to be home schooled.

Now the group reached the doors where people were streaming into get to their seats and wait for the food to appear. After all, you could only eat so much candy and sweets before you needed something better before you got sick. So hearing Ron’s stomach growling like it usually did they made their way in only to stop suddenly and stare open mouthed at the head table.

Harry was the first to stop upon seeing two of the people that he disliked the most sitting there along with a third, who was scowling at those who were entering the hall. He could feel the anger welling inside and the heat on his cheeks as he knew that his face was more then likely turning a bright red like his best friend's hair.

Ron grabbed a hold of his friend's arm in an attempt to pull him over towards the Gryffindor table only to have his hand roughly shaken away. This was not going to be good and he knew it, but what could he do.

"What the hell are those two traitors dong here?" Harry shouted causing the entire hall to turn and look at him.

"Harry, come on." Hermione hissed from beside him. She too like Ron knew that this was not going to be good, especially if he were to lose control of his magic.

"Mr. Potter, you will quietly take your seat now." Dumbledore shouted from the head table where he was now standing.

"I said what the hell are those traitors doing here!" Harry once again repeated completely ignoring the order to sit down as he glared hotly at his parents.

"Twenty points from Gryffindor and a week's detention with Mr. Potter." Dumbledore stated.

Harry was about to retort but his friends grabbed an arm apart and dragged him over to his seat. He had seen the sad look that his mother had given him and the gleeful one that had been on his father's. He wanted so badly to walk up there and wipe that look of his so-called father. Instead of even being allowed to say anything he was now sitting in his seat sulking.

Soon the sorting began and Harry immediately tuned it out as he sat and thought about how bad this year was going to be. He now had an idea of how Dumbledore was going to try getting him, and it was worse then he could have ever thought it would be. Nevertheless, he

was brought out of his brooding when he heard a name, one that made his blood boil even more.

He jumped to his feet before any of his friends could grab a hold of him and yelled. "So I have a sister. I bet she does everything you two pathetic excuses for parents tell her to do!" The whole hall had silenced to the point where you could hear a needle drop as their eyes looked over at Him. But he just ignored them and continued to stare at the two people that he now hated more then before as he shouted. "Is the good little girl that I wasn't? Does she bow down and worship you like your Gods? Is she everything that I wasn't?" His voice had risen to sound almost as if he had cast a sonorous on himself.

Emily who had taken a couple of steps towards the hat and stool now stood rooted to her spot looking at her big brother in shock. She could feel the tears prickling her eyes but she refused to let them fall. After all, she knew very well and understood why he was saying things. She knew that if it had been the other way around she too would probably be acting the same. Still, she couldn't help feeling very hurt by his words. She so wanted to know him, to be the family that they should always have been. But it wasn't looking to promising on that side...or at least until their mum's plan started. Then she fervently hoped that they could slowly work their way to being at least friends.

Lily was looking on and listening to her son's tirade with a heavy heart. Like her daughter she knew what he was saying to them they deserved. Tears were now falling freely down her face as his voice grew louder and she felt her heart break. All she could think about was that she had to continue with her plan; she had to make him see that she was sorry for what she had done. And she knew that if she couldn't prove to him that she did love him, and then maybe she could at least get him and Emily to be close like they should have been.

James on the other hand was furious at what his son was saying about his daughter, his little princess. She had never done anything wrong and should not be on the receiving end of his little tantrum. Another thing was how he was shouting about his mistreatment and abandonment. He couldn't believe that this kid that even after getting

his wishes like always was still blaming them. Finally James had had enough as he leapt to his feet. Unfortunately or rather fortunately for Lily this gave her the perfect chance to start the first part of the night's entertainment.

"How dare you, you good for nothing brat, act like you are better than anyone else! You think everything is about you! Well I've got news for you, you little brat, the world doesn't revolve around you and I'm here to show you that!" James shouted back.

"Oh so the world revolves around the great James Potter!" Harry retorted ignoring the calls from his friends to shut down and be quiet.

"No the world revolves around Dumbledore!" James shouted back after having taken a sip of his pumpkin juice. This retort caused the entire hall to gasp and turn to look at him.

"So he was the one to tell you to leave me behind?" Harry asked with a small smirk now on his face. He had seen what his mother had done, and even though he had no intention of ever being nice to her, he would allow him to help a little.

Albus having heard what James said rose to his feet and turned to James. He told the man to be quiet, but instead of said man doing this, he cringed at what James said.

"Of course he was the one to tell us to leave you behind." James said as he realized what was happening and quickly sat back down.

"And why did he tell you to leave me behind?"

At this question, Albus cast a silencing charm on the man who was fighting to keep quiet. However, someone slyly removed the spell.

"He said that we needed to leave you behind because I will be the one to defeat Voldemort." Hearing the names caused several squeaks and screams from the students.

By now Harry had a very smug look on his face at the information he was getting. He could see that the man's voice was starting to

change from the monotone but he had one more question he wanted answered first.

“How were you to destroy Voldemort?”

“He only said that you would be the one to weaken him and in your death I would be the one to finish the job.”

By now the entire hall was in chaos from what they had just heard from James Potter. They had read or heard about the articles over the summer that had been written about Harry and Dumbledore. Many of them had tried to deny or at least ignore the possible fact that the man they believed to be the greatest wizard of the light would ever do the things that he was suspected of. However, now it seemed as if everything was true and they were angry, some were even terrified at the man.

Dumbledore looked furious as his head turned between James and Harry. He couldn't believe that he had lost control of the entire situation. He knew what had happened to James but how or who had done it, he had no clue. Also, there was the fact that someone had removed his spell when they should have never gotten involved in the first place. There was going to be hell to pay later and he would make sure that Harry Potter was the one to pay. Right now, he needed to regain control and change the views of the children.

Letting his grandfatherly mask fall back into place, hoping that most hadn't seen how angry he had been started to talk. “Alright that will be quite enough. All of you please settle down and take your seats. It is obvious that someone has played a prank on one of our new teachers. This prank seems to have forced him to tell lies. I will remind all of you, that this is not a kind thing to do, especially when someone has been hurt.” He turned to look over at Professor McGonagall who he noticed was giving him a very angry look that clearly stated she didn't believe a word he said. “Professor, if you would, please continue the sorting.” And with that he sat back down lost in thought of who could have been the culprit.

“Lily tried to smile at what she had done, but she took no satisfaction it. No, there was no satisfaction to be found after what her husband

had said as well as her son. Still she did take a little satisfaction in having got one up on the Headmaster. And she was about to get another on the man as well as her husband.

Emily calmly walked over to the stool and sat down where she put the sorting hat on.

"It's nice to see or well talk to you again Miss Potter."

"Thank you." Emily thought back.

"It has been an interesting evening so far?"

"Yes it has." She replied.

The hat noticed a bit of sadness in her reply. "What is wrong my dear?"

"I had hoped that my brother wouldn't be so angry at me."

"Do not fear Miss Potter, I believe that he will eventually understand. You just have to give him time and have faith that everything will work itself out." The hat soothingly told her.

"I will. Thank you."

"Are you ready to be sorted?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you wish to go through with this? You are aware like I told you before that it will be dangerous?"

"I am ready and I know, but I have to do this."

"Very well, I wish you luck in your new house." And with that parting comment, the hat's brim opened wide and he shouted Slytherin.

Emily took the hat off her head and calmly walked over to the Slytherin table where she took a seat at the end of the table. She

wasn't about to look up towards her father and mother, nor was she going to look at the rest of her house. She was just thankful that things were starting to work out. Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath she began to silently count to ten.

"My daughter will not be with those slimy snakes!" James roared. Turning his now red face to glare at Dumbledore, he spoke. "I demand a resorting immediately."

"I am afraid I cannot do that James. Once the hat has placed a student in a house then that is where they will stay until they graduate." Dumbledore replied tiredly. This was definitely not turning out to be a good night at all. Little did he know that it was about to get even worse.

Harry and his friends were stunned at hearing Emily being placed in Slytherin. They were all certain that she would have been placed in Gryffindor or possibly Ravenclaw. All Harry could do was to stare open mouthed at his sister while inwardly chuckling at the thought that Emily had gotten one over their father. But by no means did this mean that he was going to suddenly like her.

Lily could only silently pray that her daughter would be safe in Slytherin. She knew that she needed to be there if everything was to work out in the end. Another she knew was that Severus would make sure that her little girl was safe, or at least she hoped he would.

James after having been told that his daughter was stuck where the damned hat had placed sank down into his seat angry about what was going on. He quickly tuned out the rest of the sorting as he tried to calm his temper before it got out of control. It was just as the last name was called when he like everyone else caught the sight of an owl flying in. He looked up at and watched with curiosity as it flew directly towards him. Still watching as he wondered who would be sending him a letter at this time of day watched as it dropped what looked to be a letter from the ministry before it flew off. He didn't see someone close their eyes and take several deep breaths as he carefully took it and opened.

“What has happened to Hogwarts?” Ron asked. “This place is becoming nutters. And I want to eat.” He whined.

“Ron shut up about your stomach. And I don’t know what’s going on.” Hermione scowled as she watched Harry’s father begin to read the letter.

“This is great entertainment.” Seamus exclaimed from his seat a little ways away.

Harry was about to open his mouth when suddenly James began shouting.

“You cannot divorce me Lily.” James yelled at his wife.

“I can and I am James. You are not the same man I married.” She told him from her seat.

“I forbid you from divorcing me!” He shouted as he tore up the letter from the ministry.

“You forbid me!” She shouted back as she got to her feet. “James Potter, you cannot forbid me from doing this. I have listened to you and that old fool for far too long, and now it’s time I take control of my life. From this day forth James Potter, Stay the hell away from me and Emily!” She shouted and moved away from her chair to leave the Great Hall.

“Lily Potter, you are my wife and you will do what I tell you!” James shouted back.

Just as he said this the Great Hall’s doors opened and three men wearing formal robes walked in with expressions of dismay and anger. They had heard every bit of what James and Lily had said as they were about to enter. Not saying a word or glancing around they walked up to the table and stopped.

“Is this how you are running the school Albus?” One man asked.

"We had been told of the things that had been taking place here, but didn't believe them." Another of the men stated.

"That is until now, Albus. I do believe that is a good thing we have come." The third man said.

"Excuse me Gentlemen, but may I enquire as to who you are?" Dumbledore asked as he rose to his feet.

However, before the men could introduce themselves mayhem once again took over as a startled scream rang out from the Slytherin table. This scream caused the entire hall including the newcomers to look over there. In their surprise and shock, five of the new first years other than Emily were now floating in the air. Each one looked like a giant purple balloon. Snape rolled his eyes at the childish act, but even he couldn't keep a straight face, especially since he knew who had been behind this prank and why. Still, he had to be the stern and horrible potion master that everyone knew. So he stood up with his billowing robes he stalked down to the table with his wand out intent on removing the spell. However, just as he reached the table another scream erupted. This time the scream came from the Ravenclaw table. Swiveling around like he was known for his eyes went wide.

There at the Ravenclaw table sat four chickens clucking and moving around the table. Then another scream, only this time from the Gryffindor table which caused the man to inwardly cringe. A glance over told him that several of the students were no longer there at all. It was as if they had completely vanished into thin air.

"What in bloody hell is going on?" Ron shouted as he jumped from his seat when he felt something brush up against his back.

"Mr. Weasley you will sit down and be quiet." Snape commanded before turning back to his own students. "Oh, and that will be twenty points for swearing and a detention with me." He threw over his shoulder.

He raised his wand at the floating students and silently cast the counter charm for the spell that they were under. He didn't want anyone, especially the Headmaster knowing that he was at least

aware of the prank that had taken place. In his mind though he was trying to figure out what and who was behind the rest of the pranks.

“Professor Dumbledore I do believe we should take this to our office.” One of the men said after having turned away from the mayhem. The man’s face was very red, an obvious sign that he was displeased by what he had seen.

“Is it possible that this can wait until after the feast Gentlemen? I must first regain control of the situation and would like to allow the children to enjoy their meal before we continue.” Dumbledore said looking directly at the man with a small smile.

“I am afraid that this can no longer wait. I do believe your Deputy Headmistress can handle the situation.” One of the other men replied sternly.

Dumbledore wanted to protest at first, but then he thought better of it seeing that all of the newcomers were very upset about what was taking place. “Very well Gentlemen, but may enquire as to who you are?”

“We are from the Board of Governors.” One of the men replied noncommittally.

Dumbledore hearing who they were and knowing why they had come inwardly cringed. He knew that at some point this year the Governors would be sending someone to investigate his handling of the school. He had expected later giving him time to come up with a way to handle the situation which would show him in a good light. However, it was obvious that wasn’t going to happen, and he didn’t like that one bit.

“Minerva you will have to continue the feast as I am needed some where else at the moment.” He said to the stern witch who was now trying to find her missing students.

She heard name and what was said but didn’t acknowledge it seeing as she was busy at the moment.

Dumbledore knowing that everything would be alright with Minerva handling the situation ushered the gentlemen to the anteroom where there was another set of stairs to his office. The entire way he was cursing under his breath at his sudden change of bad luck.

Right as Dumbledore and the three men left the Great Hall the invisible students suddenly reappeared. One of said students was standing right behind Ron, which of course caused the red head to jump and scream at being startled from a whimper. This of course caused those around him to burst out laughing.

McGonagall who had been trying to find the students by feeling around gasped when she saw them reappear. She told herself that there was no way that students could disappear and then reappear without a portkey, apparating, or a spell. But they did and so she was glad about that.

Meanwhile, the chickens had also returned to normal and those that had been chickens were looking very embarrassed. They were all sitting on someone's plate. One small boy was even sitting on the lap of another boy at the opposite end of the table. Again the hall broke out into a round of laughter at seeing the former chickens.

Also by now Snape had turned the floating kids back to normal and they were all sitting in their chairs with frightened expressions. A couple of them were even shaking in obvious fear from their traumatic event.

Lily in the turmoil had made her way out of the Great Hall and down to her and James' rooms. Now that the letter had come she could move her belongings to another room that she had been given. She reminded herself to thank Minerva later for having helped her to move.

James had seen his wife leave the room and had tried to go after her, but he found he couldn't move his feet. He had looked down to find that his feet were stuck to the floor. Growling he whipped out his wand and cast a reversal spell only to have it not work. Looking up his face was red with fury at someone having pranked him in such a manner. He knew or at least had a pretty good guess at who the

culprit was and he told himself that he would make sure that the person would be severely punished for this.

It was another two hours before the feast had finally ended and they were all allowed to go to their dorms. Harry and his friends were more than happy to get out of the hall for the first time in awhile. The entire feast had tired them out with the mayhem that had happened from Harry's outbursts to the strange pranks and the appearance of three strangers. And it was the three strangers that they discussed as they showed the shaken first years to the Gryffindor Tower.

The hall had emptied out of all students and professors except for one. James Potter was still struggling with his stuck feet as he cursed loudly about someone paying for this.

During the rest of the feast Dumbledore was having a very horrible meeting with the contingent from the Board of Governors. He was finding it harder as the time went on to keep his temper in check.

"As we have already explained Albus, we will be staying within the school for an indeterminate amount of time." Mr. Gladstone said dryly.

"Yes, yes I am aware of what you said Mr. Gladstone. But I cannot allow that as you know. I cannot have the students' learning disrupted." He tried once again. There was no way that he wanted them to be here. Not if he were going to do what was needed to be done.

"I am afraid that you have no choice Headmaster." Mr. Harper replied.

"Yes John is correct on the matter. We are here to investigate the claims that have been brought to our attention. And after what we saw and heard during the opening feast, I do believe that we have done the correct thing." Mr. Marks replied from his seat.

"Surely you cannot think that what took place to night is my fault." Dumbledore asked.

"We did not say that it was our fault Headmaster. What we are saying is that from what we saw, you didn't do anything to get the students

under control. You also allowed one of your own professors to scream and use inappropriate language in front of impressionable young minds.” Mr. Gladstone replied with a hint of anger.

“After having witnessed that debacle I do believe we will be staying longer then we had expected. That is why we stated that it was for an indeterminate amount of time. Now if you will please escort to our rooms I think we all need to get settled in.” Mr. Marks stated.

Dumbledore was about to argue some more but then thought better of it. After all he reasoned he could work on some way of getting them out of Hogwarts before they found out about what he was planning. “As you wish Gentlemen,” Dumbledore said in his usual cherry tone as he stood. “If you will follow me, Gentlemen,” He said.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

I hope you all liked the opening feast and what I had take place. I chose to have the pranks take place as away to show that Dumbledore doesn't try to get anything under control like that. After all, he did allow the marauders to pull pranks all the time and only gave them detentions when he had to. Otherwise he left it up to his professors to do that.

Many of you may be upset with me about the way Harry had reacted toward his sister. I felt that he would be extremely shocked, hurt and angry that his parents would have another child. Don't worry the two will get closer as the story continues?

Anyway please leave me a review and let me know how you liked this chapter. The next one will have the first day of class and some of the aftermath from what has happened in this one. Also it will have Harry's first detention with his father. Oh that one is going to be good.

The next day, Lily was making her way to the Great Hall for breakfast, tired and lost in thought. She hadn't gotten that much sleep because of her brain thinking back on her life, especially with James. At first when those memories started coming up, she had tried to push them aside knowing that today was the start of classes, but, the harder she tried to push them away, more of them came to her.

The memories and questioning of her decisions in life was something that she had been doing now for quite some time. She'd started thinking about them when she first saw Harry after so many years. He had been so angry at them and it had made her heart break. All she had wanted to do was, take him in her arms and tell him how sorry she was for having left him, but he just yelled at them before storming out.

By the time the trial had come she was already beginning to separate herself from James. She had silently stood back and watched as he got angrier and cockier then ever before. She, like him wanted her son back where he belonged, with them. However, thanks to their stupidity, her son was having none of that. Then the final straw had come that made her finally wake up and see exactly what she had done.

Stopping in the middle of the hallway she remembered back to that day when her very own sister stood up to her. How the usual hateful woman actually admitted what she had done to Harry. How she would never have left Dudley behind for anything, even her own life. It was then that she had finally made her decision.

So lost in her thoughts she didn't hear her name being shouted from down the corridor. Nor did she see the red face of James Potter storming towards her. If she had, she would have been more then prepared for the confrontation. Alas, she didn't until he was right in her face yelling.

Looking up into the furious hazel eyes, she started shouting back. "James Potter, I can do whatever I want!" Putting her hands on her hips as her face grew red.

“What the hell is wrong with you, Lily? You know damn well we need get our son back!” James yelled.

“There’s nothing wrong with me! It’s you that has something wrong!”

“Well, there has to be or you wouldn’t be leaving me.” He huffed.

“Do you really want to know why?” She asked him.

“Yes Lily, I do want to know.” He said leaning against the wall.

“Fine, I will tell you.” She said. Looking him directly in the eyes, she started. “You have become the arrogant prat that I knew in school. You believe like you did in sixth year that the world revolves around the Great James Potter. Well, I have news for you...the world doesn’t revolve around you.” She angrily said.

Before he had a chance to respond, she continued. “I have no idea what happened to you, but you’re not the same man that I fell in love with. You have turned your back on your friends; the friends that stood by you through thick and thin.”

“They turned their backs on me!” He shouted angrily.

“No James, they didn’t do that...you did.” She replied sadly.

“Fine, whatever, but that doesn’t explain why you’re leaving me.”

“I’m leaving you because, because you have ultimately destroyed any chance that I or we could ever have with our son. You have acted like he’s an out of control teenager who needs controlling.”

“Well he is out of control.” He said fiercely.

“No James, Harry is far from being out of control.”

“Did you already forget how he acted last night towards our daughter?”

"No I didn't forget. I can't blame him for acting that way...and you shouldn't either."

"So, you're leaving me because of our son who hates us."

"That is only part of it." She said sadly.

"What else is? It's obvious that you don't care about me or the rest of the world." He spat.

"That's not true James and you damn well know it!" She shouted her eyes burning with a fire. "The reason I'm leaving is because I no longer love you." She yelled even though her heart was telling her that she indeed still loved him.

"You don't love me anymore." He said incredulously.

"That's right James, I don't." She stated firmly trying to keep the tears from her eyes.

"That brat is the reason for this, isn't he?" James suddenly yelled at her.

Rolling her eyes and shaking her head at his sudden outburst. "Fine, if that is what you want to believe, then yes, it's because of Harry. I don't know what the hell I was thinking all those years ago when I agreed with you and Albus about leaving him. I told you and him that I didn't want to leave my little boy behind."

"We had to do it, and you know it!"

"No James, I don't believe that, and at one point you believed that too. It was all Albus' idea about us leaving Harry behind."

"Lily, you know damn well Albus only had our best interest at heart. Besides, there's that prophecy about me killing Voldemort."

"No, James, the prophecy doesn't state that it will be you. It didn't even say who the person would be. No one knew until afterwards, and you damn well know that." She said angrily.

I don't know what happened to you or how you blindly believe that you are the so-called destined one to defeat Voldemort. At this point, it's Harry and I will do what I can to help him survive."

"Well, you can say that I blindly believe Albus, but you also believed it as well." He stated firmly.

"That may well be true, but I always had my doubts...unlike you."

"I don't understand what you're even going on about. Albus Dumbledore is the greatest wizard since Merlin, and you know that. You followed him just like I do."

"No, I didn't follow him like you do...I followed the man that I loved." She replied sadly hanging her head in shame. "I followed you and let you be the head of the house. I allowed you to make all of the decisions, whether I agreed with them or not."

This admission took him by complete shock, and he had no clue what to say. He loved her with all his heart, always doing what he believed was right for them. But now...but now he wasn't so sure.

"I don't know why you are acting this way. I feel like you are a completely different person, one that I would have never...ever fallen in love with no matter what they said or did." She said softly once again looking him in the eye.

"When...when did you decide to leave me?" He asked hesitantly unsure if he truly wanted the answer.

"I had been thinking about it for awhile now."

"How long—"

"A couple of years," she replied. "I didn't want to, but with your attitude and how you have threatened to hurt my son...well, I couldn't let you."

"He needs discipline Lily."

“Yes, he does need some discipline.”

“Some...how can you say some? Look at what he has said and done since we came back.

Then there’s’ all of the things he has done over the years.” He began to rant waving his hands in the air.

“All of those things, as you so eloquently call them were not because of his actions. Oh, and as for how he has acted since we’ve been back...well, how would you expect him to act?” She asked sarcastically.

“He should have been, and still should be happy that we are alive.” He retorted.

“If that is what you believe James Potter, then you are just as delusional as you used to be. I don’t know how or why you are acting this way, but you’re not you.”

Ignoring her, he said. “If you think he’s going to welcome you back with open arms, then you’re sadly mistaken. Have you forgotten that he hates us...that means you too.” He stated smugly seeing the defiant expression falter.

“I know he hates me. I hate myself for having listened to you and Albus. I knew it was a mistake, but that didn’t stop me from making it anyway. All I can do is to stand in the shadows and watch him...help him...guide him in anyway possible.” She said tears now filling her green eyes. “But that won’t change my mind in divorcing you.” With that said she brushed passed him and headed for the Great Hall, brushing the tears from her eyes.

James briefly stood their in shock at the finality of her words. He’d thought that he was getting through to her, especially with the last bit. Evidently he was wrong in that assumption. Realizing this, he spun around and shouted at her retreating back. “I should have never married you!” That finished he whirled back around and headed for the Great Hall in a different way.

Emily was walking with another first year Slytherin, Helena MacAfee. The blond haired girl was the only one that had been nice to her at all last night. She like Emily wasn't a pureblood, no she too was a half-blood. The girl had been deathly afraid of having been put in this particular house because of her blood status Emily had found out during their talk in their dorm.

So, here they were talking amongst themselves about everything and anything on their way to breakfast. Emily could see that her new friend was a little less fearful about her sorting, but nevertheless, it was obvious that she still felt uneasy.

Flashback

“Emily dear, we need to talk.” She heard her mother say from the seat across from her.

Looking up from her book and staring at her mum, she asked. "What do you need to talk to me about?"

"I know you've been upset with me about your brother, especially with what is happening now, but you have to understand I am just as upset with myself as you are." Her mum said.

"I know mum. I just wish you had told me sooner that he wouldn't...or rather, may not like me when he finds out that I'm alive." Emily replied a little sadly.

She had always wanted to meet her brother, especially after having heard about him since she was seven years old. The stories back then all sounded fantastic, like they were from one of the many fantasy books that she would read or her mum would read to her.

Eventually, she found herself becoming enthralled with her mysterious brother. She would often have dreams of meeting him and being a family. Sometimes in her dreams; her and her brother would go flying or go to the mall and have ice cream together.

However, not one of her dreams about her older brother ever pointed towards him not liking her. She was fully aware that they when they met for the first time would awkward for them, especially Harry, but not to the point where he would hate her.

"Emily, you are a strong girl. I know that you can handle whatever happens when the two of you meet. Like I already said, he will more then likely lash out at you because you got what he always wanted and should have had."

"I understand mum, but I can't help wishing that he would like me." Emily replied sadly.

That was all that she had wanted from Harry; was for him to like her. For him to be happy that he had a little sister, and to be her big brother, always there when she was in trouble, or when she needed someone too talk to.

"I may have come up with a way that he will like you." Lily told her daughter with a smile.

“How—“Emily exclaimed sitting straighter in the chair with an excited expression on her tan face.

Lily couldn't help herself from giggling at the excitement on her daughter's face. “By being put in Slytherin.” She smirked.

Emily's eyes nearly bugged out of her head hearing her mum's words. “Slytherin...how will that help...isn't that the evil house...won't he hate me more.” She said beginning to babble incoherently.

“At first he might not like you, but we already know that he probably won't anyway. So, there really isn't any difference in that. Yes and no, Slytherin, like all of the other houses can have both good and evil in it. Slytherin just so happens to be the one that is known for having dark wizards, especially with Salazar Slytherin being its founder. Being in Slytherin will help because you will be able to help your brother.”

“Huh...Are you out of your mind mum? There's no way being in Slytherin will help Harry. Plus, how do you expect me to get into it?” She asked her.

“No, I'm not out of my mind, Emily.” Lily scolded her daughter. “As to how you will get into Slytherin...let's just say it won't be that difficult.

Emily leaned back into the couch and thought about what her mom had just suggested. She began weighing the pros and cons of being in Slytherin in her head. Mentally counting exactly how many advantages there were, to how many disadvantages there were.

“I'll do it mum, but you have to tell me exactly how this will help Harry.” She finally stated after ten minutes of arguing with herself.

“Thank You Emily.” Lily said a genuine smile brightening her face.

Leaning closer to her daughter, she began telling her just how this would all help her brother. She went on to tell her how she was going to be sorted into Slytherin.

End of Flashback

“Emily, what is our first class today?” Helena asked nervously, bringing Emily out of daydream.

Shrugging her shoulders, Emily said. “I don’t know Helena. My mum said we’d get out schedule after breakfast.”

With that, the two fell into a comfortable silence as they reached the hall for breakfast.

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Like everyday, Harry had had a difficult time in getting Ron up. Everything he tried short of magic couldn’t get his red-headed best friend awake. So, after fifteen minutes of trying in which the rest of the dorm had left an idea struck him. With a mischievous glint in his eyes, he raised his hands, palms facing the bed. Laughing lightly, he called on the air to swirl around the bed, causing the blankets to be plucked up and thrown across the room.

Harry laughed louder when Ron still refused to wake except for some strange muttering about, ‘go away, I’m sleeping.’

“That’s the way you want to play it huh.” He spoke before allowing a smirk to appear on his lips. With that said, the wind started to pick up even more as it swirled around the entire room now, knocking things off the shelves and throwing blankets and pillows all over.

Even with the now faster wind and loud sounds, Ron refused to wake up. Giving a slight shake of his head in disappointment, Harry directed the wind towards his friend’s bed.

He watched as the wind now solely concentrated on Ron once again, but this time it was a different. Since it was a faster and harder wind then before, the entire bed began to shake from side to side. It even rattled some in the wind.

At first it hadn’t had the desired effect, but once the bed shook more violent then when it started, Ron shot up looking around wildly. This only caused Harry to cease his elemental control and break out laughing hysterically.

By the time Ron scrambled off his bed, Harry was bent over in half, clutching his stomach in his laughter over his friend's reaction.

"That's not funny Mate." Ron huffed before walking over to his trunk to grab what he needed for a shower.

"You...should...have...seen...your...face." Harry answered through his laughter. This only got a glare in return.

Twenty minutes later saw the two along with Ginny and Hermione walking down to the Great Hall. They were all laughing except for Ron since Harry had just finished telling the others about what he had done. Ron was just glaring at them. After a few minutes later they were able to get themselves under control.

On their way Hermione couldn't help noticing that Harry was looking calm and relaxed as they talked about nothing in particular. She was happy to see him this way, especially after the last few days. She hadn't liked the new Harry, the one that was too serious like her; the one who was accepting his fate with an air of anger. In her eyes, this Harry wasn't as fun to be around, but that didn't mean she was going to stop being his friend.

Last night she had brought this very thing up to Ron after Harry had gone up to bed.

Flashback

She was sitting in front of the fireplace with pensive look; one of her best friends, Ron was sitting across from him. She was currently thinking about her other friend, Harry and his sudden attitude change. Granted she knew that he had to become more serious, more determined if were to survive this war. Nevertheless, that didn't mean she had to like it.

"Hermione, what do you think of the new Harry?" Ron suddenly asked breaking the silence, bringing her out of her thoughts.

Turning her head to the right, she looked at her friend with that pensive look and answered. "I don't know Ron. I understand why he's acting this way, but I don't like it."

"I know what you mean. He seems so cold. I hope he's not going to always be like this now."

"You know he has to be strong and determined if he's to survive." She answered firmly.

"Hermione, I know that." He whined. "But all he did since after the trial was to train. That even got worse after those damn deatheaters in Diagon Alley."

Ignoring his cussing, she replied. "He has to train."

"I know that, but he's not that fun anymore." Ron whined.

"No...no, he isn't." she replied sadly.

"I wish there was something we could do to help him."

"We are helping him Ron." Seeing the incredulous look on her friend's face, she quickly elaborated. "By being there for him, giving him the strength to do what he has too."

They fell into silence for awhile thinking about their friend and all of the adventures that the three had been on since their first year. All of the adventures had been dangerous, and anyone of them could have been killed, but they were doing it together and having some fun as well. Like, in first year where they snuck out using Harrys' invisibility cloak.

Then there was their third year when they used the time-turner to save Sirius and Buckbeak.

Hermione, herself wanted to see the old Harry some. She didn't want the serious, determined boy all of the time. Even she, the know-it-all knew that a person, especially a teen needed to have some fun at times.

"Maybe we can get him to have some fun once in awhile." She suddenly said causing Ron to nearly jump out of his skin because the silence they had been in.

"How," he answered.

"I'm not too sure...but you know me, I'll think of something." With that she gave a small yawn before standing up. "I'll see you in the morning. Goodnight Ron." Having said that, she headed towards the staircase up to her dorm trying to think of a way to get Harry to have some fun and be a little less serious.

End of Flashback

Reaching the Great Hall, the three took their seats and waited for the food to arrive. They knew that they had to wait because Dumbledore was to make the announcements that he hadn't the night before. They knew this only because McGonagall had informed the tower of this before having let them leave from the feast.

Hermione noticed that Harry was staring up at the Head Table with a deep scowl. Without even having to glance in the same direction, she knew exactly who he was looking at. She shook head in disapproval at him, but didn't say a word knowing that it wouldn't do any good.

Her attention was soon grabbed when Dumbledore stood and began to speak.

A few minutes earlier.

Dumbledore was sitting at the table watching the students file in. He had yet to see Harry or his friends arrive. This didn't please him at all since they had been told they had to be here.

He hadn't had a good night after the board investigators had left his office. He had been so angry that he wound up breaking several items in his office due to having been put on the spot at the opening feast. He knew who had been behind the prank that had garnered the attention of the investigators.

Once he had calmed down to think clearly, he began to work on his plans for getting Harry back under his control. He knew that it was going to be even harder than he had expected because Lily had decided to turn away from him as well. This had caused him yet again to get furious about his plans being shattered.

He had known from the very beginning when he had hatched the plot all those years ago to gain his power base and garner the fame that he once had back using the Potters, she could be the one to throw the proverbially monkey wrench into it.

It wasn't to say that he didn't have a lot of power and fame still; however, they were beginning to dwindle. In particular; it was his power that was dropping the fastest. And I don't mean his power in the Wizengamot.

Once he had noticed the leak during James and Lily's fifth year, he had begun to try and find a way that would allow him to regain what he was losing. He also had searched to see just how bad the leak was, and how long it would take before he no longer had enough magic to sustain his position in the world.

It took him over a year before he'd found the information he needed. At the time he'd been grateful that he was such a persuasive orator, or he might not have been able to gain enough followers to help him in his search or even the first war.

Once having found the information it took him another six months before he found what he would need to do in order to not only stop the leak, but also to gain even more. At first he didn't like what he would have to do, after all, he was a light wizard, and he just didn't do these kinds of things. Needless to say, he changed his mind after one particular battle that had left him nearly drained from exhaustion.

Once having made the decision to go ahead and do the deed, he began to search for the right family for this. It wasn't until he had heard the prophecy concerning Harry Potter did he find the perfect family to help him. After all, he reasoned James Potter had no living relatives and had always looked up to him like a grandfather. Even

Lily had looked up to him in that manner; always following the rules, and willing to help anyone in need. The prophecy, itself, made not only his job easier, but the war as well.

Now, however, many years' later things weren't going according how he had planned them. Oh, he had James in the position that he needed him, but he had lost Harry...and this was just not acceptable. Not to mention that he, Albus Dumbledore was being investigated by the Governors of the school. All because of a snot nosed brat who refused to listen to him anymore.

He watched as the trio strolled into the room nonchalantly like they had no cares in the world. Seeing them act like this made him bristle and seethe inside. Here he was trying to win a war and save himself, along with thousands others and the person who was supposed to save them all was acting like a teenager. He knew he had to get him back soon or he could lose everything. And that was just not an option for him...not after having gone to the lengths that he had.

Calming himself down quickly, he stood and stepped around the table to stand at the podium that was once again back in the hall. Looking over the students, he saw that they were all giving him their attention except for one; Harry Potter was sitting, talking with his best friend. He cleared his throat and began his usual beginning of the year announcements.

"I would like to welcome you all back to yet another year at Hogwarts. I would like to especially welcome the new students and congratulate them on a wonderful sorting last night. Now, as our returning students are aware, the Forbidden Forest is off limits to all students. There are various creatures that live within its trees that could seriously harm you or...let's just say it wouldn't be pleasant. I would also like to inform you that there is to be no magic whatsoever in the halls of Hogwarts. This is for the safety of you and anyone else who may be in the area. Also, all Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes items are banned from the school. If you would like to see exactly what is restricted, then you may see our caretaker, Mr. Filch." With this said, before continuing his speech he looked over to the three Gryffindors. Turning back to the students as a whole, he continued on.

“This year we have two new professors. First, I would like you all to welcome Mr. James Potter. He will be taking over the Defense Against The Dark Arts. Secondly, I would like to introduce, Lily Potter. She will be taking over the Muggle Studies class. Please give them both a round of applause.”

Whispering and talking broke out amongst the students once they had taken their seats again. Both knowing very well what they were discussing and why. Lily felt a slightly uncomfortable at being talked about in such a manner knowing that they were probably not saying many good things about her. Still, she wasn't going to let them ruffle her feathers. James however was enjoying the attention even if it wasn't good. He had always enjoyed attention, and once again he was getting it.

Albus seeing this frowned lightly at their lack of enthusiasm towards his new professors, especially James since he was replacing Umbridge. Clearing his throat loudly, he continued on with his opening speech.

“Sadly, I must inform each and every one of you to be more cautious then ever before. As you are all aware Lord Voldemort has indeed return...” Upon saying the Dark Lord's name there were several screams and flinches from the student body and even a few teachers, but he continued on as if nothing had happened. “Let me assure you that Hogwarts is the safest place to be. However, I must insist that you travel in groups at all times, and heed the curfew times. Detentions will be longer then usual for being out after curfew for this reason.

On a lighter note, I would like to inform you that there will be a Halloween Ball for third year and above. There will be Halloween parties in each house for first and second years. A special Hogsmeade trip will be allowed that morning for those who may need any last minute items. Oh, and before I forget, this is a costume ball. This means, anyone attending the ball must have a costume. So, with that all said, I believe it is time to tuck in for a wonderful breakfast.” With that, he clapped his hands and food suddenly appeared on the tables.

While Dumbledore was giving his start of term speech, Harry was doing his best to tune the man out. That is until he heard the introductions of his former parents, causing his head to jerk up towards the table. It was just as he had expected, his father would be teaching his favorite subject. He shook his head in resignation that for the second year in a row he would have a horrible teacher before turning back around to stare at his plate.

They were all finishing their breakfast; Ron finishing his second one when McGonagall stopped behind them to give them their schedules. Harry graciously took his and glanced down to see what his first class of the day was. He gave a loud groan at seeing that he would have to go to potions. Of all the classes that he could have started with, he would get this one, he muttered under his breath.

McGonagall saw or rather sensed his discomfort and smirked a little. She chuckled inwardly with the knowledge that Severus wouldn't be able to intimidate one of her favorite students any longer. Not if this summer had anything to say about it. All she could hope for was that Harry didn't get into too much trouble over it. She'd hate to see that, especially after having promised him last year that she would help him in attaining his goal of being an auror.

Before moving on, she leaned down and said in his ear. "I would like to see you after classes today in my office." With that, she straightened up and moved on, giving him no chance to reply back.

Harry and his friends stood up; grabbing their bags they headed for their first class. Ron was groaning loudly about having to take potions first thing in the morning. Harry just ignored him as they turned down the corridor leading towards the dungeon. Hermione was bickering with Ron about his issue with the class.

"But Hermione...first thing Monday morning." He whined.

"Look at it this way, getting it done now means we won't have to deal with Snape later." She reasoned.

"But Hermione—" He whined again.

“No buts Ron.” She told him firmly before proceeding to ignore him.

Harry on the other hand was just aimless walking down the corridor trying to keep from answering anyone’s questions. He knew that there would be some, especially with the trial and the publicity surround it, but that didn’t mean he had to like it. So far he’d been lucky in the respect, and only a handful of students, mostly Gryffindors had eagerly questioned him about the events of the summer. He was even luckier when they’d been satisfied with his answers to only a few of their questions. However, this didn’t mean it would last, and now that everyone knew his parents would be teaching this year, there were bound to be a lot more questions.

The trio reached the potions lab where they saw several students waiting for the door to be opened. One of those students waiting was Draco, who was wearing a sneer on his face as he they approached.

“Well...well...well, if it isn’t the Scarhead, Mudblood, and Weasel.” Draco sneered looking directly at the trio.

Harry only rolled his eyes at this comment knowing that the blond was trying to get a rise out of him. He was certain that Hermione was feeling the same way as he, but Ron...well, he was a whole different person.

“Shut your hole, Ferret.” Ron spat.

“so the Weasley has a bit to him.” Draco remarked pushing himself off the wall and striding up to Ron. “I would watch what you say to your betters.” He sneered in the face of the red head.

“Why don’t you go back to your boot licking father?” Ron spat back.

“My father is no boot licker—” He paused briefly before continuing. “Then again, you would know all about boot licking now wouldn’t you?” Smirking at Ron who who’s face was reddening in anger.

Seeing that his friend was about to explode with anger at the idiotic blond, Harry stepped up, placing a calming hand on his friend’s shoulder. “come on Ron don’t let the ferret get you. We both know

that he's beneath us." Harry said calmly." Looking directly at Malfoy when he said this.

Draco's eyes narrowed and his sneer turned to a malicious smile. "I would watch who you consider beneath the other, or I may just have to show you who's beneath whom."

"Oh, what is the great Draco Malfoy going to do? Go running to his daddy like always." Harry asked sarcastically. He could hear Ron snickering next him and knew that Hermione was shaking her head in exasperation at him.

Draco didn't respond to the insult; instead he whipped out his wand, about to cast a hex on Harry when the door suddenly burst open, and out stepped Snape.

"What is going on out here?" Snape asked in his usual deep dark tone.

"Nothing Professor...we, well that is to say Malfoy and I were having a disagreement of sorts." Harry explained sweetly. He saw Snape's eye narrow at this explanation, but he didn't take it any further.

"Alright all of you in now." He commanded before sweeping back into his classroom.

Harry, though he was secretly glad that Snape hadn't made a big deal of what he had said couldn't help wondering why. It was just not the thing that Snape would normally do, especially seeing as how he had been involved. Whatever the reason, he would still expect the man to verbally attack whenever he got the chance. However, he chose not to dwell on this since he had to get to charms, and figured that he could mull it over once classes were done for the day.

By the time Harry had finished his potions class he was thoroughly convinced that something was seriously wrong with the usual snarky potions master. He may not have gotten any points in the class, but the man didn't take any away either. Hell, the man didn't even give him a detention; which was extremely unusual since the man basked in giving him detentions.

Snape leaned back in his chair, giving a sigh of relief, or maybe resignation once all of the dunderheads, as he liked to call them had left. That had been the hardest class ever with Harry Potter being in it. He hadn't taken a single point, given a detention, or even make one derogatory comment to the boy. He just ignored him completely and concentrated on the other students. Oh, there were a couple of times during the class period that he wanted to say something, but was forced to bite his tongue on the matter. He did after all agree to be nice to the raven haired boy. But that didn't mean he had to like it in anyway. It just took the fun out of teaching the brat.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHP

After his last class, which coincidentally was Transfiguration, he told his friends to go on with out him. At first, both of them tried objecting, but he had quickly squashed that idea by telling them that he didn't think it was anything serious. And so reluctantly they both left telling him they'd meet him in the common room.

Once the room was empty except for Harry and her; Professor McGonagall, with a wave of her wand cast a locking and silencing charm on the door. She wasn't about to have anyone overhearing this conversation, especially the headmaster.

Harry had tensed when he saw his professor take out her wand, but had relaxed a little when she did not point it at him. However, that didn't make his nervousness go away, especially when he watched her casting the charms from his desk.

McGonagall sat back down in her chair and told Harry to move up front in her normal tone. He gave her a short nod before doing as she ordered, yet, he remained silent. Even though, he was beginning to feel apprehensive in regards to this meeting.

"Mr. Potter—"But before she could continued she was interrupted.

"Professor, as I stated in class, my name is no longer Potter; it is now and forever will be Potter-Black." He stated sounding annoyed that he had to correct her.

She gave him a stern look before giving him a curt nod and continuing on. "Very well, if that is what you want," she replied flatly. "You may be wondering why I asked you to see me after classes today." Seeing him nod, she went on. "As you are aware, Professor Umbridge issued a lifetime ban to you in regards to your playing Quidditch. I would like to say that the ban has been lifted. It should have never been issued in the first place." She said distastefully.

Harry was secretly thrilled that he would be able to play Quidditch this year; that is if he decided to. As of now, he had yet to decide if he would play or not seeing as his life was more complicated now than ever before.

"Now, I know you are fully aware that we are in need of a captain for the Quidditch team. I would like to offer you the position." She stated a small smile tugging at the sides of her lips.

He fell back against the chair, his eyes blinking rapidly. "Me, you want me to be the captain?" He asked sounding like he hadn't heard her correctly.

"Yes, Mr. Potter-Black, I want you to take the position. You, after all, are the only one who has been on the team the longest. Besides, you're the best candidate for it too."

"I...I don't know what to say." He stammered wondering if this was all some kind of joke. Then it hit him, and he straightened up, squaring his shoulders and looking directly into his professor's eyes. "Professor, is this some sort of way to control me? Did the Headmaster ask you to give me the position?" He asked coldly.

To say Minerva McGonagall was shocked would be an understatement. Her jaw dropped nearly to the top of the desk, and her eyes widened at the implications he was suggesting. Quickly regaining her composure, she fixed him with one of her usual stern expressions.

"I can assure you the Headmaster has nothing whatsoever to do with this. In fact—"She trailed off catching herself before saying anymore.

However, Harry did catch her. Narrowing his eyes, he asked. "He's against this, isn't he?"

She knew she was caught, and should be honest with him about the entire issue. Unfortunately, she wasn't sure that would be such a good idea, especially with the animosity between the headmaster and her student. She may not agree with the man in his handling of the boy, but that didn't mean she would add fuel to the already out of control fire.

"Professor, its true, isn't it? That old man once again is trying to control my life." Harry hissed while his face became red with anger.

Seeing that her student was becoming angry, and could very well do something he'd regret later on, she chose to tell him the truth. "Yes, Mr. Potter-Black, he is completely against me giving you the captaincy. He feels that you did not earn the right to the position. "She stated firmly twisting the truth a little.

"Then why are you offering it to me?" He asked leery of her intentions.

"For one very simple reason; you are the best candidate for the position, Mr. Black." She answered choosing to shorten his name.

"That may will be true, but isn't this wrong? I mean going behind the Headmaster like this." He hurriedly added.

"No, I don't believe it is wrong at all." shaking her head in the negative. "It's up to the Head of House to decide who rightfully deserves the position."

"Then why is he involved in it?" He asked clearly confused.

This was the question that she didn't want to answer out of all of them. This one question, she knew could send Harry over he edge; yelling about the injustices and the manipulations of the Headmaster, even if she did agree with him on that. Needless to say, she had no choice but to answer him truthfully since she believed in honesty, or as close to it as possible.

“Ever since he became the headmaster, Albus has requested that we get his approval for these matters. He believed at one point, and then he was correct in his assumption, that certain Head of Houses were playing favorites far too much. The Quidditch Captaincy was one of those little things that they played favorites with.”

“You mean like Malfoy and the way he got onto the team?”

“Yes, that is exactly what I mean.” She too felt like Harry about Malfoy and his buying his way onto the team; disgraceful.

“Then how can you give me position if he refuses to allow it?” He asked spitefully.

“Let’s just say that I have my ways.” She replied dryly giving him a rare smile. “Will you accept the position?”

“I’m not sure, Professor.” He replied thoughtfully. Truthfully, he wasn’t sure at all about being the captain of the Quidditch team. That didn’t mean he didn’t like the offer or the idea behind it, it was just...well, he didn’t need more problems with the man who had completely tried to ruin his life.

“Mr. Black, may I ask why you are hesitant about accepting?” She asked even though she could make a guess as to why and probably be right.

He looked directly into her eyes once again, and said. “I don’t want to deal with that man at all. And if this is going to get you into trouble; then I would rather decline.” He replied honestly.

The first part she had been right about, but the last part...that had taken completely by surprise. However, she did have to smile a little at his thoughtfulness. She silently thanked whichever deity was listening that her student still put others above himself. This wasn’t to say that she fully agreed with him doing this, it was more of a feeling that he hadn’t been completely changed by the recent events.

"You needn't worry about me, Mr. Black. I can assure you I won't get into any trouble by doing this."

"Are you sure, Professor?" Still not sounding completely convinced on the matter.

"Yes, I am quite sure. Besides, you should and do need to have some fun. You can't go around being serious and worried about your destiny all of the time."

"I do have fun." He cried scandalously.

"Mr. Black, we both know of the recent events. It doesn't take a genius to know that you, of all people would throw away whatever is left of your childhood for others." Chastising him lightly for what she knew he was doing.

He didn't try to contradict his Head of House, choosing to change the subject. "Is it possible to have co-captains?" Thinking he could ask Ron to help him, especially since he's only known about Quidditch for about six years now.

"I don't see why you can't. Do you have someone in mind?"

"I was thinking that Ron could be the co-captain."

"And why is that?"

"He knows more about the game than I do. He did grow up here in the wizarding world." He explained.

A lump formed in her throat at hearing why he wanted Mr. Weasley to become co-captain with him. It made her angry, angry at Albus and the Potters for having put this nice young man through a life of hell. "I do believe that would be acceptable. Only, you will have to be the one to ask him. But I must warn you, if he declines the offer, then you will be sole captain." Harry nodded his understanding.

Seeing his quiet acceptance, she reached over and pulled the top right hand drawer open. She rummaged around briefly before pulling

out a shiny badge; one that looked like the prefects wore. Handing over to him, she spoke.

“Now, the first thing you will need to do is schedule tryouts. We are in need of a chaser. I also believe that you may want to see about two new beaters. The one’s we had last year were all right, but I think we can do better, don’t you.”

“Yes, Professor, I do too.” He answered with a smile.

“Just let me know what Mr. Weasley’s answer is, and when you want to schedule the pitch.”

Sensing this as a dismissal, Harry stood, grabbing his bag and bidding his Professor a goodbye, he walked towards the door. He wanted to get back to the dorm in a hurry and tell the others.

He weaved his way through the crowded corridors on his way to the tower. Oblivious to the hushed tones of the students and various stares he was receiving. He even ignored a couple of the professors that he came across.

In his oblivious state, he turned the last corner, only to bump into someone. Shaking his head and stepping backwards, he was about to apologize to whoever was there, but the words died on his lips. For standing there with a large smile on her face was his little sister.

He shut his eyes briefly, counted to ten before turning back and opening his eyes. “What do you want?” He asked through gritted teeth. He didn’t want to yell at her, yet, at the same time he didn’t want anything whatsoever to do with her. For this little red head had taken not only his place, but had taken the things that he had always wished for since he was a child.

“I want to talk to you.” Emily said calmly, walking up to him, a serious expression replacing her smile.

“That’s nice...but I don’t want to talk with you.”

“Why? What did I do to you?” She asked trying not to show her hurt. Yes, she had expected this from him, but it still hurt.

“What did you do?” He asked incredulously. “You did everything!” He nearly shouted causing many heads to turn in his direction.

“Harry, I don’t know you. So, how can you say that I did anything to you?”

“You want to know what you did.” He asked coldly.

Nodding her head, she said. “Yes, I do.”

“Fine, I’ll tell you. For starters, you got to live with your parents—“

“Our parents,” she quietly corrected him not wanting to upset anymore then he currently was, but he heard her anyway.

“Fine, our parents,” rolling his eyes at this comment. “You got all their love, all their time. You got a childhood filled with gifts on your birthdays and Christmas. You got to have them hold you after a nightmare, and help you when you fell down.” He said with a raised, yet quivering voice. “They didn’t abandon you like me.”

Suddenly, before she could even say a single word, Harry continued on, but this time his voice was hard and cold.

“All I got was the chance to live in a cupboard for ten years. Yelled at for the littlest thing that happened in our aunt and uncle’s house. I was given all the chores, even the cooking. I was given our cousin’s huge hand me down clothes. Given the opportunity to be beaten up whenever our cousin decided he wanted to do it. Oh, and let’s not forget that I was the lucky one when it came to never having any food.” He sarcastically stated.

Emily felt tears prickling at her eyes as her brother told his story. She wanted to throw herself in his arms and cry for him. She wanted to tell him that everything was alright, but she couldn’t.

"I had no friends until I got here. No one wanted to be friends with a freak or someone who was a criminal." He said softly looking down at his shoes. "You got it all. You took my dream away from me. I don't ever want to talk or see you again. Like I told them, I hate you." And with that, he turned and fled down the corridors and out to the grounds.

Emily stood watching her brother flee, her heart breaking for him. She couldn't believe what he'd gone through. Her mind just couldn't wrap itself around the idea of being treated in such a manner.

Briefly, she thought about going after him and talking with him about all of it. However, it was very brief since it was obvious he wanted nothing to do with her. And it was all because of their parents. Yes, she knew most of it from their mother, but even she hadn't told her all of this.

She could feel the anger boiling just below the surface, wanting to escape, to destroy. Instead of doing anything about it at the moment, she decided to go to the one person she could take it out on. The one person who hadn't had the decency to be honest about her brother and all of what he had been through. And so, with this in mind, she took off at a run towards the room.

A few minutes after having dodged the students, Emily was now standing in front of a portrait of Demeter; Greek Goddess of the Earth. She didn't even stop as she shouted the password and jumped inside before the portrait could open completely.

Walking into the living room, she looked around for her mother. Not seeing her there, she began to shout for her. It only took her shouting for her mother twice when said woman came running out of the bedroom with her wand in her hand.

"Emily, what's wrong?" Lily asked lowering her wand before walking over to the couch and sitting down.

Emily didn't follow suit. Only placing her hands on her hips and giving her mother a very dark and angry look. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Furrowing her brow, Lily asked. "Tell you about what, honey?"

"The truth—"

"Honey, I'm not sure what you're talking about." Lily replied with a shake of her head. "Why don't you come over and sit down? Then you can tell me what this is all about."

At first Emily wasn't going to do this, but then thought better of it. So, walking over and sitting down across from her mother, she gave her a piercing stare. "The truth about my brother," she said folding her small arms across her chest.

"Honey, I did tell you the truth about Harry." Lily replied clearly showing her confusion.

"No mother, you didn't tell me everything." Emily stated adamantly.

Perplexed by her daughter's behavior and comments, she wondered exactly what had happened to cause this.

"You didn't tell me that you abandoned him. Or that he was starved, and had to live in a cupboard."

"What!" Lily cried sounding surprised.

"You heard me Mother."

"I told you we didn't abandon him. And I had no idea that he was starved." She replied.

"Then why did Harry say those things?" Emily asked her anger having deflated.

"Honey, like I explained, we had to leave him behind. It was the only thing we could at the time to keep him safe." Lily paused briefly. "Well, at least that is what we were told."

"By that old fart of a Headmaster."

“Yes, by Albus Dumbledore.” Lily replied sadly.

“Why did you listen to him? I know what you told me and how it was a mistake. One that you wish you hadn’t made. But it still doesn’t make sense to me.”

“At the time, I and your father were worried that he, and us might be killed any moment. We weren’t as worried for our own lives as we were for your brother’s. The headmaster came to our house one night and explained that it would be in our best interest if we were to disappear for awhile.”

She didn’t want to tell Emily everything, at least not yet. She was afraid that her fiery red head of a daughter might get herself into trouble, especially since she had a tendency to act before thinking.

“Mother, you have already told me those things. And it still doesn’t make any sense.” Emily said.

“Emily, I’m not sure how much I should tell you. Yes, there is a lot more to it than that. But, I’m afraid that you may be in danger if I told you all of it.” Lily answered matter-of-factly.

“I don’t care. I want to know it all. How am I supposed to help my brother if I don’t know it all?”

Closing her green eyes for a moment, Lily tried to come up with a way of explaining everything to her daughter. Granted, Emily was right in the fact that she did need to know everything. Opening her eyes to see her daughter looking at her with a stern expression that demanded to be told, she sighed and nodded to her that she would explain.

“Before I tell you, I want you to promise me that you won’t ask any questions until I’m finished.” Seeing her daughter nod, she started.

“There was a prophecy made regarding your brother and another child. This prophecy stated that one of them would be the one to defeat the Dark Lord. That is, he would be the only one who could.” She added correcting her mistake. “At the time, Albus Dumbledore

was leading a group that was against the Dark Lord. Your father and I were members of it, and still are.

Like I had already told you, Albus had come to our home one night about the prophecy. He tried to explain that he had interpreted the prophecy wrong. That instead of it being Harry or the other boy to be the one to defeat the dark lord; it would actually be the father of the child.” Lily paused so that this information could sink in before continuing.

“At first neither I nor your father believed this to be accurate. The prophecy never mentioned anything about a father or an adult. It only stated that the one with the power would be born as the seventh month dies. We both tried to tell him this, but he wouldn’t listen to us. Yes, he did admit that he could be wrong, but that we had to be careful anyway.

It was then that he suggested we leave Harry behind and that we go into hiding in America. I was horrified at this suggestion; I didn’t want to leave my boy behind. Even your father felt the same way. We even told him this, but he wouldn’t listen to our pleas. He just keep on telling us that it was all for the best.” She paused once again when she felt tears prickling in her eyes. Taking a deep breath, she continued with her story.

“After awhile of arguing about the whole idea, you father for some reason agreed with the man about doing this. I still tried to put up an argument about leaving him behind. I even went as far as to suggest that your father go by himself. But, Albus and even your father eventually talked me into it. They said that it wouldn’t be for long, and then we could be a family once again.

Being in love with your father and looking up to Albus as a mentor, I stupidly agreed to do it. I told myself that they knew what was right, and I’d see Harry soon. Yet, somewhere in the back of my brain I had some doubt that this was the right course too take.

These past few months, that doubt has grown stronger then ever before. I have also, like I explained to you before, have become

suspicious of Albus' motives. There's just something that doesn't add up. It's like a puzzle and there are a few pieces missing.

I can honestly say that one of them is your father's attitude.

Your father was always like that...well, not to this extreme when we were in school. He always believed that he was better than everyone else. However, that attitude had taken a drastic turn in our seventh year. He seemed more humble, more caring about others than ever before. That new attitude of his was what caused me to fall in love with him. Oh, that didn't mean that there weren't times when he still acted like the arrogant prat that he'd been.

When your brother was born, he was the happiest person I'd ever seen. He doted on him like the world revolved around him. He and his friends were always going on and on about teaching him bad habits, like; pulling pranks, or how to get out of trouble, even talking about teaching him to fly when he was still a baby." Lily fondly recalled.

"I remember how sad he was when we left. I would find him sitting in the darkened living room of our house lost in memories. Whenever I would try to get him to talk about these memories, he would only ever say that he wished Harry was there. It always brought tears to my eyes to hear him so broken hearted. During this time we never heard anything about your brother. Albus had told us that it wouldn't be a good idea if we were in contact with the wizarding world here. He said that there were still followers of the Dark Lord around.

Then you were born and he seemed to smile more and be happier than he had been for years. He would talk about how he couldn't wait for you and Harry to meet. He was sure that the two of you would become fast friends. I was so happy to see him like this again, even if I was sad and wanted Harry to be with us. Then something happened to change all this.

I don't know what it was, but I know that he changed for the worse. You see, it was just after your brother's second year when Albus contacted us. He requested James to come here and speak with him. Your father, as I did thought that we were going to be getting Harry

back. So, your father quickly changed his appearance and took an international portkey to see him.

I remember he was gone for nearly a week before he returned. I was so eager to see him and expecting that he would have Harry with him that I couldn't sleep much. When he walked into the house, I noticed right away that something was wrong.

Your father didn't have that usual bright smile that he always had. He stormed in, saying that your brother was acting reckless and endangering people's lives. When I tried asking him about what he meant, he just said that your brother had nearly gotten four people killed at the end of the term. That he didn't stop to think of the consequences before acting like a reckless brat. He went on to say that he wouldn't be coming to live with us because he needed to get his act together.

After this, your father started coming back here to England at least twice a year to talk with Albus. And each time, he would come back angrier and more arrogant than before he left. I would always try and talk with him, but he wouldn't listen. Instead he would tell me that I should listen to him because he was the man of the house.

Now, that was funny since I hadn't ever listened to him before we got married. I was the one who was always standing up to him, and he was the one listening to me. However, I had chosen to let him lead the family with me following his decisions." She gave a small laugh at this. "Anyway, I don't know why I ever did that. I don't know why I suddenly changed into being so submissive. Then when we finally came over here to get your brother since Albus told us it was time, things just got even worse. But I've already told you all that." She stated finishing her tale.

"How could you treat Harry like that? Didn't he deserve the truth long ago?" She asked sadly.

"Yes, honey he did."

"I remember how daddy seemed different, he didn't spend a lot of time with me anymore. He always seemed angry about something. He's worse now than ever, isn't he?" She asked her mother.

"Yes, he is, honey. He seems to have this sudden obsession with your brother. He thinks that he's dangerous and out of control. And that he needs to be controlled and taught how to behave."

"You don't see it that way?" Lily wasn't sure if her daughter was asking or stating a fact.

"I do agree with him to a point. Your brother is a very angry young man who needs guidance. He needs his parents to love him and tell him that everything will be alright. He needs the safety that only a parent can give. But, I do not agree that he is dangerous at all. From everything that I have learned, your brother is a very caring person who is willing to defend anyone." Lily explained.

"But how can daddy be this way, especially towards Harry?"

"I don't know honey...I just don't know." Lily said sadly shaking her head.

"Do you think that there is some spell on him?"

"I thought about that, and even looked for one. I didn't find anything on him, and I've looked more than once. If there is, then I can't find it."

"How am I helping Harry by being in Slytherin? I know you told me what I'm to do, but how is that going to help him. How is that going to bring me and him together?"

"You are helping him by gathering information."

"You mean spying. But isn't that wrong, Mother?" She asked.

"In most cases yes, it is wrong to spy. However, in this case, spying is perfectly acceptable. And it's even suggested." Lily added.

“Okay, but how does it help my brother?”

“It will give him an advantage in this war.”

“How,” Emily asked.

“Many of the Slytherins as I’ve told you are either planning to join the Dark Lord, or have parents that are deatheaters. They will have first hand knowledge about any possible attacks on Hogwarts. They may even have knowledge of plans regarding your brother. With anything you hear in these matters will allow Harry to be prepared for the worse.”

“That makes sense, but how am I going to get to him.”

“You leave that to me, Honey.”

“Alright Mother,” She replied still unsure of how this would help her and Harry become the siblings they were always supposed to be.

“So, how was your first day of classes?” Lily asked changing the subject to a neutral.

Emily hearing this launched into telling her mother about her classes excitedly.

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I thought this was a good place to stop. I tried to fix a few plot holes and strengthen what was already there. I hope that I was able to succeed with that.

Next chapter will have the rest of the first day, including Harry’s detention with his father.

Please leave me a review and tell me what you thought of this.

Harry was quiet during dinner, his thoughts on the encounter with his sister. The one, who had gotten the things he'd always dreamed of, always prayed for...a family that loved her. This wasn't the only thing though that was on his mind. The detention that he would be serving in a short time with a man he hated; a man he hated more than Snape. And that was something he thought would never happen, except for Voldemort, of course.

He pushed his food around on the plate ignoring his friends' pleas. Asking him what was wrong, and such. They meant well, and he knew it, but he just didn't feel like talking at the moment.

They both had a pretty good idea as to why their friend was so quiet after all a detention with the man who supposedly died for you, whom never did that would be extremely upsetting. Of course, said man instead of trying to be nice and help his son was instead acting like an idiot. One who thought they were so much better than anyone else, like Malfoy did. Out of the two, Hermione was even more worried than usual, especially with the fact that he was still having mood swings.

The reason for this was that over the past couple of months, she had found that her feelings toward him were a little more than just the best friend thing. At first when she sensed the change in her feelings it had scared her a little. Up until then she only ever thought of the young raven haired boy as her best friend. She worried about him like one, cared for him as one, and even tried to get him to talk about his problems. All she had wanted was to be there for him as a friend. However, somehow, those feelings strengthened to a point that she now was having a hard time of seeing him as just a friend.

True they were friends, but now she saw him in a different light. Like the way he would push his glasses up with a single finger or run his hand through his hair when he was frustrated, and at times when he was nervous. Sure she'd seen him do these things countless times over the years, but now it was different when she saw them. Another difference was how her worry for him was. Now, it was more like when she worried about him, her own heart hurt for him. It was like a small pang of guilt or fear she felt when he was like this. And when he was angry, she wanted to rush to him and calm him down. Get him to see that it wasn't worth being angry over something he couldn't

control. All of these feelings, whether they were new ones or just ones that were changing made the brightest witch of her time confused, and confusion was one of those things that she detested as much as the way people treated others that weren't like them.

Then on top of these confusing feelings were the ones about Ron and even Ginny. The former she knew had a crush on her; whether it was more than that she wasn't sure. She'd known about her feelings since the end of the Yule Ball in their fourth year. When he had gotten angry and said some horrible things to her about having gone to the ball with Victor Krum. She hadn't let on or said anything because she didn't feel the same for him. Sure she cared and loved him, but unlike the changing feelings for Harry, these were just that, feelings for a friend, for a best friend.

She knew that his feelings had only strengthened towards her since then. A perfect example of this was last year when he had kissed her. She had seen the small glint of happiness that lit his eyes when they had kissed. The way that his step had been just a little more bouncy then it had ever been before. Part of that was from having actually done well, winning the Quidditch game, but for her, she knew that it had been more then just that. And now she had a problem, one of mega-proportions on her hands. Even if she found that her feelings for Harry were misguided someway, she had no feelings for Ron at all. She just wanted to stay friends with him, nothing more. But how was she to tell him this was the problem at hand. How was she to explain that she liked him only as a friend without hurting his feelings, let alone their friendship?

Then last year, after they had kissed that one time, she'd seen the affection that he had for her shining in his eyes. But, it was also at the point that she also knew that she just didn't feel that way towards him. The love that she had for him was most definitely that of a best friend...okay maybe more like a sibling, but it was in no way romantic. And it was definitely not the way her feelings were beginning to get towards Harry.

Ginny was the other troubling thought. Last year she would have sworn that the girl had grown out of her crush on Harry. However, over the course of the summer, especially the way the girl had acted

in the beginning when they were trying to find a way of telling Harry about his parents before he found out on his own was a little disconcerting. She saw how the red-headed spitfire gave Harry longing glances when he wasn't looking. Noticed how the girl had given her a few jealous glares when she was hugging him or after having given him a peck on the cheek.

At first she had chocked it all up to the girl's fierce friendship with him. By the end of the summer she had become confused and uncertain if said girl had only hidden her crush, allowing it to turn into something much more. All she could do was hope that Ginny hadn't allowed this to happen; especially since she didn't think that Harry had those same feelings for her.

There was yet another person in the room that was in deep thought. That person was none other than Emily. Her thoughts though were more directed towards what her mother had told that afternoon. At first she had accepted everything she had been told, like it was the truth. But on closer inspection, which is what she was doing at the moment, it did not add up.

Sure, there was something very wrong with her dad; the way he acted around everyone else, and how he seemed to be ignoring her more then ever. That Harry didn't like her because of what she had that he didn't; meaning their parents. But there was something else, something that she just couldn't put her finger on.

Emily, unlike Harry had traits of all the houses, the strongest of them being, Ravenclaw. She loved reading and learning new things, yet at the same time she found it to be very relaxing, especially when she got stressed out. Her mother knew this about her, and would always encourage it, but she also was aware that she could be ambitious; and cunning when she wanted to be. Unlike most, her mother didn't see them as bad traits, but didn't think it was a good idea to nurture them as much as the others.

Emily was aware of her mother's feelings on this matter, and thus had planned to be in Ravenclaw, or at least expected to be. Needless to say, that didn't happen because of said mother. Her mother telling

her how much she needed to be in the other house that she was perfect for...Slytherin.

At first she had thought her mother had somehow lost her mind. A Potter in slithering, that just didn't happen, and she knew it. But then her mother had told her how it would help her brother in the war if she was there. It was that reasoning why she agreed to do it, but she didn't like it, and made sure her mother knew it.

Now, even though it was only the first day of actual school and she was still unsure about having been placed in Slytherin, she was starting to have an idea as to why. Sure, her mother had told her why. But that didn't make sense to the dark red head. How could an eleven year old Potter spy on those that might be planning to harm her brother? How was she to just stay safe in place full of snakes? And then, if she did somehow overhear anything get to her brother? He didn't trust her after all nor did he want anything to do with her.

'Well, if mum wants me to spy then I will. But I'm also going to spy on everyone else. I'll just prove to Harry that I'm his sister and didn't have anything to do with what they did. Then I might just get the one thing I want.' She finally told herself determinedly, pulling herself out of her thoughts to go back to eating.

Oh yes, little Emily Potter was going to do just as her mother wants...help her brother. But what her mother doesn't know is that her little daughter isn't going to just hand her what she wants. Oh no, she's going to make sure that she gets what she wants first. And that might not be good for Lily Potter soon to be Lily evens once again.

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It was nearly eight o'clock when Harry said goodbye to his friends and headed for his detention. Sure that his father was going to make it hell for him somehow, and somehow was the question. But he was determined not to let the man get to him. He wouldn't give the man that satisfaction for any price.

It was now just a couple of minutes before eight when he reached the door to the defense classroom and knocked. It was a few minutes

before the door was opened, or rather opened on its own. Bracing himself and steeling his nerves, he stepped in to see his father, or rather James Potter sitting behind his desk, feet up and hands clasped behind his head.

James saw his son walk into the room, a smile forming on his face as he thought of the plan for this detention. This was going to be good he thought, swinging his long legs off the desk and standing up.

James stood there until Harry reached his spot, a scowl now in place of the smile. "Tonight you will be cleaning this classroom. That means everything; the desks, the floor, the walls. Oh, and it will be done without the use of magic. Therefore, you will hand me your wand." James said smoothly his hand held out waiting for Harry to give him his wand.

Harry not liking the idea of handing his father his wand did it anyway. He really wasn't in the mood for an argument at the moment. Turning away he walked over to the pale and rags that were waiting for him, not seeing the smirk on James' face.

It was about an hour later, when the detention started to go horribly wrong. Harry was currently down on his hands and knees scrubbing the floor he didn't notice that his father had hopped up onto one of the desks nearby, who was giving him a contemplative expression.

"I hear you're the Gryffindor seeker." James remarked.

Harry having heard the remark chose to ignore it as he proceeded to scrub the floor. However, after a few minutes of silence passed by he did give a slight nod of acknowledgement of the comment.

"Did you know I was a chaser on the team when I was a student here? I was good at too." Here he paused in his recounting of being on the Quidditch team, a ghost of a smile playing on his lips.

Harry didn't notice the smile as he got to his feet, grabbed the cleaning supplies and hurriedly moved to another area of the floor. This detention was far from the way he had been expecting it to be. After the summer's events he'd expected that his father would take

this opportunity to lash out at him. After all, he did make the 'Great' James Potter look like a fool more than once. However this was far from that and it was beginning to stir a mix of confusion and suspicion inside him as he began to scrub once again.

While he was scrubbing away he heard his father sit down next to him on one of the desks. Scowling at this, he continued on cleaning, trying to ignore the man that he had once idolized.

"I was just thinking that maybe we could go flying together Saturday." James suggested casually.

"I don't think so," Harry replied lightly.

"It would be fun. We could even invite your sister." James suggested.

Upon hearing this, Harry stopped scrubbing and stood up to face his father. "I don't know why you're trying to be so friendly. I've already said that there is no way that I will go flying with you." Harry stated coldly.

Undaunted by his son's coldness, James continued on. "Harry, we need to get past what has happened between us. That way we can once again be a family."

"You of all people want me to just forgive and forget, as if we had some sort of argument." Harry asked incredulously. Seeing the nod from his father, he went on. "That will never happen. And if it ever did it sure would be a cold day in hell. Or have you forgotten that you left me to a life of hell, filled with hate, fear, revulsion. Should I go on?" He asked. Not getting an answer he plowed on. "Then you and your wife suddenly come back into my life thinking that all will be well. When you find that it won't, you try and get control of me. You tell me to my face how spoiled rotten and arrogant I am simply because I won't follow you or open my arms wide welcoming you back into my life." Harry's face was reddening as he continued on with his diatribe.

James was trying to control his temper as he sat listening to his son blame him for everything that had happened to him. Finally, he couldn't take anymore of his son's attitude and he lashed out. "Get

over it all ready!” James shouted. “None of this has anything to do with you! The world doesn’t revolve around just one skinny little boy.”

What James didn’t know was that Harry wasn’t as skinny as he looked. That was one of the things that his training had helped with as well as all of the meals that he’d gotten since he left the Dursley’s. However, when he went to get his new school robes he decided to get them bigger than he needed. This way people could underestimate him, believing that he was still the small skinny kid he’d always been.

“I know damn well the world doesn’t revolve around me!” Harry shouted back a small wind beginning to blow in the room.

“Then get over what happened between us! We did it for your safety!” James yelled back.

If anyone had been walking outside of the defense classroom they would have been able to hear the two Potters as they yelled and screamed at one another.

“No, you did it for yourself!”

“Are you so stupid you can’t remember we had to leave if the prophecy was to be fulfilled? Can’t you see that there are a lot more people involved in this? People who will and could have already died.”

“That’s right, the prophecy. Is this what that’s all about?” Harry asked his eyes narrowing dangerously as the wind blew around the room. Both of the two were ignorant of this.

Just then someone was walking near the door of the room and heard the mention of a prophecy. Stopping next to the door, they put their ear to it so they could listen.

“Yes. You know that we couldn’t take you with us because of it. You had to vanquish him then so we could live, so that I could better prepare for his return.” James stated unaware of his using the word I.

“Besides, you need to be trained if you’re to survive. Albus and I are the two who can help you with that.” He added.

That was the wrong thing for James to have said. Harry’s famous or rather infamous temper was unleashed. The wind that had been blowing began to blow harder, wilder, and fiercer than before. The desks began to rise in the air as his black hair blew wildly in the wind. His emerald eyes began to glow as they were narrowed dangerously.

James who had felt the small wind before had dismissed it as normal. But now...but now he couldn’t. His head started darting from side to side, eyes wide open as he watched the room be torn to shreds. In his mind he quickly recalled this happening once before. However, he couldn’t remember when at the moment. That was because right now he needed to concentrate on getting it stopped.

“You’re only trying to get me back under Dumbledore’s thumb.” Harry stated coldly.

“That’s not true,” James shouted through the wind, lucky that he had even heard what Harry had said through the wind’s ominous noise.

“I will never be controlled again. I don’t need your training. I will defeat Tom on my own. And when I do...you had better be gone.” With that, Harry turned away from his father before stalking towards the door, his hair still blowing wildly in the fierce wind. He stopped abruptly and turned around to face the front of the room. Raising a hand towards the professor’s desk he called out, *accio* Harry’s wand.

He only had to wait a few seconds as his wand came flying towards him, catching it deftly, he placed back in his pocket before turning back to his destination. He hadn’t even spared his father a glance when he’d called for his wand.

Reaching the door, Harry wrenched it open and to his astonishment, his sister fell to the floor. It was obvious that she had been listening at the door. Giving her a disdainful look, he stepped over her and headed back to the tower.

By the time he reached the portrait guarding Gryffindor tower he had calmed down considerably, though he was still angry. That anger was now directed at himself for having let his temper get the better of him. If there was one consolation to it, it was that he hadn't actually lost it as bad as he had over the summer. He mused as he gave the password, "Merlin" to the portrait before stepping inside.

He stopped his stride towards the stairs to his dorm when he saw his friends all sitting around the fire. Knowing they were waiting for his return to the tower, he changed directions and headed over to them.

Meanwhile, in another part of the castle a small meeting was taking place.

Lily was currently sitting in front of Albus Dumbledore, a tea cup held in her hands as she watched him warily.

Albus was sitting in his chair, fingers steepled and his blue eyes twinkling like always. He was trying to read her mind, but was finding that she had somehow learned Occlumency. Though it wasn't as strong as his or even Severus', it was strong enough to only allow him partial entrance. And then it was only brief, hazy images that he was able to see.

"Lily, I would like to know why you've decided to divorce James."

"That is for me to know only. It has nothing whatsoever to do with the school." She answered knowing that his question was more of a demand.

"James loves you Lily." He stated before taking a sip of his own tea.

"Did he put you up to this?" Lily asked sounding suspicious.

"No, he did not ask me to. I wanted to know for my own curiosity. You know how much the two of you mean to me. And it saddens me to see that the two people I consider like my own family are divorcing." Albus replied.

“With what has happened over the past several years, especially this summer, I felt that I could no longer stay married to him.” Lily replied without even thinking.

“Lily, the things that have happened are regrettable. I have made several mistakes in regards to your family. These mistakes I may never be able to fix. Nevertheless, I would like to have that chance to fix the ones that I have done to you.” He said the twinkling in his eyes diminishing slightly.

“Like you said, these mistakes will never be fixed. There is nothing you could do now, short of a time turner that could fix them. For some strange reason you convinced my husband and I to leave our child behind. That is something I should never have allowed to happen in the first place.

“Lily, I had no choice. You know what the prophecy says.”

“Hang the prophecy Albus. This situation has nothing to do with that blasted thing. You know damn well we could have protected Harry. We could have taken him that very night with us.” She stated anger lacing her words.

“My dear that could never have happened you’re son needed to be here in England. Harry needed to be a child for as long as possible. Besides, James needed the time to grow up and be ready for his destiny as well. We cannot win this war without the two of them.” Albus explained in his usual grandfatherly way. “If it could have been done any differently, I would have done it.”

“The prophecy never stated them both.”

“That may well be true. However, you’re forgetting a line of the prophecy that may well be triggered by the two of them.”

“And which line is that,” She asked sarcastically knowing that she had never forgotten that thing. How could she, it had cost her everything.

“And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not.” Albus recited.

"How can that line be triggered by them both?" She asked taking another sip of her tea, which was beginning to get cold.

"What the actual power is, I have yet to learn. However, as I have stated before, the love of a parent is very strong. It is like a bond that may be strained at times, but is never broken. That bond is not only comprised of love, but also respect. A child loves his parents deeply, but also respects them. A boy will respect his father even more than his mother, just as a daughter will respect her mother more. I believe that the love your son has for the both of you, and the respect he has for his father will be what helps to defeat Voldemort."

"You forget that he holds none of that for either of us, only contempt. And that is your doing Albus. So, your reasoning is flawed on that once again."

"I don't believe it is. I will admit that over the years I have misinterpreted the prophecy many times. This time I don't believe I have. You're son is powerful, yes, but he isn't powerful enough on his own to defeat Voldemort. Like I explained before, the prophecy involves both of the men in your life. Somehow the two of them will, together defeat the most dangerous Dark Lord since the days of Grindewald. That is why I have asked you hear."

"You want me to help you get them talking." She asked incredulously before laughing and shaking her head. "There is no way I will help you in that. I will not make the situation with Harry worse than it already is."

"My dear I can understand how you must be feeling, but we must work together on this. Harry is in need of mentoring. I feel I can no longer be that person for him."

"More like he won't let you," she muttered.

"That may well be true Lily." He said acknowledging that he had heard what she'd said with a hint of sadness. "That does not mean that you can be that person. He needs to work out his anger towards you and James. Lily, he needs you to help him."

"I know he needs me. I need him too." She cried. "But it was you who has caused this mess. Therefore, I will have to refuse your suggestion." With that she stood up after having placed her cup on his desk. "I will help my son in my own way." She said before leaving the room.

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Up in the common room, Harry was juts finishing tell his friends all about what had transpired in his detention. Ron laughed about how he'd made the desks fly around. Even Ginny had snickered at this. However, Hermione didn't. She instead had a thoughtful expression on her face.

"Something isn't right." She suddenly stated.

"Hermione, the only thing that isn't right is how his father is acting." Ron answered before Harry could speak up.

"It's not that Ron."

"Then what else could it be?" Ginny queried.

"I'm not sure..." She trailed off.

"Hermione, there's nothing else to the matter. The man is just trying to find away to get me to come back to him and the rest of them." Harry said.

"Harry, I know that." She cried. "There's more to it though. I mean, he didn't even stop you from leaving early. You even said that he only stood there when everything was flying around the room."

"Yea, so," Harry asked clearly saying that he wasn't in the mood for this conversation.

"Wait a minute. I think I know what she saying." Ginny piped in. "He's a professor right." Both boys nodded. "Then why would he just allow Harry to leave a detention early. And why would he not stop the

chaos? After all, he's supposed to be the defense teacher." Ginny said.

"Because he can't do anything," Ron finally said.

"No Ron, I think they're right." Harry finally said speaking up after having thought about what Ginny had said. "The question is why didn't he do something?"

"Exactly," Hermione said pleased that Harry had gotten what she had been thinking. Even if it did mean that Ginny had to be the one to explain it so he could.

"Maybe he's not as good as he's supposed to be. Maybe he just didn't know what to do."

"Ron, we know that now..." Hermione said before stopping in mid-sentence as a sudden thought hit her.

"What is it?" Harry asked looking confused at his friend.

"I'm not sure. But I have a feeling that it was a setup." She finally said after several minutes of silence.

"A setup...for what," Harry asked knowing that his bushy-haired friend would be able to figure this out.

"I don't know."

"Then how can you say it's some sort of setup?" Ron questioned.

"I didn't say that it was, Ron. I said that it may be one." Hermione stated exasperatedly rebuking him with her tone.

"Fine, whatever," The red head huffed out.

"Maybe we all should go to bed." Ginny said thinking that this was the best way to fend off a possible an argument.

The others agreeing with her stood up. Saying their goodnights, the group separated and headed up the opposite stairs to the dorms.

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Black Cottage

In the usual study, Petunia and Remus were sitting in front of the fire talking about everything that was happening in their lives.

Petunia had at first been worried when Harry was going to be away at school, leaving her with two wizards and a witch that seem to always come over at night. Last night she had found that her fears were unfounded. Sirius to her dismay acted like a rowdy child in need of punishment. Remus was very different she had found. Of course she had seen and known this for a few weeks. The two had talked together on several occasions. Though those times were when there were others in the house unlike now.

Now it was just her and him sitting there drinking tea. Sirius had gone out earlier, saying that he wouldn't be home until the following morning. She had shaken her head and a disgusted expression on her face when he had told them, but had refrained from saying anything knowing that he wouldn't have appreciated her words. Besides, even though he wasn't much of a bother, he did frighten her, and it was this that had kept her silent.

Remus had laughed at his friend's exuberance about going out. He just told him not to get into any trouble, especially the kind that could get him sent back to Azkaban. Sirius had just laughed at that before he practically flew towards the door to leave.

Now, the only two inhabitants were enjoying the peacefulness of the silence the house was affording them. Both lost in their own thoughts.

Petunia stole a glance at the man sitting across from her. She had been extremely surprised to find that the man wasn't much different than her. This had come as quite the surprise when she had found him one night sitting in front of the fire, like now, reading Shakespeare.

Until then, she had always assumed that magical people didn't do such mundane things. Figuring that they went around harming decent folk, like her, and making it hard for normal folk to live just that, 'a normal' life. The gentle and kind man threw that idea of hers out the window.

"Petunia, I was wondering if you'd thought about going to visit your husband and son tomorrow." Remus asked knowing that the woman had yet to even ask about them.

"I can't believe I forgot all about them!" She cried at the sudden realization that for almost a month now she had been having a life of her own. "Are they still in the hospital?" She asked uncertain of what his answer would be.

"Yes. At least as of yesterday they were."

"I really should go and visit them." Sounding a little unsure if she actually wanted to go or not.

"It is your husband and son." Remus reminded her.

"I know," she said with a sigh.

"What is it? Don't you want to go visit them?" he asked quizzically.

She looked at Remus with doubt clearly showing in her eyes and on her face. She wasn't actually sure of her reasoning as to why she didn't want to go, but what she did know was that it had to do with the man next to her.

Unlike Vernon, she had found Remus to be a wonderful man who was attentive to her or anyone else's needs, always making sure everyone was comfortable. Very rarely did the man use foul language or act any different than she. He just acted like the gentleman that she was beginning to see that he was.

Another difference that she had found was that the man was intelligent. Not like the stupid oaf of her husband. He also would listen

to what she had to say without trying to change her mind on a matter. Sure she had found that on a few occasions he had actually done just that. However, it wasn't in a manner that spoke of his superiority to her. No, it was through debate and proof that he had changed her opinions on things.

"Yes I do want to. It's just..." She trailed off unsure of how to explain her hesitancy.

"It's just you're afraid of how he will react." Remus supplied knowing that the past few weeks had changed the woman. She gave him a slight nod in agreement.

Leaning forward in his chair and looking into her eyes, he spoke. "You have nothing to worry about Petunia. I'm sure your husband will understand why you are living with Harry."

"I don't know if he will." She said quietly turning away from him. "I, we, was so wrong about Harry. The way we treated him, the way we raised him and our son. I know that now, but I don't think he does. I don't believe he ever will see what I do."

"What do you see now?" Remus asked gently.

"A young man who has turned out to be more caring, more loving than either I or Vernon; someone who is always going out of their way to help others, even if the person has hated him all their life."

"But you see those things, Petunia. Yes, you and your husband mistreated Harry. You never saw the boy for who he was because of your fears. That however is in the past. You see him for who is now, and are saddened by what you did to him. I think Harry knows and understands that as well. There is no reason for you to not go see your husband.

"But that is where the problem lies. I'm not sure if I can actually stand being in the same room with him. I have more of a life here then I did back in my own home. There are no expectations of me here. I can come and go when I choose without having to worry about watching a child, make lots and lots of snacks for two men who can't even

thank me for my effort. I'm not expected to put on some act for potential clients or laugh at or laugh at the stupidest jokes. I don't have to be the perfect little house wife," she spat.

Remus listened with deep interest. This was the first time that the woman had actually spoken of her life in a way that was unflattering. She seemed almost scared to visit the man that she had married over sixteen years ago.

"It couldn't have been all that bad. Surely, the two of you had to have had some good times together."

She gave an undignified snort before speaking. "Sure we had a few good times. Those however were few and far between then I would have liked. Vernon always expected me to be the quiet, humble, dutiful wife like his mother had been." She stated condescendingly.

"I take it you didn't want to be that."

"Oh no, I wanted to be the perfect wife, the perfect companion to him. However, I also had my own dreams that I wanted to chase."

"If I may ask, why you didn't chase after your dreams?"

"One word says it all, Vernon."

"What about your son?" Remus asked deciding it best to change the subject of their discussion a little. "Don't you want to visit him?"

"Visit a bully?" she asked. "You have to be kidding me. Dudley is the biggest bully there is known to man."

"I think I'm confused. I thought your son could do no wrong," his voice showing just how confused he was.

"Don't get me wrong Remus, Dudley is a good boy, but he isn't the perfect child. Vernon indulged him with anything he wanted, especially when it came to his birthdays and Christmas gifts. Unfortunately, I was the enabler of the parents; never setting limits,

never stopping Vernon from spoiling Dudley, always standing back and letting it all happen.

I even did the same when it came to the other families in the neighborhood or at school, always saying that my Dudley could never do wrong. I knew the truth about him, but always looked the other way.

Did you know, on his eleventh birthday the first thing he asked us was how many presents he had. He didn't say thank you or even act surprised that we'd gotten him something. And then...then when Vernon told him how many there were, he actually got angry because it was the exact same number he'd gotten the previous year. Vernon actually had to tell him that we would stop and get him to more on our way home from the zoo. It was always that way.

"You said he was...is the biggest bully. What does that mean?"

"Simple, Dudley has one passion, and only one...to pick on those smaller than him. I think it started with Harry, only it got even worse. I can't count how many times I was called by the school nor had a parent of a small child at my doorstep angry at the way Dudley was treating someone. That even got worse when he began hanging out with some of the riff raff in the neighborhood.

"Didn't you try to stop any of it?" Remus asked clearly shocked at how honest the woman was being.

"No, I didn't" She answered truthfully. "I guess I didn't want to see it. I didn't want to believe that any child of mine could turn out to be like that."

"That may well be true, but don't you think you should at least visit them."

She didn't answer his question right away, instead she chose to quietly mull over the suggestion. Finally, when she did speak, her voice held a determination that Remus hadn't heard since the day they'd entered the courtroom, the day when she actually stood up for herself and accepted blame for what had happened to Harry in his

childhood. "I will go see them tomorrow. I think it's about time I actually stand up for myself. Time that Vernon and Dudley learn that I am no longer a pushover."

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The following morning in the Great Hall, Albus was watching Harry intently, trying to discern how the detention had gone. He'd heard from James that it had gone fine, which was music to his ears. What with everything crumbling on him, he had been in need of some decent news.

However, upon watching the boy, he was beginning to wonder just how fine things had gone. In his opinion, Harry looked just as he always did; happy, laughing with his friends, and just having a good time. Sure, he knew that Harry needed to have some fun, but after the detention the night before, he had half-expected Harry to be in a bad mood, the kind that he would be able to use to his advantage.

"Harry, Dumbledore's been staring at you for the past five minutes." Ron said through a mouthful of eggs.

"So, let him," Harry responded before taking a sip of his pumpkin juice.

"Harry, you should be more worried about it." Hermione piped up, chastising her friend's lackadaisical attitude about the whole thing.

"Mione, I expected as much from the old man. If what you suggested last night is true, then he would have reason to be staring at me. I'm just not going to give him the satisfaction of knowing that my detention had gotten to me." Harry replied trying to calm his friend down a little.

Emily was staring over as well at her brother. But her reasons were far different then the Dumbledore's.

She had laid awake last night thinking about what she'd inadvertently overheard. It had been the first time she'd found out exactly what the prophecy meant, or rather what it hinted towards. Sure, she'd known

about one involving her brother, but not what it actually said. Now that she knew it not only involved Harry, but also Voldemort, she couldn't help feeling scared. She didn't feel scared for herself; rather she felt scared for her brother.

There was yet another person who was staring. This person however was not staring at Harry; instead they were staring at Emily. They had a calculating look in their eyes as they watched her watch Harry. They had been up all night thinking of some way to teach the girl her place in society. And up until now, they still couldn't come up with a way to teach that lesson without being caught at it.

"If we don't want to be later for class, we better get going." Hermione suddenly said getting to her feet before reaching down to grab her backpack.

Groaning, Harry and Ron stood up, grabbed their packs and joined Hermione on their way to class.

The trio headed out the main doors of Hogwarts on their way to their first Care of Magical Creatures class of the year. All three were looking forward to seeing Hagrid once again since they hadn't seen him in a few months.

They were just about to halfway to Hagrid's hut when Harry stopped, causing the others to as well. Ron and Hermione looked at him with puzzled expressions. It was then that they saw a flash of fear cross his face.

"Hey Mate, what's bothering you. This is only Hagrid's class." Ron said.

"Yea Harry, Ron's right. You're usually eager to see Hagrid."

Before Harry could answer them, Hermione let out an exclamation as she understood why Harry had looked fearful.

"Harry, you didn't practice your shape shifting, did you?"

"I...I...I did too." He exclaimed even though he had hesitated. "I just didn't practice it as much as the others." He explained sheepishly.

"So, you didn't practice that much. I can't see why it matters anyway." Ron replied.

"Ronald! Don't you remember what happened when he found out that he was able to shift into an animal?"

"Yea, he turned into a Griffin. That was cool Mate." A huge smile plastered on his face.

"That's not the problem Ronald! Harry could accidentally transform into whatever animal Hagrid has for us to study."

"No, that's not true 'Mione. Harry will only change into whatever animal that lives in his forest, not something that Hagrid has. What! Why are the two of you looking at me like I've grown another head?" Ron asked furrowing his brow in confusion.

"I think that is the first time I remember you actually having paid attention to what someone told you." Harry said a small smile now playing on his lips.

"Hey, I'll have you know I can remember lots of things I've been told." Ron cried while glaring at his friend.

"That may well be true Ron, but we don't know what the creature is. It could be something that Harry has living in the forest."

"Harry will be fine Hermione. There's nothing to worry about.

"Maybe I shouldn't go to class today." Harry wondered out loud.

"Not go to class!" Hermione cried sounding scandalized at the idea. "You have to go to class." Taking a quick look at her watch, "If we hurry we can catch Hagrid before class and ask him what he has to show the class." With that, she turned and hurried towards the small hut.

Ron gave Harry a look that clearly said he thought Hermione was mental. To which, Harry only gave him a shrug of his shoulders, before hurrying to catch up with the girl.

Just as the trio reached Hagrid's hut, the friendly half-giant stepped out of it, a huge smile on his face.

"Hello Harry, Ron, and Hermione. How are the three of you doing this morning? I heard about your parents Harry. Isn't that great news?" Hagrid said not seeing the scowl appear on the boys' face or the quick glances that Ron and Hermione gave Harry. "I've got a wonderful surprise for you today." Hagrid beamed as he headed towards the small field near the Forbidden Forest.

The trio hurried after him, their legs carrying them as fast as possible without actually running after their friend.

"What are you going to show us today?" Hermione asked as they reached the small field.

"Oh, that is a surprise for the class, Hermione. You will just have to wait and see. But I will say this..." Hagrid started, leaning closer to the students. "You won't find an animal as majestic as this one. I was just lucky to find one who was willing to help me."

The trio looked at one another, expressions ranging from surprise to fear on their faces. But before they could ask him anymore, they heard laughter nearing their position.

Ten minutes later, all of the students that were taking the class had arrived. To their surprise, the class was as large as before.

"Alright students, today being the first day of class I thought I'd show ye something very special. Ye won't be studying them like ye have been before. I just wanted to show you one up close." With that said, Hagrid turned to face the forest. Placing two large beefy fingers to his mouth, he blew them like a whistle.

There was silence for several tense filled minutes. The class knowing that Hagrid enjoyed dangerous creatures expected one to come out

of the forest. However, to their astonishment the creature was not dangerous.

Nevertheless, even if the creature wasn't actually dangerous to the class as a whole, that didn't mean it, was completely docile or that it wasn't dangerous to one, Harry Potter-Black.

"Oh no," Harry cried as a large white unicorn came running out of the forest. And with that said, Harry shifted into an exact replica of the oncoming unicorn.

He could sense the eyes of everyone present on him. 'Of all the times for one of his new abilities to act up, Hagrid's class had to be the worse one.' He thought miserably as he shifted on his four hoofs impatiently.

"Blimey, is that Harry?" Seamus asked loudly from his place a few meters a way.

"Wow, I wish I could do that," exclaimed another student who was staring at the unicorn Harry in awe.

"Ron, we have to do something!" Hermione exclaimed watching the students run back to the castle.

"What can we do? I don't know how to change him back. You're the one who knows it all." Ron said not taking his eyes off his best friend.

"I don't know it all, Ronald, and you know that!" Hermione huffed.

"Harry, is that you?" Hagrid cautiously asked coming over to the trio.

"Yes Hagrid, its Harry." Hermione explained. She sounded unsure that she should have admitted that to the kind, yet loose lipped man.

"When did Harry become an animagus?" Hagrid asked as he cautiously put a hand out towards unicorn Harry, who was currently bowing his head and grazing.

Hagrid knew that unicorns wouldn't go near many people, and when they did, it was only to those who posed no threat and were pure. Being pure animals themselves, this meant that they usually went to females. Since it was common knowledge that male hormones were always out of control; that is to say, teenage boys' hormones were.

Hermione bit her lip, unsure of what she should say at the moment. But before she had the chance to decide, the other unicorn came galloping over. Seeing the animal coming, she jumped to the side as the newcomer was making a beeline for her friend.

Harry, who was standing there trying to will himself back to his human persona didn't see the other one until it was too late. After all, he'd had his head bowed, eating some of the grass as he thought of a way out of this mess.

Suddenly, he was brought out of his grazing when he felt a hard nudge to his side. Shooting his head up and to the side, his blue eyes came face to face with the other unicorn. To his horror he saw was trying to nudge him forward towards the forest.

'Oh hell no, there's no way I'm going into the forest with you.' Harry tried to tell the other unicorn. But all he got in return were several neighs and butts to his side.

'I'm not really a unicorn.' He tried telling the other one.

Still the other one wouldn't listen, or rather couldn't understand him. Instead he got a few more impatient sounding neighs and butts.

'Why didn't I study the unicorn?' he thought miserably.

By now the forest unicorn was getting overly impatient with Harry. It, turning out to be another male, who happened to be one of the higher up ones in the forest herd, backed up slightly before turning around and going to the back side of Harry.

'Now what is it up to,' Harry thought.

His question was answered swiftly as he felt the other one ram into his backside, causing him to rear up before galloping away towards several students.

Pandemonium ensued as Harry unicorn ran wildly around the area, being chased by the real unicorn. Screams rang out as the students tried dodging the unicorns. Some even found themselves diving to the ground or to the side as they raced towards them.

Meanwhile, Hermione, Ron, and even Hagrid stood dumbfounded watching their friend try to escape from a unicorn.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

I hope you liked this chapter. This chapter has probably brought up several questions, especially pertaining to attitude changes, meaning Dumbledore and James'. Well, let's just say, that there attitudes have changed in order to try and get Harry back.

I'm not sure when the next update will be. I will try and get it out as fast as possible. In the meantime, please leave me a review.

One last thing before I go. The detention was the hardest part to write, and it still didn't come out quite the way I wanted.

Hello everyone, I know it has been months since I've updated. The reasons behind this have been because of my health. I wound up having a mild stroke that has left me with damage to my right eye, and my right side. I am currently going to therapy three times a week in hopes of gaining back some of my strength. There's not much that can be done for my eye.

I am and have been slowly working on the next chapter. However, I am only able to do a little because of my health. I will try and get the next one out as soon as I can.

Thank you all for reading this story and please bare with me in getting it finished.

Williams